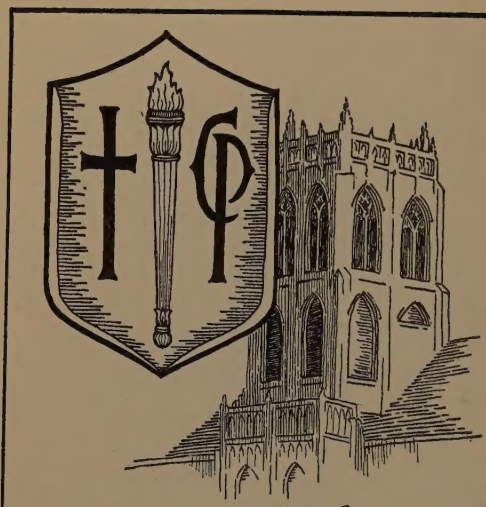

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OCCIDENTAL GLEANINGS

College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

OCCIDENTAL GLEANINGS

BY

LAFCADIO HEARN

SKETCHES AND ESSAYS NOW FIRST COLLECTED BY

ALBERT MORDELL

VOLUME I

NEW YORK
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1925

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INTRODUCTION

I

The plan of this new gathering of Hearn's uncollected writings follows that of *An American Miscellany*. The first volume of *Occidental Gleanings* contains his contributions to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Cincinnati *Commercial;* the second volume includes his articles in the New Orleans *Item,* the New Orleans *Times-Democrat,* and three other publications for which he wrote in the eighties.

I shall not discuss the problem of authorship in the present collection, as I have fully gone into the method of identifying a Hearn newspaper article, in my *Introduction* to *An American Miscellany*. I have applied here the same rules that guided me in attributing to Hearn the authorship of the essays and stories in that work. Characteristics of style, favorite words and expressions, allusions to similar incidents or facts in different essays, peculiarities of punctuation, references to pet authors and books, and other internal evidence have been the clews to the authorship.

Hearn often repeated the same allusions and passages in different articles. I mentioned for example in the *Introduction* to *An American Miscellany,* his fondness for a phrase he plagiarized from Bulwer Lytton's *The House and the Brain.* He spoke of "ghastly exhalations rising through the floor," in *The Restless Dead,* an article which I reprinted from *The Commercial* (August 29, 1875) in *An American Miscellany,* Vol. 1, page 55. He used the express-

ion (modified) again in the *Item* (March 30, 1879): "A ghastly exhalation seemed to emanate from the pillows"; reprinted by E. L. Tinker: *Lafcadio Hearn's American Days,* page 132.

Again, in the article *Notes on the Utilization of Human Remains,* he told of a strange will where a man desired his "skin made into a drumhead and that Yankee Doodle be played thereon every Fourth of July, at sunrise, in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument"; *The Commercial,* November 7, 1875, *An American Miscellany,* Vol. 1, page 94. Hearn cited this passage in his department *Odds and Ends* in the *Item* (August 10, 1879); it is reprinted in Mr. Tinker's book, page 60. Hearn evidently had his *Commercial* article before him for he quoted from it.

Eight of the articles in this collection were signed by Hearn, those from *Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazaar,* and the one from the New York *Tribune.* Of the fifteen articles from the *Times-Democrat,* for 1885, 1886 and 1887 the titles of all, except two (*A Language Question* and *Mesmerized Nihilism*) are given in Gould's list made up from Hearn's scrap-books. The title of another article *A Word for the Tramps* is also given by Gould in his Supplementary List.

The articles in this collection are really an overflow from the mass of material I had for *An American Miscellany.* In fact, I had already included therein many of these articles, but they made the contents of that collection swell far beyond the limits called for by the publishers. I state this fact to show that the articles in this collection are not "leavings," of its predecessor with less literary merit. Artistic value, universality of interest and intellectual content have been the criteria that have governed

me in including an article herein. I have tried to exclude the ephemeral or merely journalistic article. If there is so little journey-work about Hearn's newspaper writings as revealed in these collections, it is because I drew on his more important feature stories and special editorials.

I have given a brief account in the *Introduction* to *An American Miscellany,* of a few of the articles here, of *Among the Spirits, Patronage* and *Balm of Gilead.* The reader may now read these articles for himself. I have also reprinted entirely the story *Beauty Undraped,* of which I reprinted in my *Introduction* only the concluding description of the model. Mr. Tinker gives us an account, through hearsay, of this episode, which took place either in the studio of Frank Duveneck or H. F. Farny. My discovery of the article thus becomes even more interesting. In fact, Hearn's story of the artist's model and his narrative of the stink-factory in *The Balm of Gilead,* were hardly less noteworthy and less characteristic achievements than his Tanyard murder story and the St. Peter's steeple story.

Though the plan of this work does not include literary criticism, I have decided to reprint what is so far the earliest newspaper article by Hearn, ever discovered. It was the essay on Tennyson's *Idyls of the King,* that I believe was his first article printed in the *Enquirer.* He was then only twenty-two and a half years old.[1] Students of Hearn no doubt want this, his first real literary effort, the parent of

[1] Colonel Cockerill, to whom the article was submitted, became editor of the *Enquirer* in 1872, according to Seitz's book on Joseph Pulitzer. Cockerill later wrote up the story of Hearn's initiation into authorship on the *Enquirer,* but does not mention the article by name. For a résumé of Cockerill's sketch and my own account of my discovery of Hearn's first article see *An American Miscellany: Introduction,* Pages VIII, XVII, XXII–XXV.

all his critical writings. The article also shows his early interest in folk-lore.

The excerpt which I entitle *The Mound-builders,* shows Hearn's early interest in prehistoric peoples and archæology. The article forms the major portion of an account called *Cincinnati Archæologists.* Hearn gave a prosaic description of various collections for the Centennial Exhibition of archæological specimens discovered in the Mississippi Valley; he thus found a pretext for writing about the Mound-builders. As is well known, Ohio is one of the sections where the Mound-builders lived. In a Mardi Gras story he wrote for the *Times-Democrat,* February 22, 1882, called *The World's Worship,* the language he used to describe the mounds was similar to that he employed in the Cincinnati article. Note this passage from *The Mound-builders:* "Some (mounds) coiled in a serpentine circuit, curve within curve for miles, like Ophidian monsters of the pre-Adamite race. Some presented the form of a huge tortoise fleeing from the open mouth of a pursuing serpent." Compare it with this extract from *The World's Worship* where the mounds are described as being in the form of "serpents winding for miles over level plains, or coiled in rings of circumference vast as a city walled up to heaven, in pursuing some prey—a tortoise perhaps in the form of a hillock."

Tombstones is one of Hearn's earliest and best accounts of a cemetery. He frequented cemeteries all his life in New Orleans, in the West Indies, and in Japan. *Halcedama* is the most powerful of his slaughter-house stories. The term means field of blood, and is taken from the *New Testament.*

The other articles from the *Enquirer* and the *Commercial,* are also of literary worth, and are all typically Hearnian.

Pariah People is certainly a most realistic description of

the haunts of poverty and crime. Hearn could describe a tenderloin district so that the impression remained with you. He spoke even of all the leading habitués by name. This Zolaesque article belongs in the same category of *Some Pictures of Poverty,* reprinted in *An American Miscellany,* though that article does not deal with the criminal classes.

The essay on *Giants and Dwarfs* shows the same kind of scholarship and facility for classical and curious research displayed in some of the other essays I reprinted from the *Commercial* in *An American Miscellany.* Naturally the subject fascinated Hearn who was a small man. He returned later to it in an editorial in the *Item, Big Men and Little Men* (December 10, 1878).

The reader should not wince, at some of the Cincinnati articles. He should remember that this myopic half-blind writer, who wrote about drab colors, and repulsive, filthy scenes, cared chiefly for beautiful landscapes; that this man with keen sensitive olfactories, who gave us pictures of fertilizing plants and slaughter-houses, specialized on the subject of perfumes; that this seemingly heartless individual who depicted brutes, murderers, suicides, ghouls, was chiefly attracted by tales of tenderness and self-sacrifice. He had what psychoanalysts call "ambivalence of emotions," and his love of beauty and his tenderness were really unconsciously manifested in his apparent interest in writing about the ugly and the cruel.

We are dealing with an author who at the time he wrote some of these articles also believed that an emotion for the sake of an emotion was the aim of art, and that an effective description of anything odd or thrilling, was worth while. Moreover he usually did have humanitarian purposes in view.

Of Hearn's life or work in Cincinnati, in the seventies, I desire to add very little to that which I have already written in my *Introduction* to *An American Miscellany.* Since then, Hearn's former editor on the *Commercial,* Mr. Edwin Henderson, has commented briefly on the circumstances of Hearn's connection with the *Commercial,* after being dismissed from the *Enquirer.* Mr. Henderson in an article on *Several Prominent Families of Cincinnati,* written (under the pseudonym *Conteur*) for the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* July 13, 1924, wrote of the Cochran family and incidentally of Jerry Cochran, Hearn's friend. Jerry, was a most lovable man, author of pastorals under the signature of *John Clover,* and was employed on the *Commercial.* Hearn would cling to Cochran, touching him on the collar or elbow exclaiming "Now, say, Jerry." When Hearn was dismissed from the *Enquirer* because of his relations with the mulatto woman Althea Foley, he was ready to jump into the Miami Canal, at the Vine Street Bridge. His artist friend Farny, Charlie Johnson, of the *Volksblatt* (with whom he took a trip to Florida in 1885), and Cochran, dissuaded him from doing so.

Nothing was said about Hearn's attempted suicide in the papers. Jerry Cochran appealed to his City Editor, Edwin Henderson for work for Hearn. The matter was taken up with Murat Halstead and Hearn obtained employment.

Hearn was later on the verge of suicide again in New Orleans, shortly before Major Robinson got him a position on the *Item.* (A letter from John Dimitry, an author, originally introduced him to Major Robinson.) No wonder Hearn wrote about suicide in the *Item.* We have *Morbid Suicide, Item* (December 22, 1878) and *Why J. C. Putnam Shot Himself, Item* (June 6, 1879). In his department

Odds and Ends, October 12, 1879, he tells of two curious cases of suicide. Mr. Tinker reprints one of Hearn's editorials, *Some Suicide Notes* from the *Item,* for November 28, 1880: *Lafcadio Hearn's American Days,* pages 61–63.

Only fourteen of the articles in the first volume from the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Cincinnati *Commercial,* were written in Cincinnati. The other ten were written for the *Commercial* after he left Cincinnati, and went to New Orleans, as correspondent. These ten are the now famous Ozias Midwinter letters. I had the choice before me of reprinting about a dozen more good articles written in Cincinnati, but I have determined to give the reader these valuable letters.

It is singular that though these letters were first discovered by Milton Bronner, who gave an interesting, but brief account of them in *Letters from the Raven* (pages 160–191), not one of them has ever been reprinted. Dr. Gould borrowed copies of them from Mr. Alexander Hill, and his book contains four good extracts. He apparently did not have the first letter, for he quotes a lengthy passage from the second letter, which he regards as the first. He also did not have the one called *New Orleans in Wet Weather,* Cincinnati *Commercial* (December 22, 1877); for though he has unknowingly a lengthy extract in his book from this letter, called *Gulf Winds,* which he obtained from Dr. Matas, he says he does not know where or when this extract was published, surmising it must have been in 1886 or 1887. It is one of Hearn's most famous prose poems, containing the section beginning—"If you, O reader, chance to be a child of the sea," etc. Of this passage Nina Kennard, one of Hearn's biographers, says: "[It is] a piece of poetic prose which I maintain has not been surpassed by any English

prose written during the course of the last century." *Lafcadio Hearn,* page 35.

None of Hearn's biographers shows evidence of having had access to the original printed letters of Ozias Midwinter, except Gould, and there were at least two missing in the collection he borrowed.

I therefore, for the first time, give to the public these fine letters, for I feel that most readers who have read the few passages given by Dr. Gould or the analysis of them, with quotations from the Creole songs, given by Bronner, will welcome them.

There were thirteen of these letters, all written in New Orleans, except the first one, sent from Memphis, Tennessee. They appeared in the *Commercial,* at irregular intervals from November 6, 1877, to March 31, 1878. The last two, March 24, and March 31, 1878, treated of Louisiana political questions and have no literary or other value, and are omitted. These were written because his employers did not want any more picturesque stories or prose poems. I have also omitted what was originally the fourth called *Southern Prophet,* December 7, 1877. It is the longest of the series and nearly two-thirds of it is made up of quotations from Charles Gayarré's article on the Southern Question in the *North American Review.* The article does not represent Hearn the artist, describing New Orleans. He agrees with Gayarré that the negro will be extinct, wiped out by the white race. Both prophet and commentator have proved to be in the wrong. Tuskegee Institute was to be founded three years later. More is left of the Negro to-day than what Hearn thought would be the only thing to survive, "the echo of the sweet mellow songs of slavery."

The ten letters represent the transition stage between the

Hearn of the Cincinnati days and the later New Orleans period. They give his first, and possibly, for this reason, best impressions of New Orleans. We have the dilapidated New Orleans of the late seventies. We have a wonderful description of a visit to the cemetery to find the grave of Governor Claiborne. Here we also have his earliest studies of the Creoles and his first quotations from their songs. In the article *Los Criollos,* Hearn has a lengthy extract by Professor Alexander Dimitry, father of John Dimitry who gave Hearn the letter of introduction to Major Robinson.

There are only a few journalistic touches in these letters, and I have left them remain undisturbed for the sake of completeness.

Bronner says of these letters: "There are things in these letters as good as anything Hearn ever wrote. More than that, they reveal the whole trend of his mind; they foreshadow the things that were to interest him in the West Indies and in Japan, the little mysteries of life, their poetry of names, the melody of folk-songs, the fascination of old things."

What is strange is that some one in an editorial in the New Orleans *Times* as late as in June, 1878, wrote a beautiful prose poem called *Summer by the Sea,* a composite article of passages from the Ozias Midwinter letters. Hearn called attention to the piracy in *The Item,* June 18th. He also refers to the incident in a letter to Watkin, July 10, 1878. However, we see that the Ozias Midwinter letters were thought worthy of being plagiarized.

The first letter, the account of General Forrest, whose funeral Hearn describes, shows how the author was fascinated by rough types, whose physical strength and

prowess made them fearless of the law. This fact made him friends with the prize-fighter Denny Corcoran, and led him to write about *The Last of the Fencing Masters* (*An American Miscellany*, Vol. II, pages 185–200).

Hearn adopted the name of Ozias Midwinter from Wilkie Collins's novel *Armadale*, because he saw resemblances between himself and the leading character in that novel. He wrote to Watkin in a postcard, after his first letter had been published, that after this Watkin would recognize the signature. Thus Bronner got the clew to the authorship, but there was considerable internal evidence for the Hearn authorship.

Hearn ceased writing those letters, because he was not paid. The date of his last letter, March 31, 1878 sealed his journalistic and literary connection with Cincinnati.

Hearn never felt any affection for Cincinnati after he left it. In two editorials, in the *Item*, he even attacked his former home. On April 23, 1881, he had an editorial in the *Item* called *Of All Places on this Earth.* The occasion of it was his reading an article in the May *Atlantic* where the elder Henry James quoted Carlyle as saying that he would not read *The Natural History of Man*, by Alexander Kinmont, because the author was from Cincinnati. Hearn relished this jest at the expense of his former home.

A little later, May 3, returning to the subject, under the title *What is in a Name*, he took another fling at Cincinnati. His one-time residence there was concealed by the anonymity of the article. Hearn wrote in part as follows: "No intellectual greatness can be as yet conceived and developed in that city (Cincinnati) . . . if compelled to live there all his life and to imbibe that heavy atmosphere, and to engage in the only pursuits by which health and comfort may be

acquired there, he (a writer) could never become great."

He meant that no writer could have a future in any small industrial city. He thus agreed with Carlyle that no great book could come out of Cincinnati.

Cincinnatians will no doubt forgive Hearn, when they recall his sufferings in Cincinnati.

He visited Cincinnati only once afterwards, and that was in June, 1887, on his way to New York from New Orleans. He went there to see his dear friend, Henry Watkin. A former employer of Hearn, Captain Barney, editor of *The Trade List,* wanted to see him. Hearn refused to meet him because of something the Captain had done of which Hearn did not approve.

II

With several important exceptions, the choice of articles from the New Orleans *Item* and especially from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* in the second volume of this collection, represents the logical and speculative side of Hearn's mind. We find that this prose poet whose powers of description were almost unparalleled in the America of his day, was a student of science, sociology, pedagogy. He was fascinated by the various "ologies," archæology, geology, ethnology. The Hearn of the New Orleans period was largely a bookman as the contents of his library and the varied subjects of his editorials show. He did not write as much from observation as he did in the Cincinnati days. And most likely he did not have the time for the vagabond life he is reputed by some to have led in New Orleans.

Hearn was a thinker and the intellectual side of his nature constitutes part of his greatness. His letters established

this phase in his literary life, but his achievements in narrative and word-painting have obscured many of his accomplishments in feats of the understanding.

Hearn had definite views on the subject of education and wrote frequently and intelligently on it. Unconsciously, he prepared himself for his great work as an educator in Japan during the last fourteen years of his life. It is the impression of some people that Hearn suddenly switched from his labors as a journalist to that of teacher and that he had no preparation for what became his main work. But he had read widely on education and English literature before he went to Japan. He appealed to his students by laying emphasis on the human features of literature, and he drew attention to the possibilities through art of evoking one's finer sentiments. It is a regret that he did not secure a lectureship in Cornell, as he wanted to do in later life. Dr. Gould's slur about Hearn's "pretension of ability to teach English literature" is sufficiently answered by the published lectures. Moreover these also show Hearn free from pedantry and too intense worship of historical sense.

He wrote on *The Imagination in Educational Training* for the *Item* in 1878, an editorial herein reprinted, which speaks for itself. After he had been a half year in Japan he made a speech before an educational institution on a similar subject. He wrote to Chamberlain that the address was ordered translated and printed by the Government. It was called *The Value of the Imagination as a Factor in Education. Life and Letters,* Vol. I, page 14. (I have not been able to find a copy of this address.)

He did not think character could be transformed by education (*Japanese Letters,* Pages 52–53); he did not believe in universal education, but rather education for men of ex-

traordinary ability (page 249); he was opposed altogether to the teaching of barren logic and the dry bones of thics (page 33). He was also in favor of practical education and moral instruction for the masses.

The question of specialization in studies interested him, and he saw this was unavoidable with the development of science. Yet he saw the dangers of specialization and he wrote about the system of *Over Education in Germany,* which he thought caused the decadence of popular German literature, *Times-Democrat* (March 28, 1886). He believed in travel as a benefit in education, *Travel as an Educational Influence, The Item* (February 24, 1879).

He attacked the modern methods of teaching and once drew a grim and fantastic picture of the New Orleans school children, old, withered and decrepit because of the method of teaching. This editorial *Our Modern Juggernaut, Times-Democrat* (November 2, 1884), speaks of the whitefaced, hollow-chested school girls ground down by their curriculum.[1] In an editorial in the *Times-Democrat* (March 4, 1882) *Myopia,* he also criticized the effects upon the eyes of the system of teaching in the schools. He speaks of the glare of white paper upon the eye. This explains why always up to the time he went to Japan, he himself used yellow paper. When he wrote to his brother, he warned him about the possible danger to his daughter's eyes at school, and not to let her bend towards her books, but to draw the book to her face.

Hearn also disapproved of the modern method of teaching languages and his editorial on the subject *The Use of the*

[1] He also had written an editorial for The *Item,* May 1, 1881, *Treatment of Children,* in which he protested against giving false answers to the questions of children.

Eye and Ear in Learning Languages, based on an article by Michel Breal, is herein reprinted. He had views on the use of libraries as the reader may see by referring to the article inspired by Charles D. Warner's letter, *The Howard Memorial Library.*

I have also reprinted his essay *An Evolutional History,* which is an article on one of the volumes of Fontane's work. He had written about one of these earlier volumes for the *Item.* His New Orleans library shows it was one of the works he reviewed which he kept.

He was also a student of words. He pored over dictionaries, works on etymology and books of synonyms. He wrote often on philological topics and I find such titles in his editorials like *A Monster Dictionary; About Dictionaries; Philologists in Boston; New Accessions to Linguists and Linguical Studies; Some Polyglot Publications.*

I have reprinted three of his best editorials on philological topics, *A Language Question, The Mental Dictionary,* and *Missionaries as Linguists.* This last essay shows that, though as we know he disapproved of the work of missionaries, he valued their philological contributions of which he had a scholarly recondite knowledge.

In *The Mental Dictionary,* another article inspired by Breal, he showed a knowledge of the working of the unconscious in our mind. Nicolas Kostyleff has since developed similar views in his *Le Mecanisme Cérébrale de la Pensée.*

Hearn considered a scientific education most valuable and later in Japan, favored the study of scientific philosophy. He dwells on the effects of new scientific discoveries upon education in *Science and Education,* an editorial upon an

essay by Professor Hutson, who was later to collect Hearn's *Fantastics*, and other of his New Orleans writings.

Hearn's scientific editorials were numerous, and he devoured the latest books and articles in French periodicals dealing with the latest phases of science.

He was especially fascinated by stories of primitive civilizations and the history of the development of prehistoric man. I reprint his *The Precursor of Man*, and a résumé of man's early history in *Ethnologic Theorizing*, in which he makes an interesting conclusion about the descent of the Basques from the Cro-Magnons.

He dwelt frequently on astronomical and geological themes; some of these articles are now out of date, owing to the many later discoveries in these fields of science. I found editorials in the *Times-Democrat* with such titles as: *Meteoric Showers and Shooting Stars; Light's Swiftness; The Fate of the Comet; An Atmosphere About the Moon; A Lost Moon; Uranoliths; Sun Spasms; Comets; Astral Changes; Vulcanology; The Sun's End.*

He once wrote a little editorial on the possibility of an earthquake in London: *A Possibility, Times-Democrat* (April 27, 1884).

I often wonder what beautiful articles on the imaginative side of science Hearn might have written on the modern theories of electrons and relativity had he been doing scientific editorials to-day for some newspaper.[1] It was the imaginative and speculative problems opened up by science which fascinated him. He occasionally indulged in too fanciful speculations, but he often showed intuition in scientific prognostications in which future discoveries have

[1] We have an inkling of what he might have done in the article herein reprinted *The Alchemist's Dream Realized.*

borne him out. He was one of the few who realized the great factor electricity would play, and he wrote several editorials on electricity, for the *Item* and *Times-Democrat.*

One of his best imaginative essays on science is the one I reprint from the *Item,* on *Some Startling Facts and Dreadful Dreams.*

As early as August 17, 1879, he wrote an editorial for the *Item, The Cultivation of National Greatness,* in which, approving of the idea of having the faces of great men on coins, he considered Edison the greatest American at that time.

The following conclusion from *The Magician of Paris* (Pasteur), *Times-Democrat* (December 24, 1885), contains speculations on scientific problems, that may have more poetry than truth, but it is worth quoting:

"But suppose that this magician of Paris possessed something more wonderful than an antidote to virus,—a secret priceless as that once thought to be held by Moslem doctors of Toledo or of Seville: the Elixir of Life. Suppose that he had discovered the means of prolonging human existence,—of preserving youth and strength and intellectual force, through long centuries to come! What a price might he not exact,—how vast a procession of pilgrims would go to pray to him as to god! And yet, what could the possessor of such a secret do? Should he accede to the universal prayer, the order of the world, the course of nature, would be violently changed;—the earth would be overburdened with struggling generations, and the bitterness of the contest for existence intensified to horror. Were he to make a choice, it is not difficult to imagine what that choice would be. The unparalleled gift would be given, not to the pleasure-seeker, the epicurean, the non-producer, but to him only whose life should represent to his fellow-

countrymen, or to humanity at large, a value of which loss by death would prove irreparable.

"What the science of the future might accomplish or cannot accomplish, is hard to say. That it may discover some wonderful method of prolonging human life is not altogether an absurd dream. Perhaps it is not even absurd to suppose that humanity may yet be able to realize all its best and dearest dreams,—except one! the resurrection of the Past. No elixir of life could restore the charm of those years when the world seemed new; and the future drinker of such a beverage would find himself doomed to be a Faust though he might escape being a Tithonus. It is not of heaven's kindling—the weird flame that flickers about the cup extended to Faust. . . ."

The following passage concluding *About Flowers, Times-Democrat* (February 25, 1882), is also worth citing:

"Paris furnishes natural flowers to almost all civilized countries; because there is no beautiful variety—whether of Russian, Indian, African, or Persian origin—uncultivated by Parisian florists. Nor is this all;—monstrous and marvelous flora are also produced, contrary to nature, which command the absurd prices that luxury is always willing to pay for abnormity.

"Take for example the Parisian white lily. The lily is originally a native of Persia—at least the European Lily is. In that land lilies are common; but they are lilac, they are purple, they are violet, they are tiger-spotted—never white. The white lily is a monster produced in darkness. The light is allowed to give emerald beauty to the leaves of the plant—not to the blossom. . . .

"The theory of the evolution of species was first suggested by the modifications effected in animals and plants under domestication; and in view of what man has already accomplished in this wise, it is fair to suppose that with the progress of civilization he will do much greater things. The flowers of fairy-tale, the magical blossoms dreamed of by romance-writers,—with colors that bewilder and perfumes that intoxicate,—may yet be more than re-

alized. What is a hundred or even a thousand years in the future history of man? The idea of the results possible to accomplish in time by artificial cultivation of flora, provokes many other fancies. Might it not ultimately come to pass that by dint of patient nursing, Man might at last develop the plant *beyond* that point at which vegetable existence is indistinguishable from animal, and find himself the creator of a beautiful sentient being, whose life he dare not touch,—lest, as in Hood's weird dream, the broken bough should utter a cry,—the bitten fruit shrink like wounded flesh, and fill the mouth with lukewarm blood?"

Not all of Hearn's scientific speculations, however, are original as here, for he often merely expatiated on some fantastic scientific views expounded by others, as in *Celestial Geology* (herein reprinted) where he agrees with Meunier, that it may be possible to reconstruct a dead planet from meteoric stones. Of course a problem like the habitability of the planets would fascinate him and in *Some Grotesque Theorizing, Times-Democrat* (May 29, 1882), he indulges this fancy. In a five column article in the *Times-Democrat* (March 10, 1886), entitled *The Krewe of Proteus,* describing the pageants of the planets in the Mardi Gras Carnivals, he also speculated for three-quarters of a column about *The Habitability of the Stars.*

Hearn wrote also on biological topics and on hygiene. One of his earliest studies of ants, about which he was to write in Japan, is his *News about Ants,* herein reprinted.

A very curious editorial is *Eye-Transplantation, Times-Democrat* (January 24, 1886). His own physical defects led him to speculate on the possibility of transplanting an animal's eye into a hollow human socket. A French physician's experiment incited the editorial, and to-day we may

ask, if animal's glands have been transplanted into the human body, why may not an animal's eye be transferred?

His New Orleans library contained a number of volumes published in *The International Scientific Series,* issued by Appleton in this country, such as George J. Romanes's *Animal Intelligence;* P. J. Van Benden's *Animal Parasites and Messmates;* Spencer's *The Study of Sociology;* G. H. Von Meyer's *The Organ of Speech;* Draper's *Conflict Between Religion and Science;* Alphonse de Candole's *Origin of Cultivated Plants;* John W. Judd's *Volcanoes;* C. A. Young's *The Sun;* J. Rosenthal's *General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves;* J. B. Pettigrew's *Animal Locomotion;* Robert Hartman's *Anthropod Apes;* Karl Semper's *Animal Life as Affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence;* N. Joly's *Man Before Metals,* etc.

Of course he had many French scientific books, and he drew on all these for his articles. He was no specialist, but a poet writing with his logical faculties, however, not in abeyance.

Some of his miscellaneous scientific editorials in the *Times-Democrat,* are as follows:

Prehistoric Europe; Fish Propagation; Teaching Animals to Talk; White Cannibalism; Turning into Indians; Men Who Have Tales; Animal Diseases Contagious; Electrical Theorizing; The Microbes; Symptoms of Hydrophobia.

We learn his religious views from his article *Some Phases of Scepticism.* He accepted pantheism, which he found also in the Hindoo thinkers. He was against crass materialism. He did not believe newspapers should become vehicles of religion. His article *Newspapers and Religion,* should be read by newspaper owners who feature religious articles. I give both of these articles.

He at times showed a half sympathetic view toward theosophy as the article *Theosophy* shows. But he attacked the Esoteric Buddhists in several editorials, *An Old Friend with a New Face, Times-Democrat* (July 28, 1885), wherein he showed that Sinnett's Esoteric Buddhism was nothing more than a galvanic resurrection of spiritualism; and in *The Shadow of the Light of Asia,* which I reprint. In an editorial *Some Theosophical Iconoclasm, Times-Democrat* (April 19, 1886), Hearn gave publicity to a French scholar's exposure of the ignorance of a famous Hindoo, Sumangala, who had recommended Olcott's Neo-Buddhistic catechism.

Hearn understood the real philosophy of Buddhism. He saw how fascinating it was and pointed out that the very men who feared it seemed to succumb to it, like Leon de Rosny, *A Religious Nightmare, Times-Democrat* (August 31, 1886).

In *Confused Orientalism, Times-Democrat* (October 5, 1886), he again refers to the misconception that the Neo-Buddhists and Theosophists, Olcott, Sinnett and Blavatsky, were spreading about Buddhism, and he corrected the impression that the *Bhagavad-Gita* was the Bible of Buddhism, but showed that it contained the pantheism of the elder school of Brahmanism.

In the *Buddhistic Bugaboo, Times-Democrat* (January 10, 1884), he pointed out there was no fear of Buddhism spreading in America, but that the clergymen could never prevent scholars and poets from taking an interest in it.

I have collected five of Hearn's essays on Buddhism and Hindoo literature in *Essays on European and Oriental Literature.* In another editorial *Some Supposed Sanscrit Translations* (June 14, 1884), he protested against poor verse translations.

His own opinion of Buddhism was as follows: "Buddhism has been of incalculable service to mankind by creating an ideal of goodness and love and of a beauty so holy that even the scepticism of the nineteenth century bows low in reverence before it"; *Essays in European and Oriental Literature,* page 290.

And what remarkable words are those also, at the conclusion of his essay on *The Epic of Kings* (ibid., pages 318–319), where he speaks of the necessity of crossing the flowers of Western idealism with Eastern literary growths, and states that the study of words is the means to teach us to know the likeness of the human heart all over.

In a letter to a Christian minister, 1883, *Life and Letters,* Vol. I, page 265, he also attacked Sinnett and Olcott as presenting a sort of neo-gnosticism which repels by its resemblance to the Spiritualistic humbug and he spoke of the higher Buddhism of Emerson and John Weiss.

It should be remembered that Hearn in the early seventies had already exposed spiritualistic humbugs and spiritualistic photography. Later he again vigorously pounced on most of the beliefs of moonshiny "thinkers."

His *Modern Superstition* which I reprint shows that he, an authority on superstition, was all the more an opponent to it.

His article on Dr. Holland's pamphlet, *Immortality,* herein collected, is very interesting. It was the result of a conversation he had with Dr. Matas to whom he said that this Christian clergyman had unknowingly shown in his booklet, that he was really a heretic.

Dr. Holland had several friends who took up the cudgels for him, and two controversial articles followed Hearn's original article; I give the conclusion of the first of these. In the other one, *Dr. Holland's Defenders* (February 16,

1886), Hearn wrote in part as follows, in reply to Dr. Holland who in the *Picayune* stated that Dr. William T. Harris, Rev. Phillips Brooks and others sided with him:

"Dr. Holland seems to ignore the fact that the Absolute Idealism of Hegel and the profounder metaphysics of Buddhism are almost precisely identical in many respects. There is nothing, as Fernand Hu observes, as little in logical harmony with Buddhist ethics as the Buddhist philosophy itself; and Buddha accepted the gods only as Hegel accepted the Trinity, while the latter philosopher's theory concerning the perpetual 'becoming' of creatures and things, together with his theory of the Absolute, are both paralleled in Buddhist dogma. If Buddhism is 'a pest of thought,' so is Hegelism! We are not, however, inclined to invite any begging of the question on the side-issue of Buddhism; for we have only been considering a pamphlet which is neither absolutely Hegelian nor absolutely Buddhistic, but obviously heterodox and indefensible."

In his sociological essays, it is surprising to find Hearn so widely informed and at times almost conservative.

Hearn showed, for one who was so unpractical in life, a sane and balanced theoretical view of life in his sociological essays. For example, he wrote against free love in that excellent editorial *Fanaticism in Free Thought,* herein reprinted. The fact that he was an admirer of M. Reclus, the scientist, did not prevent him from attacking him for depriving his daughter of the benefits of a civil marriage. Like Heine, Hearn often disliked the moral and religious radicals, as well as the conservatives. (In the *Item,* March 27, 1879, he also had an article called *False Free Thought.*)

He deprecated a sentimental attitude toward criminals and murderers in *Various Views of Mental Derangement,* (herein reprinted), a remarkable editorial inspired by Garfield's mur-

der, wherein Hearn discusses free-will and determinism. He gave credence, however, to the view that criminals may be hypnotized to commit crime, and thought this was the case why very fine young men in Russia became criminal Nihilists. See *Mesmeric Nihilism,* in this collection.

Hearn was also interested in questions of population and in an editorial in the *Item,* March 11, 1880, *Theories and Facts About Population,* he quotes Hume's *On the Populousness of the Antique World,* to the effect that numerical increases depend upon comfort. He cites a favorite theory of his own, which he also expounded in Japan that "reproductive power is lessened as intellectual power increases."

Hearn also wrote on national development and on the birth, growth and death of nations. In 1880 he wrote to Krehbiel that he had composed an essay on luxury and art in the time of Elagabalus, but that he was not satisfied with it and feared it would not be published. One of his most profound sociological articles is *The Future of a Great Nation,* wherein he again quotes Hume. His editorial on *Antique and Modern Republics* proves that the ancients did not enjoy liberty in the sense in which we do. I reprint these two essays together with his article *"Follow the Donkey-Path,"* based on extracts from Guyau's *Irreligion of the Future.*

In *Doesn't Want Any Progress,* in the *Times-Democrat* (January 28, 1887) Hearn quotes Spencer, in reply to a correspondent. He argues as one of the privileged classes might and takes a very conservative viewpoint on the question of checking private acquisition. "The development of new resources," he says, "and the creation of new capital under favoring conditions produce not only an enlargement

of previous advantages, but an evolution of totally novel and complex ones, vastly increasing the old means of subsistence, and opening up also an immense range of novel fields for enterprise and industry."

In Japan he discussed sociological questions in his letters to Chamberlain. It should also be remembered that Hearn's last and best known book *Japan, an Interpretation,* is a sociological work.

III

Hearn's versatility further manifests itself in his knowledge of music, and though he did not have a good ear for music and was not profoundly acquainted with its technique, he was a student of musical history and musical instruments. His letters to his musician friend Henry E. Krehbiel, are naturally full of allusions to musical matters. He also discussed musical questions with Chamberlain.

I have reprinted in *An American Miscellany* Hearn's account of how Krehbiel and himself heard Chinese music in Cincinnati.

Hearn very likely wrote the sympathetic notice of Chappel's *History of Music* and the able account of the recent Weber Piano, in an article for the *Enquirer,* called *Musical History* (September 13, 1874). At any rate, he again refers to Chappel's History in one of his Exposition articles in *Harper's Bazaar* (March 28, 1885): *Some Oriental Curiosities* (herein reprinted), where he touches briefly on Japanese musical instruments and music.

He wrote a score of editorials on musical subjects for the *Item* and *Times-Democrat.* He was interested especially in the great pianist Gottschalk, had an editorial about

him in the *Item* and translated many passages for the *Democrat* from his autobiography. He himself had ambition in Cincinnati and in New Orleans to write a musical romance about Mephistopheles. For the *Item* he wrote *A Musical Sensation* (Bioto's *Mephistopheles*), as well as the article on *Mephistopheles* herein reprinted, wherein he quotes from his other article.[1] He did not care so much about Wagner, and preferred the Italians to the Germans. Yet he wrote an editorial *Wagnerian,* for the *Times-Democrat* (June 13, 1882), on the occasion of Krehbiel's May-Musical Festival Programme; he dwelt on the performance of four colossal fragments from the *Ring of Niebelungen,* and he vividly but briefly described the splendor of the scene where the Thunder-God forges the rainbow-bridge.

Hearn was often led to write on musical topics, to give his friend Krehbiel publicity. Another long editorial called *Singing Societies in America* (June 1, 1884), appeared on the occasion of Krehbiel's *Notes on the Cultivation of Choral Music.*

A month after he went on the *Item,* he wrote *Romanticism in Music,* referring to Krehbiel, and shortly afterwards, he wrote the article in this volume called *What the Greeks Knew About Music,* again mentioning Krehbiel.[2] The very first published letter to Krehbiel on reaching New Orleans, shows us Hearn reading about musical instruments of the middle ages in *Curiosités des Arts,* and translating a long passage for Krehbiel.

It was hence unfair on Krehbiel's part to have sealed the

[1] These articles disprove Gould's statement that Hearn had not read Goethe.

[2] Krehbiel at this time had only a local reputation in Cincinnati.

friendship by writing to Hearn that he could go to Japan, or go to hell, because Hearn complained Krehbiel's new servant insulted him when he tried to get a pair of shoes he had left at the house.

Hearn however was chiefly interested in ancient music, in dances, war-cries and melodies of primitive peoples. What scholarship appears in the little article in this volume called *Lost Music.* Read his remarkable letter to Krehbiel where he draws up a table of scholarly contents for an imaginative work on music in many volumes, *Life and Letters,* Vol. I, pages 29–307.

For the *Item* he wrote about *Carmen, Concerning Barrel Organs, Ballet Dancing and Sundry Observations, Musical Miracles.* Out of the story of the opera *Aïda,* he made one of his *Fantastics,* since reprinted.

In New Orleans he frequently wrote about negro dances, songs and music—subjects which had fascinated him even in the Cincinnati days. Krehbiel's book *Afro-American Folk Songs* quotes Hearn quite often.

His knowledge about the music and instruments of different nations was immense, and we find him in his letters, directing Krehbiel to the Talmud for matters about Jewish music.

I am not prepared to say how much of Hearn's musical views were fantastic, but he at least knew his subject well.

An example of his art views, showing his abandoning of his early art for art's sake views, appears as the introduction of one of his musical editorials *Some Musical Literature,* the *Times-Democrat* (May 31, 1886), apropos some of Krehbiel's explanatory musical programmes and musical reviews. It reads as follows:

"One of the proofs of the moral value of true art is that the purposes of its production require some explanation or expatiation. The production itself tells only a small part of its history and of its aim;—whether painting, marble, porcelain, bronze, or opera, its appeal to the esthetic sense remains incomplete so long as its effect does not unite with a series of natural emotions that existed before it. It does not itself create these emotions; but simply enhances them: it should form the ultimate and supreme expression of utterance for those who, while capable of much feeling, may be incapable of much artistic execution. A masterpiece is, in this sense, a mouthpiece;—representing not merely the emotion of a master, but the emotion of a race or of an epoch. Some wonderful canvas, exhibited with only a number stuck in the corner of its frame, may inculcate this truth to any intelligent visitor who approached it without a catalogue. Admirable color,—intensity of movement—force of conception; but what does it represent? It arouses curiosity quite as much as admiration; it is simply a pleasing mystery. But how different the observer's judgment of the author, when he learns the legend of the painting,—when it appeals, not simply to his sense of beauty, but also to his memory; his imagination, and his emotion! How much grander does the work seem—how much loftier the genius of its creator?

"But if the painting or the marble, being only the artistic rendering of an emotion, requires on the observer's part a full knowledge of that original emotion, and consequently some explanatory instruction, how much more does Music demand the education of those who desire to appreciate its highest aims? A simple title upon a picture or upon a pedestal often suffices to tell the whole story of the work to a cultivated mind; but much more than this is necessary to interpret the value of a musical *Magnum opus*. Hence, pamphlets in lieu of letter-paper programmes; librettos in various languages, with elaborate explanation of each act and each emotion. With the development of musical art and taste in the United States, this system of interpretation has, within the last

decade, obtained a literary importance almost equal to that which it has assumed in the musical centres of France and Germany.". . .

IV

Hearn wrote nearly a score of articles on Arabic subjects. Except three or four, they are still uncollected. Mr. Ferris Greenslet reprinted *Arabic Women,* and also *Rabyah's Last Ride,* from *Harper's Bazaar,* in the posthumous *Diary of an Impressionist.* I reprinted the story of *The First Muezzin, Bilal, in Karma.* Hearn wrote for the *Times-Democrat: A Mahdi of the Eighteenth Century, A Legion of Mahdi, Arming the Arab Women, The Horses of Arabia, Note of Abd El-Kader, Curiosities of the Pilgrimage to Mecca, Moslem Observances.* All of these deserve reprinting. There were also two studies *Slavery and Mohammedanism in the Soudan* and *Slavery and Islam,* each valuable in parts. As a matter of fact, he showed his interest in Arabic topics in the *Item* as early as 1878, when he wrote on *Moslem Notions About Art.*

For many years he cherished the notion of a collection of his Arabic essays. He wrote to Krehbiel in 1883 (*Life and Letters,* Vol I, page 227), about his *Bilal.* He gave the plot in this letter and told how he worked on it, and in other letters he complained that it was rejected several times. In March, 1884 (Vol. I, page 32), he wrote that he wanted to make this story the first in a volume of *Arabesques,* that would require two years of labor, and he mentioned several subjects he would like to include, among others the lives of certain outrageous Moslem Saints. Two months later in a letter to William D. O'Connor, he wrote he

[1] Boni and Liveright, 1918.

wanted to popularize the legends of Islam and other faiths in a series of books, and that his next effort would be *Arabesques,* treating on modern saints, singers and poets and hagiographical curiosities (*Life and Letters,* Vol. I, page 328).

In June he wrote to Krehbiel he got a copy of Ibn Khallikan's biographical dictionary in two quarto volumes,[1] a work which would be invaluable to him for his new volume, which will be all *Arabesques* (Vol. I, page 331).

But in July 1885, in another letter to O'Connor (Vol. I, pp. 349–350), Hearn wrote his plans had changed as regards attempting anything like a serious volume of Oriental Essays, for he said he knew too little. But then he seems to have altered his mind again, for two years later he sends Gould an Arabic story he had just published, in *Harper's Bazaar* (*Rabyah's Last Ride*), with the comment that he would reproduce it in another shape, "if I live to complete my plan." (Vol. I, page 396.)

However, the *Arabesques* never appeared. He went to the West Indies and then to Japan. Loss of confidence, lack of encouragement, and the formation of other projects, hindered the plan.

Of the various Arabesques he wrote for the *Times-Democrat,* I have reprinted in this work, his *The Touareug,* and two of the essays dealing with the subject that was to be part of his *Arabesques,* his studies of Moslem Saints.

He is said to have written also an article on Arabic Medicine for the New York *Tribune.*

Hearn's library contained of course, a number of volumes on Arabic subjects, many in French, volumes on Arabic

[1] The printed letter says 24 volumes. This was an error. I saw the original letter, where he says 2 4to volumes, i. e. 2 quarto volumes.

poetry, Arabic tales, Arabic anthologies, Arabic musicians, Arabic horses, Arabic medicine, books on the Mahdi and the Touareug, from which he no doubt drew for the essays in this collection. The volumes he had were the standard works in French on those subjects. Of course he owned the *Koran* and the famous collection of pre-Islamic poetry, the *Moallakat,* the latter in Sir William Jones's translation.

Yet when Hearn died there was not a single Arabic essay in any of his published works, and as far as the world was concerned, he never had made a contribution in book form to Arabic topics.

I believe that the three essays in this volume will help to remedy our ignorance of Hearn's Arabic work, for in a sense his Arabic subjects constitute his first real contributions to Oriental studies. It was in the years, 1883, 1884 and 1885, that he was most absorbed in Arabic themes.

Under the heading *Judaicæ,* I have reprinted Hearn's fascinating article in which he picked out some characteristic tales from the *Talmud,* his picturesque account of an Orthodox Jewish Funeral, his editorial against caricaturing the Jew upon the stage, and his portrait of Lassalle. Hearn wrote often about the Jews and always with great regard for them. He attacked Anti-Semitism and Russian persecution of the Jews, and was ever ready to correct any misunderstanding that prevailed about Jews. He venerated Montefiore, and he wrote two articles about him. Although some private letters of his show complaints about too closely compelled contact with some types of Jews at resorts, he is never known in public to have written against the Jews. He recommended the two Jewish novelists,

Sacher-Masoch and Kompert, to his friends, and he translated frequently from both of them. In an editorial in the *Item* he welcomed Jewish emigrants to Louisiana. He even went to the trouble of defending the Jewish method of slaughter against the S. P. C. A. Some of his editorials were written on the occasion of the first Russian Massacre, and he wrote for the *Item* editorials *Persecution of the Jews in Russia* and *Government Policy and the Jews.*

He continued writing editorials on the Jews when he went on the *Times-Democrat,* and we find him writing on *Mediavalism Resurrection; La France Juive,* an attack upon a notorious French anti-semitic publication; *No Jewish Type,* and *Jewish Nobility in England.*

In his letters he often refers to the *Talmud* and he wrote a brief editorial on Schwab's French translation of the Jerusalem *Talmud.* In his first Original book *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature,* he retold rare Talmudic tales.

The article on Creole Medicine from the New York *Tribune,* which is listed by Gould (the year was not given, but it was easy to find), mentions Hearn's friend Dr. Matas. Hearn had the subject in mind for a number of years, for in the *Item* for 1880, he wrote that he had often suggested a collection of a book on Creole cookery and herb medicine. He stated that such a work would be practical though he mentioned the difficulties in obtaining information, owing to family secrets about herb cures. "With time and leisure," he wrote, "we should wish for no better or more agreeable employment than the collection and arrangement of such curiosities." Reprinted in *Creole Sketches: Attention! Azim!* page 105.

Six and a half years later he published in the New York

Tribune his researches in the collection of herb remedies. He also published the Creole cook book anonymously, through Coleman, under the title *La Cuisine Créole.*

It might be added that his book on Creole Proverbs *Gombo Zhèbes* which Coleman also published in 1885, was really an expansion of the article on *Creole Proverbs of the French West Indies,* which I have included in this collection.

I have also reprinted six of Hearn's seven articles covering the New Orleans Exposition. These appeared in *Harper's Weekly,* and *Harper's Bazaar* from January 3, 1885, to April 11, 1885.

Had these articles been the mere prosaic catalogues and statistical details of which we think when the expression "exposition article" is mentioned, I would have let them repose in oblivion. But Hearn chose the exhibition as a pretext to write four essays on Oriental topics, dwelling especially on Japan, and two essays dealing with Mexican civilization and the growth of science. He polished these articles, chose exquisite scenes for description in poetic languages, strewed his scholarship throughout, and presented us with cameos that should not be lost. Thus Hearn the archæologist and descriptive artist, found himself in his element as he stood notebook in hand in the Exposition buildings, supposed to write about the centenary of cotton importation to England, but giving us exquisite prose poems instead!

I have omitted only the first article, which is an account of the buildings and the opening exercises.

It is not especially noteworthy except for its tribute to his chief, Major E. A. Burke, who was director of the enterprise. He speaks of the Director's achievements as a

journalist, and refers to his interest in Central American Spanish countries. (The Major when last heard from was living in Honduras, Central America.)

Hearn, had in his Cincinnati days written up expositions. Among the very first work he did on the *Enquirer* were two accounts of the Fourth Exposition in September 1873. These articles deal chiefly with the geological department and the art collection of etchings, engraving and water colors.

The reader will not, I hope, regret the inclusion of these exposition articles. They attracted attention and Dr. Matas remembered them so well that he asked me to reprint them. They also represent the only known magazine articles written before he went to Japan that have not by this time been collected in book form.[1] This want is now remedied.

The miscellaneous articles range from light Stevensonian essays like *Meditations for Vacations* and *A Word for Tramps*, to articles on *The Origin of Christmas* and Vereschagin. They include two beautiful prose poems, *Recollections of the Strakosch Opera Company* and *All Saints*. The article from *Harper's Weekly* on the Carnival, is Hearn's first known contribution to a periodical, his first bid for popular fame. His letters show that in addition to his duties as editorial writer and translator, he occasionally wrote up the Carnival when the subject showed he was the man best fitted for the task. His account of the pageant which presented the myths and worship of China is almost a manual of sinology. It covered a full page of closely printed type. (Mrs. Wetmore informed me that Hearn

[1] The only other magazine article of Hearn's not collected is a prosaic one on the New Orleans Cotton Exchange for *Harper's Weekly*.

wrote it.) He also wrote up in whole or part the accounts of the celebrations that showed the Worship of the World; the *Ramayana* (the Hindoo epic poem); and the Planets.

After perusing the articles in this collection, I believe the reader will agree with me that Hearn was a scholar and a thinker, as well as an artist. His versatility is simply amazing. It should be borne in mind that all this original work was in addition to his weekly task of French and Spanish translations for a period of seven years. Besides, being an authority on French literature, besides being a student of Creole lore and Arabic subjects, besides writing artistic short stories, and powerful descriptive articles, he also was the author of philosophical essays, sociological and scientific discourses, and educational articles.

Moreover, he also wrote on subjects which time has rendered obsolete, European and International Politics. Lengthy editorials, European leaders, appeared in both the *Item* and the *Times-Democrat*. There were full column editorials in the *Times-Democrat* on *English Policy in China, The Chinese Future, The Present and Future of India*. He wrote not only about the future; he wrote on the past; *Archæological News from China, The Ruins of Carthage;* he exposed forgeries of ancient art; he followed the discoveries of scholars in archæology.

I have said nothing of Hearn's cartoons, poems, "Colyms," his many articles on literary topics and his critical essays on American books and writers, for he wrote about Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Marion Crawford, Longfellow, Joaquin Miller, Cable, Emerson, Motley, Whitman (whom he undeservedly attacked), and various American writers.

Yet when one makes a résumé of Hearn's works, he stands out chiefly as a descriptive writer and an authority

on folk-lore. The mind and imagination of primitive man fascinated him, and he continued his work in mythology in Japan. Old myths, religious and superstitious, were his hobby. As I look through the catalogue, sent to me by his widow, of his New Orleans library, I find listed many books on these subjects, works on savage races,[1] the religion of non-civilized people, on the origins of prehistoric war and a French collection of over twenty volumes of Popular Literatures. Books containing poems and tales of the medieval ages, legends, Scandinavian and Hindoo, were in his library. Of course he had the standard books like Lang's *Custom and Myth,* and Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages,* with the standard epic poem and collections like *Beowulf, Mort d'Arthur, The Song of Roland,* and the *Kalevala.*

He also read the rationalistic modern writers as well, and the works of Voltaire, Darwin and Spencer, were in his library.

His range of interests was simply enormous and he transmuted his studies into art works. Possibly he did not always digest his mental food well, but the present collection will show that Hearn the student and thinker, deserves to be known better than he is. It also shows Hearn more than a mere author of squibs. It further proves he did not have much leisure time for dissipation or low company.

Phila. Jan. 22, 1925

ALBERT MORDELL.

[1] I have in my possession one volume from Hearn's library, *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific* by Rev. William Wyatt Gill. The book bears Hearn's rubber stamp mark. (The Editor.)

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OCCIDENTAL GLEANINGS

IDYLS OF THE KING

I

"Far off they saw the silver-misty morn
Rolling her smoke about the Royal mount
That rose between the forest and the field.
At times the summit of the high City flash'd;
At times the spires and turrets half-way down
Prick'd thro' the mist; at times the great gate shone
Only, that open'd on the field below;
Anon, the whole fair city had disappear'd.
Then those who went with Gareth were amazed,
One crying, 'Let us go no further, lord,
Here is a city of Enchanters, built
By Fairy Kings. . . .
'Lord, there is no such city any-where.
But all a vision.' " —*Gareth and Lynette.*

So veiled in the rolling smoke of "the silver-misty morn" of history, is the story of King Arthur and his Round Table; so distorted and embellished by legend are the incidents of his deeds and the deeds of his knights; so like

"The good ship sailing
Keel upward and mast downward in the heavens,
And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air,"

does all concerning him and his times appear to us—that there is eminent palliation for those bold doubters in his-

tory who plainly deny that any such King ever existed at all.

Still, we can scarcely conceive a more congenial or delightful task to the Poet-Laureate of England than the gathering together of these legends (the *Nibelungenlied* of Britain), dressing and adorning them in the jeweled garb of poetry, as the first and only great *national* poem of his people.

This is what Alfred Tennyson has done in the *Idyls of the King,* newly completed by the episode of *Gareth and Lynette,* last in time of composition, but not last in the proper order of arrangement.

They are to the English what the *Iliad* was to the Greeks, and the *Æneid* to the Roman people: ancestral legends of the most chivalrous and romantic era in the existence of the race, drawn from a period of splendor and glory, but so remote that the mystic and the mythical may be mingled freely with the natural and probable, with an appearance of vraisemblance which completely saves the reader from that uncomfortable sense of the *mal-apropos* generally induced by the employment of the supernatural in modern literature. In conformity to the canons of modern criticism, and in recognition of the fact that the days of endless epics are over, these *Idyls* are, as their name indicates, of moderate length, forming, in fact, a system of episodes from which the glory, the chivalry, the splendor and the final decay thereof, can only be gathered by the reader as the historian gathers his narrative from fragments.

And, as the title further indicates, they are as finished and ornate as they are short. Yet while each in itself is a finished poem, a perfect gem, clear cut and polished, it requires the gathering of the whole in a cluster to obtain the full

effect of the gentle spirit of faith in love, valor in war, charity in life and purity in soul, which imbues the whole, and exhibits the perfect ideal of a gentleman in all things. There is a delicate but faithful touch of sadness, though in the fact foreshadowed throughout, and fully developed at last, that it was after all but a striving after the impossible, this perfection of aim, and life and manner.

In *Gareth and Lynette* which comes second in order, when the realm that Arthur had made was just firmly established, and the Knights just launched out upon their lofty career, "whose glory was redressing human wrong," the ancient seer, whose beard was "white as utter truth," tells the young candidate from the stores of his experience that the King

> "Will bind thee by such vows as is a shame
> A man should not be bound by, yet the which
> *No man can* keep."

What these hard vows were we learn from what Arthur tells Guinevere in the poem bearing her name—

> "I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
> To reverence the king, as if he were
> Their conscience, and their conscience as their king,
> To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
> To speak no slander, *no, nor listen to it,* . . .
> To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds,
> Until they won her."

And in *The Coming of Arthur* Bellicent tells King

Leodogran that when this oath was administered by the King, and—

> "When they rose, knighted, from kneeling, some
> Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
> Some flushed and others dazed, as one who wakes
> Half-blinded at the coming of a light."

These were assuredly "strait vows," and vows that "no man can keep," although it is certainly "a shame a man should not be bound by" them. It is true in the dedication of the series to the memory of Prince Albert the poet tells the Queen that the late lamented was his own

> ". . . ideal Knight
> Who reverenced his conscience as his king, . . .
>
> Wearing the white flower of a blameless life . . .
> In that fierce light which beats upon a throne."

But this may be taken with a few grains of allowance for the author's partiality to the royal family. Indeed, this partiality itself does not appear wholly and altogether without reserve, for while he tells us in the following lines that the Prince's death did (in the conventional language of reporters) throw a deep gloom over the entire community, he exclaims at the same time that there was also an additional reason for this profound dejection:

> "—over all whose realms to their last isle,
> *Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,*
> The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse
> Darkening the world."

How well Tennyson's own ideal Knights, away up in the sustained realms of lofty imagination, themselves kept these

strait vows, we can learn from the treason of the King's own nephew, Modred, and his defection to the heathen; from the guilty love of Lancelot, the bravest of the Knights (whose name alone now remains on the round table in the Cathedral at Winchester), and Guinevere, the "fairest of all flesh," the Queen herself; from the liaison of Tristram, second of the Knights, with Isolde, the wife of Mark; from the scandals that lissome Vivien picked up at court and retailed to Merlin—

> "Defaming and defacing, till she left
> Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean."

Historians (such as they are) tell us that Vivien was correct in all these things; that when the magic mantle (whose property was to sit properly on no woman's shoulders save she was pure) was brought by a malicious dwarf to Arthur's Court it wrinkled and shriveled and faded on every female form, save only that of Sir Cradocke's lady.

But then, henceforward forever, the standard historian of Arthur's times is Alfred Tennyson, who has made the old knights and damsels semi-real to the world, and as to the morals of the Court in general we may take either the accusations of Vivien or what the lawyers would call the "confession and avoidances" of Merlin.

The facts probably are that Arthur usurped the throne in Britain about the year 500 and odd (early in the century), that he "drave the heathen and made a realm and reigned," and extended his conquests over even to Brittainy, where the traditions preserve the names of his knighthood (as given by Tennyson) with more exactness than even in Wales; that Dubricius (or Dubric, as Tennyson calls him), was Archbishop of Caerleon, "the city of le-

gions," now a village in Wales, and was Christian Primate of all England; that after Arthur's twelve great victories over the Saxon heathen he founded the order of the Round Table, whose oaths were merely vows of open-handed hospitality, and who constituted the first military order in Europe; that after conquest came pomp and luxury—and decay.

History, or, perhaps, tradition, strongly intimates that the King was of doubtful parentage. Uther, the first pendragon king, "the terrible," was his reputed father. But it would read more creditably to Arthur's mother if the chronicles would declare, as the law certainly would, that Gorlois, of Tintagil Castle, was his father. Gorlois' wife was one Ygerne, of exceeding great beauty, of whom Uther was smitten, but by whom his advances were repelled until, as it is charitably surmised, he succeeded by personating Gorlois, which he did by the aid of Merlin's magic. From this Arthur was born just about the time that Gorlois died, and afterward Uther married the disconsolate widow, and they had two daughters.

The evidence in the poem as to Arthur's paternity is scarcely more favorable to Mistress Ygerne's reputation.

This, naturally, is to be culled from the first of the *Idyls, The Coming of Arthur*. The poet tells us that—

> "Many a petty King, ere Arthur came,
> Ruled in this isle; and ever waging war,
> Each upon other, wasted all the land;
> And still from time to time the heathen host
> Swarm'd over seas, and harried what was left,
> And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
> Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
> But man was less and less, till Arthur came."

This was an extremely unhappy state of affairs, and very strongly and briefly described. The style, as in nearly all the *Idyls*, is somewhat transposed, necessitating a little gentle mental exercise in order to put the dissected sentences together in their more natural order; but this is infinitely better than the employment of a mass of superfluous words in every line to fill out the measure; and, indeed, the very quaintness of the arrangement is impressive, as well as elevated, and, therefore, well calculated for quotation and for memory.

"And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein; . . .
And ever and anon the wolf would steal
The children and devour; but, now and then
Her own brood lost or dead, lent her fierce teat
To human sucklings; and the children, housed
In her foul den, there at their meat would growl
And mock their foster-mother on four feet,
Till, straighten'd, they grew up to wolf-like men,
Worse than the wolves."

Here, certainly, was a very chaotic state of society, rendering it absolutely necessary that the wars and ravage should go on until some one of the petty Kings should conquer all the rest.

Supremacy was absolutely essential, even though it should come to pass that it should be the supremacy of the heathens, or the wolves.

The final result was that Arthur, who was probably the fiercest of all, "came,"

"Drew all their petty Princedoms under him,
Their head and King, and made a realm and reigned."

At that particular juncture, however, before Arthur had fully established himself, Leodogran, King of Cameliard, was in so bad a way with his Kingdom that he might have offered it advantageously for a horse, even in the last stage of epizooty,

> "his brother King
> Rience assailed him; last a heathen horde."

And evils multiplied—

> "till amazed
> He knew not whither he should turn for aid."

He concluded, however, to call on Arthur, who was just asserting himself, and sent to him, saying with elegant and forcible brevity:

> "Arise, and help us, thou!
> For here between the man and beast we die."

It was fortunate for Leodogran that he secured Arthur's services before "the man" referred to in the line last quoted, or the "beast" had applied; for Arthur responded:

> "And he drave
> The heathen, and he slew the beast, and fell'd
> The forest and let in the sun."

The employment of the form "drave," which is used throughout the series in lieu of "drove," is perhaps a little tricky or so; but it has an antiquated, sober sound, and is therefore admissible in poetry for the sake of its effect on the ear. The main beauty of this passage is that while it tells the tale with a point and vividness which is the highest beauty of true poetry, while it glorifies the deeds of Arthur

and his Knights, it wholly refrains from dwelling on scenes of bloodshed and horror; and is true of all the series of the *Idyls of the King*.

While Arthur was doing all this fighting and pioneering for Leodogran, the worst of all disasters befell himself. Riding with his knights by where Leodograns's one daughter, Guinevere, was standing by the Castle wall to see him pass, he "felt the light of her eyes into his life smite on the sudden," and went back to his own dominions musing in an extremely illogical way, that he was altogether in vain, a complete and disastrous failure in life, and an abortion in the economy of nature, unless he should be able to obtain Guinevere in marriage. He therefore sent Bedivere, Ulfius and Brastias to Leodogran to solicit the hand of the princess. And all this is merely the inducement to the story of *The Coming of Arthur,* for then Leodogran, who felt, or so persuaded himself, the utter impropriety and impracticability of giving his one fair daughter except to one not only himself a King *de facto,* but also a King's son, therefore instituted a system of inquiries into Arthur's family connections, which, however satisfactorily they resulted to him, must be admitted to be decidedly unsatisfactory to the general reader.

He first sent for his chamberlain, who, as is the nature of all chamberlains in fiction, was extremely aged, and of him he inquired if he knew aught of Arthur's birth?

> "Then spoke the hoary chamberlain and said
> 'Sir King, there be but two old men that know
> And each is twice as old as I; and one
> Is Merlin, the wise man that ever served
> King Uther thro' his magic art.' "

And the other was Bleys, Merlin's master, who was indefinitely older than Merlin.

Leodogran then resorted frankly to Arthur's messenger "Bedivere, the first of all his knight's knighted by Arthur at his coming," who tells him the story somewhat in this wise: King Uther had fallen in love with Ygerne, the wife of Gorlois, much as David took a fancy to Uriah's wife, but instead of adroitly sending Gorlois under the wall of some common enemy to fall by the fortune of war, he himself levied open war about the *teterrima causa belli*, and conquered and killed Gorlois, and captured but not captivated Ygerne, so that

> "Enforced she was to wed him in her tears,
> And with a shameful swiftness."

Afterward, "not many moons" (the period is not given with the precision of Palixenes' "pregnant nine changes o' the watery star,") after this wedding in shameful swiftness, as is not infrequent in swift weddings, an incident prematurely occurred.

King Uther died "moaning and wailing for an heir to rule after him." This is a fact of the utmost significance to the calm and dispassionate readers, accustomed to the weighing of testimony. It indicates what Uther knew, or did not know; and, being in the nature of a dying declaration, is rather the best evidence the case affords. Of course it indicates that within Uther's knowledge, the posthumous little blessing christened Arthur, was not his offspring.

> "And that same night, the night of the New Year,
> By reason of the bitterness and grief
> That vexed his mother, all before his time

Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born
Delivered at a secret postern gate
To Merlin, to be holden far apart
Until his hour should come."

This was evidently not by Uther's command, for he, it seems, if we know anything about the pending event (which is a strong presumption) obviously believed, for some reason satisfactory to himself, that the child would be the child of Ygerne's recently slain husband Gorlois.

But Merlin (says Bedivere) took the child and gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight and ancient friend of Uther, who raised him as his own, and "when his hour had came" Merlin brought him out and announced him as Uther's heir, but—

"A hundred voices cried 'Away with him!
No King of ours! a son of Gorlois he;
Or else the child of Anton, and no King;
Or else base born.' Yet Merlin, thro' his craft,
And while the people clamor'd for a King,
Had Arthur crown'd, but after, the great lords
Banded and so brake out in open war."

This was Sir Bedivere's narrative, and it doesn't militate in favor of Arthur's legitimacy by any manner of means.

Whether such was Leodogran's opinion, or whether the cunning old King was really actuated in all this by the fact of the resistance of the great lords to Arthur's claims, does not distinctly appear. But it was probably the latter that caused his hesitation all the time, for, when he afterward

interrogated Bellicent on the subject, he musingly observes:

"A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas,"

and puts to Bellicent the pertinent query

"Think you this King
Hath body enow to beat his foeman down?"

Bellicent, who was a daughter of Ygerne and Gorlois, and therefore a half-sister (at least) of Arthur, responds argumentatively that Arthur's knights are few, but very brave, and bound by so strait vows to his own self, etc., and describes the effect of the administration of these oaths to the body of knights, and the supernatural light that shone down on the occasion of that ceremony, and the apparition of three queens who were to help him at his need; and Merlin—

"Whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the hands
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.
And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,
Who knows a subtler magic than his own.
. . . A mist
Of incense curl'd about her, and her face
Well-nigh was hidden in the minster gloom;
But there was heard among the holy hymns
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world."

These mystic personages would appear to be Arthur's chief reliances, but what the "three queens" were to be made available for never does appear in the poems.

"Three queens" is undoubtedly a good hand to go in on,

and draw to. One can not exactly regard them with that sublime and simple faith wherewith the true Christian always contemplates four kings and an ace; but three queens is a strong hand, and perhaps had much to do with winning Leodogran's daughter. Not more, however, than had Bellicent's description of

> "Excalibur, the sword
> That rose from out the bosom of the lake,
> . . . on one side
> Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world:
> 'Take me'; but turn the blade and you shall see
> And written in the speech you speak yourself
> 'Cast me away.' "

There is something strange about this conception, which, like many and many a thought of Tennyson's, starts a vague, elusive train of thought that never shapes itself into anything quite satisfactory, but is impressive none the less. This sword arose from out the lake when Merlin and Arthur were crossing, and Merlin read the inscription in the forgotten tongue for Arthur, and bade him take the sword, and by this, said Bellicent, he was to beat his foemen down.

As to his birth and relationship to her she knew nothing positive—only, she added:

> "Always in my mind I hear
> A cry from out the dawning of my life,
> A mother weeping, and I hear her say,
> 'Oh that ye had some brother, pretty one,
> To guard ye on the rough way of the world.' "

which amounts to nothing. If she meant literally the dawning of her life, being older than Arthur, it proves

nothing. If she meant after Arthur was born, it proves that he was not the son of Ygerne (therefore, not of Uther) else she would have had a brother. But she tells a tale that Old Bleys told her on his death-bed—how Merlin and he, the night when Uther died—

"Descending through the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost,—
Beheld, *so high upon the dreary deeps,*
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropt to the cove and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave each mightier than the last,
Till last a ninth one, gathering half the deep,
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe and cried, 'The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!' "

She had, she said, inquired of Merlin if this was true, for with a strange incredulity she seemed to doubt it herself, and the wise old wizard merely laughed and answered her "in riddling triplets of the olden time," that appear to have little signification, except as to one line, which is ominous for Bleys' veracity: "An old man's wit may wander ere he die."

This tale, however, is Tennyson's version of the legend of King Arthur's supernatural "Coming," and to it is added the other superstition current for so many centuries, that he would never die—

"But pass again to come; and then or now
Utterly smite the heathen under foot,
Till they and all men hail him for their King."

Old Leodogran, when the narrative was ended, wisely "doubted and drowsed, nodded and slept," and dreamed one of those visionary dreams of Tennyson's, which, however, determined him to answer yea.

Wherefore Arthur sent Lancelot, his trusted friend and chiefest knight, through the flowers of April, and he brought back Guinevere through the flowers of May, and they were married—as the fairy tales say. Alas! if only the story ended there, what a happy, as well as beautiful, legend it would be.

II

"Know ye not, then, the riddling of the bards?
Confusion, and illusion, and relation,
Elusion, and occasion, and evasion?"

—*Gareth and Lynette.*

It is a pity that Tennyson ever wrote *Gareth and Lynette.* The chain of charming stories that constitute the *Idyls* would have been complete enough without this last production. The subject of the narrative—the adventures of a promoted scullion in charge of a pert snub-nosed Miss—is not romantic, and is related in a language so completely complicated that it all seems like a first-class parody on the *Idyls of the King.* Words of the author's own coinage are so tangled in with forgotten forms and phrases that the structure strongly reminds the reader of the carvings on the great gate at Camelot. New things and old co-twisted (as

if time were nothing) so inveterately that men grew giddy gazing there.

A fair sample of the style of the whole is contained in the opening lines:

> "The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent
> And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring
> Stared at the spate."

In this specimen occurs the word "showerful," designed and executed by Alfred Tennyson expressly for this occasion, and the word "spate," which has been obsolete so many centuries that no satisfactory definition of it can be found in any dictionary of Archaisms or Provincialisms. In two such dictionaries it is defined to be "a small pond"; but the context of the passage shows that it must have been used in the poem as an equivalent to "torrent," for the tall and staring Gareth addresses it thus:

> "O senseless cataract
> Bearing all down in thy precipitancy—
> And yet thou art but swollen with cold snows,
> And mine is living blood."

To this the "spate," unlike the brook (why not?), made no response at all, but permitted Gareth to explain that his mother restrained him from going forth to conquer, holding him still a child. The "spate" still preserving an obdurate and unsympathetic silence, the tall young man went to his mother herself:

> "And hovering round her chair,
> Ask'd, 'Mother, tho' ye count me still the child,
> Sweet mother, do ye love the child?' She laugh'd,

'Thou art but a wild goose to question it.'
'Then, mother, an ye love the child,' he said,
'Being a goose, and rather tame than wild,
Hear the child's story.' 'Yea, my well-beloved,
An 'twere but of the goose and golden eggs.' "

But Gareth answered her with kindling eyes that it was an eagle's egg he wanted, and if he could climb and lay his hand upon it, then would he be wealthier than "a leash of Kings."

It is a little doubtful if Kings are very wealthy when they are coupled or otherwise accumulated in a "leash."

Bellicent, unlike the old Japanese juggler, didn't want "to see her sonny climb," and promised him if he would stay at home, "some comfortable bride and fair," to grace his climbing life, and begged him to have pity on her loneliness, and at least to stay till the cloud that settled round the King's birth had lifted but a little.

This last argument indicates that the story of *Gareth and Lynette* comes second in order in the series next after the *Coming of Arthur*.

At last the mother yielded, upon a condition she believed he would not accept—that he should serve unknown a year in Arthur's Hall "among the scullions and the kitchen-knaves." This condition he did accept, however, and in the night—

"When waken'd by the wind which, with full voice,
Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on to dawn,"

he started forth with two attendants.

"The three were clad like tillers of the soil;
Southward they set their faces. The birds made

Melody on branch, and melody in mid-air;
The damp hill-slopes were quicken'd into green,
And the live green had kindled into flowers.
For it was past the time of Easterday."

This brief passage is plain and elegant, and brilliant as anything Tennyson ever wrote, but such passages are very rare and very brief in *Gareth and Lynette.*

The passage immediately after is also elegant and beautiful:

"So, when their feet were planted on the plain
That broaden'd toward the base of Camelot,
Far off they saw the silver-misty morn
Rolling her smoke about the Royal mount,
That rose between the forest and the field.
At times the summit of the high city flash'd;
At times the spires and turrets half-way down
Prick'd thro' the mist; at times the great gate shone
Only, that open'd on the field below. . . .
Then those who went with Gareth were amazed: . . .
'Lord, there is no such city any-where,
But all a vision.' "

It is not absolutely certain that Gareth's followers were not correct in this opinion. Macaulay, among other historians, flatly asserts that the whole story of King Arthur is a fable. Tennyson himself, in the *Palace of Art,* speaks with unmistakable belief of

—"*mythic* Uther's deeply-wounded son
In some fair space of sloping greens
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watch'd by weeping queens."

But Gareth being young and impressible, and being moreover an eye-witness of these things, believed in them all, and

"Swearing he had glamour enow
In his own blood, his princedom, youth and hopes,
To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian Sea;
So push'd them all unwilling toward the gate,
And there was no gate like it under heaven."

Possibly not, but there are plain points of similarity between it and the Tylor-Davidson Fountain,[1] for instance.

"Barefoot on the keystone which was lined
And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave,
The Lady of the Lake stood; all her dress
Wept from her sides as water flowing away;
But like the Cross her great and goodly arms
Stretch'd under all the cornice and upheld;
And drops of water fell from either hand."

. . . . . .

"Then those with Gareth for so long a space
Stared at the figures that at last seem'd
The dragon-boughts and elvish emblemings
Began to move, seethe, twine and curl; then call'd
To Gareth, 'Lord, the gateway is alive.' "

Like a number of other good points in this poem the idea in the last passage has been employed by the author before —in reference to a famous chair of inwrought dragons that Merlin made. The line "Then sprang the happier day from

[1] This Fountain is a centre of attraction in Cincinnati. (The Editor.)

underground," in the latter part of this poem, occurs in almost all the *Idyls* in almost that identical language.

To resume the story. Gareth passed to the presence of the King, and saw the suppliants coming

> "With noise of savage wrought by beast and man,
> And evermore a Knight would ride away."

Then Gareth, when his turn had come, petitioned of employment in the kitchen at board wages for a year, which was promptly granted by the King after a preliminary glance at the candidate.

Gareth's career henceforth is not specially fitted for embalming in verse until his mother sends and releases him from his vow, whereon he sought the King and told him all, and asked to be made Knight in secret, and to be given the first "quest," declaring that he had all the qualifications of hardihood and obedience—

> "And as for love, God wot, I love not yet,
> But love I shall, God willing."

So the King consulted Lancelot, and yielded, and made Gareth Knight in secret.

> "Then that same day there past into the hall,
> A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
> May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
> Hawk-eyes; *and lightly was her slender nose*
> *Tip-tilted,* like the petal of a flower."

This description of the heroine is by all odds the most strikingly original thing in the poem, and indicates an im-

mense amount of nerve in Tennyson yet. Her name, she says, is Lynette; noble; her need, a knight to combat for her sister Lyonors, *comelier than herself*.

> "She lives in castle Perilous; a river
> Runs in three loops about her living-place"

—(very concise and pretty, but very much like the "faintly shadow'd track that *all in loops and links*" occurs in *Elaine*)—

> "And o'er it are three passings, and three Knights
> Defend the passings, brethren, and a fourth,
> And of that four the mightiest, holds her stay'd
> In her own castle and so besieges her
> To break her will, and make her wed with him."

Thereat Sir Gareth called from where he rose with kindling eyes above the throng—

> " 'A boon, Sir King—this quest!' then for he mark'd
> Kay near him groaning like a wounded bull—
> 'Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen-knave am I,
> And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I,
> And I can topple over a hundred such.' "

Whether he meant a hundred ruffians or a hundred meats and drinks is not quite clear, but Arthur, either (in the one case) from confidence in Gareth's prowess, or (in the other case) from apprehension of his appetite, said, "Go therefore," and the damsel fled angrily away, denouncing the King for giving her a kitchen-knave, and Gareth pursued her.

> "She thereat, as one
> That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in the holt,

And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,
Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender nose
With petulant thumb and finger shrilling, Hence!
Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen grease," etc.

With this agreeable kind of conversation,

—"till the dusk that follow'd even song
Rode on the two, reviler and reviled,"

she entertaining her champion with foul language, and he replying nought—

This is the burden of the poem, and the moral is in the answer of Gareth to Lynette, when he had conquered the three knights at the river passes:

"You said your say;
Mine answer was my deed, God sooth! I hold
He scarce is knight, yea, but half-man, nor meet
To fight for gentle damsel, he who lets
His heart be stirr'd with any foolish heat
At any gentle damsel's waywardness."

The incidents of the combats are not remarkable; there is nothing unusual in the descriptions, unless it be the following:

"Nigh upon that hour,
When the lone hern forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and, stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool."

This, undoubtedly, is remarkable, as exhibiting Tennyson in the new character of a writer of elegant parody. And when Lancelot had overtaken the party, and had lent

Gareth his shield for his combat with the fourth and most dreadful ruffian—

> "High on a night-black horse in night-black arms,
> With white breast-bone, and barren ribs of Death,
> And crown'd with fleshless laughter."

When Lancelot lent Gareth his shield with his coat of arms of lions on it, Gareth the hero received it with an address that sounds incomparably more like ancient Pistol than Alfred Tennyson—

> "Ramp, ye lance-splintering lions, on whom all spears
> Are rotten sticks! Ye seem agape to roar!
> Yea, ramp and roar at leaving of your lord!"

To his astonishment Gareth easily overthrew this fourth knight, and, cleaving his helmet, discovered the bright face of a blooming boy, fresh as a flower new-born.

> "So large, mirth lived, and Gareth won the quest,
> And he that told the tale in older times
> Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
> But he that told it later, says Lynette."

Our own opinion, derived exclusively from this poem, is that it was Lyonors; it could scarcely have been Lynette.

The poem is twice as long as *The Last Tournament,* and as long as any of its predecessors, except *Enid;* and it is thinner and weaker, more fantastic, and has less point or design, and fewer good features in every respect than any of the *Idyls of the King.*

AMONG THE SPIRITS

An *Enquirer* Reporter Communicates with His Father

"Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such questionable shape
That I will speak to thee."

. . . . . .

"I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night."

—*Hamlet: Scene IV.*

After his last visit to No. 16 Barr street, the reporter resolved to go through a course of purification before again presuming to enter that ghostly temple; for his spiritualistic friend had maliciously suggested that the spirits objected to him as being physically and psychically filthy. He began by taking a bath, and washed himself seven times in a mystic manner. Moreover, he promised to abstain from tobacco, to live on mush and milk, to wear a clean shirt, to black his boots every morning, and to forswear swearing. Alas for the fragility of such promises, so aptly compared to pie-crusts! He longed after the flesh-pots of Egypt, and devoured beefsteak rare the very next morning; he neglected his linen; and he found it hard to confine himself to five cigars a day. However, he actually succeeded in sticking to his last resolution for six long and weary days; but happening to look at the office clock last Friday afternoon, and

finding himself twenty minutes behind time for the seance, he unfortunately said something at the very last moment that the recording angel must have put down in black and white. It was therefore with horrible qualms of conscience that he entered Mrs. Smith's parlor.

The reporter was kindly received by the medium, who looked younger and prettier than ever. "Your last report was a very fair one," she said, smiling; "but you made some dreadful mistakes in describing that room upstairs. The windows are *not* at the north side, and the closet is *not* in the west wall, and there *is* a carpet upon the floor."

The reporter apologized for the inaccuracy, and promised to correct it, excusing himself at the same time for his unpunctuality.

"My husband has not yet come home from the gallery," said the medium [Mr. Smith is a photographer]; but this lady, Mrs. ——, will take his place in the circle.

The lady to whom the reporter was now introduced looks much more like a medium than Mrs. Smith. She is not tall, but of a physique as robust as that of Mrs. Hollis, with dark hair and steady, piercing black eyes, a rather high forehead, and lips indicative of great power of will. She is evidently a person of much force of character, yet withal of a frank and kindly manner. The reporter regrets being unable to give her name—especially as her husband happens to be a prominent citizen of Cincinnati. After some brief conversation the three proceeded upstairs and commenced preparations for the seance.

"You don't like to tie Mrs. Smith yourself, I believe?" said the black-eyed lady, with a peculiar smile.

"Indeed I had rather not," pleaded the reporter; "I don't know how."

"Well, you must at least fasten the rope behind the chair; and you must examine the room. You can tack down her dress to the floor if you like, and tie her feet to the chair."

The reporter declined to act upon the last two somewhat malicious suggestions; but he examined the room, and tied the rope as desired. The preparations made were similar to those described in his last report; the medium's dress being nailed to the floor; the doors locked and fastened with pen-knives, etc. Then the tin trumpet was placed in the middle of the floor, but out of the reach of any one in the circle; the gas was put out, and the sitting commenced. It may be as well to mention here that the reporter took good care to satisfy himself that the medium was securely fastened, at the same time remarking, that so far as he was personally concerned his possible convictions would not be weakened or strengthened by the fact of Mrs. Smith being fettered or unfettered; but that having to lay a statement before the public it were just as well that the usual course was adopted. Mrs. —— observed that the spirits preferred that the medium should be tied.

For nearly an hour the circle waited for news from the Spirit-world, at first beguiling the time with conversation, and a little singing in which all joined. The musical hymn with the well-known refrain—

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the green fields of Eden,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you—"

was sung several times, and also several other pieces; but the spirits appeared to be unwilling. The conversation gradually slackened, until the circle sat in a dreary silence,

interrupted only by the occasional cries of children in the street at play, or the rumble of a passing vehicle.

"I really hope we are not going to be disappointed this time," said the medium, finally breaking the silence. "It would be too bad."

"I wish Mr. Mitchel would come and speak to the gentleman," said Mrs. ——.

"Who is Mr. Mitchel?" asked the reporter.

"Why," answered the medium, "a spirit, of course."

"Yes; but I meant to ask what he was before he became a spirit."

"Well, he says he is the brother of Professor Mitchel—the astronomer, that used to live here, you know. He first began to communicate with us nearly six years ago, when he told us some very strange things about a little private affair of our own—things we didn't know anything about beforehand—and he also told us the name of a man who he said could give us further information. Father was a strict church-member at that time, and did not, of course, believe in Spiritualism; but he went after this man just for curiosity, and found him at last after a good deal of trouble. The man was a kind of artist—used to touch up pictures. He told my father everything that the spirit had referred to. Mitchel nearly always attends our sittings now; and sometimes you would be surprised at the manifestations he gives. He will talk in a loud, deep voice—just like a person in the flesh, and sing, and stamp on the floor.

"I think," said Mrs. ——, "that we are talking too much. When you talk, Mary, it makes you too positive. We had better sing something. Don't you know some song?"—to the reporter.

The reporter sang some songs in a very dismal voice, un-

til the bells announced that it was six o'clock. An hour and a quarter had passed away.

"The spirits are going to do something, I know," suddenly exclaimed Mrs. ——, in tones of quiet satisfaction. "I feel an unusually strong influence. They will certainly lift that trumpet. Do you feel the influence strongly, Mary?"

"Not as strong as I generally do," answered the medium.

"Do you feel the influence?"—to the reporter.

"I have no idea what the 'influence' is like—except from reading Bulwer Lytton's fantastic tales. He speaks of such an influence in one of his horrid stories, as a 'ghastly exhalation' rising through the floor—a vague, but awful description, isn't it? How does the influence affect you?"

"Why, a strange kind of numbness creeps all over me, as if my whole body was 'going to sleep' in the sense that one's foot is said to go to sleep. This feeling is accompanied by a curious sense of *expansion,* as it were: my hands, for instance, seem to increase in size. But I can not describe the feeling properly. Ah! I felt a hand laid on my arm this moment. We had better continue singing; the spirits like it."

Suddenly the reporter distinctly felt the fingers of a hand touching, first the lower part of his right thigh, and then his knee in a rapid succession of taps. The taps seemed to be given by the first finger and thumb of a right hand—a heavy, strong hand—which closed as they touched the reporter's thigh, as though in the attempt to pinch slightly without hurting. The sensation, at the same time, was extremely peculiar, each tap being followed by a very faint shock as of electricity. The reporter naturally started.

"Did you touch me, Mrs. ——?"

"No, sir. You had better take hold of my hands."

The reporter did so, but the ghostly touches were continued, and the strange shocks accompanying them became stronger. Mrs. Smith still sat at the opposite side of the room, occasionally talking while the spectral hands were tapping the reporter's knee. He endeavored to catch hold of them, holding both of Mrs. ——'s hands with his right, and seeking the ghostly hands with his left. But he could not touch them. Then another hand, a very small one, was laid upon the upper part of his right arm, and closed its fingers upon the limb for an instant, sending a peculiar, but not disagreeable, thrill through the reporter's frame.

The trumpet then began to move along the floor, making a strange tinkling sound as it passed over the carpet. Then came a succession of faint taps, which sounded as though made by the index-finger of a hand.

"The spirit wants to say something, evidently," said Mrs. ——. "Do you want anything?"—to the spirit.

"Yes."—[three taps.]

"What is it?"

[No answer.]

"Are we sitting right?"

"No!"—[a single emphatic tap.]

"What is the matter?"

[No answer.]

At that moment the trumpet was raised from the floor, and struck the reporter heavily on the right thigh three times. Then it repeated the operation on his knee.

"Perhaps somebody has their legs crossed," said Mrs. ——. "Have you, sir?"

"Yes." The reporter had had his right leg crossed over his left for some time. He uncrossed them at once.

"You must not sit that way according to the rules of the

seance. The spirits don't like it. Is it all right now?"—to the spirit.

Three emphatic taps; and three blows with the trumpet on both of the reporter's knees. The touch of the trumpet did not produce the peculiar shock caused by the touch of the fingers. A moment after, the spirit laid the trumpet down in its first position and departed.

"I wonder if that could have been Mitchel?" said Mrs. ——.

The state of affairs had now become really interesting. After a minute or two the trumpet was moved again, but this time with apparent difficulty, as though the ghostly fingers were too unsubstantial for the task.

"I guess that's Maudie," said the medium.

"No; I should rather think it is one of this gentleman's relatives—the spirit is so weak. It is always weak the first time it tries to speak."

The tinkling noise seemed to move in the direction of the medium. Then there came a distinct sound of *kisses*—kisses in quick succession, as though coming from the small, chubby lips of a child; and the word "Mamma" was repeated in a distinct, soft whisper.

"Ah! that's Maudie," said the medium. "What is it, darling?"

"Why isn't papa here?"

"If we knew you wished to speak to him, darling, we would not have formed the circle without him."

"Won't you bring some flowers next time?"

"Yes, dear."

The spirit then seemed to go to Mrs. ——, and kissed her. The child-voice asked once more for flowers; and the trumpet was returned to its place.

Again the reporter felt a hand laid upon his knee—a strong, heavy hand, like the hand of a man, and the touch was accompanied by the same strange electric thrill as before. The trumpet was again raised. It was first laid on the visitor's knees, and then brought over to where the medium was sitting. A voice spoke through it in a deep, hoarse whisper.

"Some spirit wishes to speak with the gentleman," said the medium.

The trumpet then appeared to be brought to within about four inches of the reporter's face, and the voice addressed him by a name by which he is unknown to his friends in this country, but which he at once recognized. The reporter did not mention this fact to the medium for private reasons; and no one but himself caught the name. The greater part of the sentence following was indistinguishable; but the word "father" was distinctly uttered.

"Do I understand you to say that you are my father?"

"Yes"—[feebly].

"Please give your name."

[Two indistinguishable whispers.]

"Your full name, please."

Three indistinct whispers. The whispers sounded much like the full name, but the reporter wished to hear it distinctly given. The middle name is a curious one, and the reporter's father never was in America, or known to any person in this country, so far as can be ascertained.

"Please try again?"

"Charles"—the rest indistinguishable.

Several more unsuccessful efforts were made. Then a whisper came—"I shall try to grow stronger," and the trumpet was laid down.

In about a minute it came again, and the voice clearly and distinctly uttered the full name:

"Charles Bush H——." [1]

"That is the name."

"I am your father, P——." [2]

"Have you any word for me?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Forgive me"—in a long whisper.

"I have nothing to forgive."

"You have, indeed"—very faintly.

"What is it?"

"You know well"—distinctly.

"Will you write it?"

"I don't know how."

"There is a pencil and paper upon the table."

"I will try. I will try to grow stronger."

The trumpet was replaced for several minutes, after which the spirit returned.

"I wronged you: forgive me"—a loud, distinct whisper.

"I do not consider that you have."

"It would be better not to contradict the spirit," interrupted the medium, "until it has explained matters."

"I do not wish to contradict the spirit in the sense you imply," answered the reporter. *"I thoroughly understand the circumstance alluded to;* but I wish to explain that I have long ceased to consider it as a wrong done me." *To the spirit*—"Please state explicitly the circumstance you refer to."

"You know."

[1] I. e. Hearn.

[2] I. e. Patrick, one of Lafcadio's middle names.

"Am I to understand that you prefer not to speak of it in the circle?"

"Yes."

"Will you write it?"

"I will try."

The trumpet was once more replaced. After waiting a few minutes the reporter, inadvertently, and, he believes, noiselessly *crossed his feet in the dark;* and to his surprise immediately received a heavy blow from the trumpet on the *left* foot, which happened to be uppermost. The trumpet rang again with the stroke, and was violently tapped, as with strong fingers. It is needless to say that the reporter uncrossed his feet without delay.

"That must be Mr. Mitchel," said Mrs. ——.

"Is that you, Mitchel?" inquired the medium.

"Yes; the father wishes to speak with his son. He would write to him, but he has not yet learned the law by which that can be done." This was spoken in the loud, deep, clear voice of a vigorous man.

"Will he be able to write?"

"Not yet. But it *can* be done"—with a remarkably strong emphasis upon the word in italics. The voice seemed to come from the floor, immediately at the reporter's feet.

In a short time the former voice again spoke; but only to testify pleasure "at meeting my son," and promising to endeavor to gain strength for a more satisfactory communication. Then followed a sound as of footsteps, moving around the reporter's chair, and seeming to die away in the direction of the wall—heavy footfalls, as of a man; yet the slight floor did not respond to the heavy tread by the faintest vibration.

"You had better ask Mr. Mitchel to assist your father,"

said Mrs. ——. "He will answer any questions you may wish to put."

"You are better acquainted with Mr. Mitchel than I am," answered the reporter. "Be kind enough to ask him for me."

"Mr. Mitchel," said the lady, "will you please let this gentleman know what his father wishes to say?"

No answer.

"This is a reporter, Mr. Mitchel. He intends to publish his experience at this seance."

"Humph!" said the spirit, in a slightly sarcastic manner.

"Don't you think it would help our cause, Mr. Mitchel?"

A long, weary sigh, and a succession of taps upon the trumpet.

Just at that moment a loud knock sounded upon the door; the trumpet fell upon the carpet with a loud crash, as if dropped from the ceiling. The spell was broken.

"Ah! that spoils our sitting for the remainder of the evening," said Mrs. ——, turning up the gas, and opening the door to admit Mr. Smith.

"Why, it is after seven o'clock," said that gentleman. "I am sorry to have broken up the sitting, but I did not suppose you were having any manifestations."

The seance had lasted more than two hours.

Mrs. Smith was still sitting, exactly as she had been tied previous to the performance; her dress strongly nailed down to the floor; and the ropes fastened exactly as they had been before the *seance commenced*. The reporter examined the knots he had made, and found them intact.

In conclusion the author of this statement wishes to inform the readers that he has endeavored to lay before them a plain, unvarnished report of facts. He can offer no ex-

planation of them, but leaves the reader to his own conclusions. It may be well to mention, however, that the words uttered by the Voice regarding something it refused to explain more fully appeared to allude to a rather curious bit of private family history. The reporter can not conceive of any possible means by which the secret of the name given by the Voice could have come to the knowledge of either of the lady mediums present—especially as even the steps necessary to produce mesmeric clairvoyance had not been taken. The person supposed to speak to the visitor had spent the greater part of his life in Hindostan, and had been buried at sea in the Mediterranean in 1866. Neither of the parties concerned have, or ever did have, any relatives or connections, however distant, in the United States.

NANCY SIKES

The Scarlet Woman of London, as Pictured by a Great Actress

It is perhaps doubtful whether *Oliver Twist* can be justly regarded as presenting marked variations from the great author's recognized style; and yet its very adaptability to dramatization certainly seems to support such a criticism. It compares with the many other creations of the same pen as a thing of substance with things of shadow, as facts with fancies, as shapes of life with shapes of dream; the outlines of its figures are clearer and firmer; the coloring of its pictures are brighter and warmer; and the moral of its story is purer, and deeper, and more powerful, perhaps, than in any other of the works which have made the memory of Dickens so dear in English homes. It is even less a work of art than a gospel of human charity to London's heart—the philanthropist-author pleading for the poor bleeding humanity that could not plead for itself, because its cry of misery to heaven was stifled in its throat by brute force. The best illustrative criticism ever made upon the extraordinary merits of the work lies, however, in the extraordinary merits of Miss Lucille Western's personation of *Nancy Sikes* (not Sykes, as playbills have it); and to appreciate in any just degree the full realism of Dickens' representation, her rendition of it must be witnessed. The keen truthfulness of that rendering is more than painful; it is almost agonizing. One who sits through *Camille* (well acted), for the first time in his experience, and finds his

eyes too dim with the moisture of pity to see the close of the last act, yet fears to wipe them, naturally believes the representation of Camille's mental anguish the most cruel in its realism that the stage dare produce. If he subsequently witnesses Miss Western's *Nancy Sikes,* he finds that he has been altogether mistaken; and that the miseries of Camille are after all ideal and unlikely, compared with the terrible depiction of every-day suffering endured by loving and lost women in those strange spheres of life which Dickens first truthfully displayed to a pitying world.

To one who has lived among the tangibly painful realities of that life so accurately mirrored on a Cincinnati stage of late by Miss Western and her support, the first announcement of the fact that she has never been in England, must cause a smart shock of surprise. Both in the *Child-Stealer* and *Oliver Twist* her personations of English low-life are so flawlessly perfect, so wholly free from all apparent effort at *acting,* that her London accent and London mannerisms on the stage impress us as being natural to her by right of birth, rather than as acquired by close observation and indefatigable study. Her very *personnel* is in striking harmony with certain London types of face and form—dark-haired, lustrous-eyed, slender girls, with a peculiar supple freedom of carriage, whom one may see daily passing to and fro in the great London thoroughfares. At her first entrance upon the scene as *Nancy Sikes,* in calico-print gown, with little red shawl and tattered hat, walking with the peculiar swinging gait noticeable among the London grisettes, or standing with arms akimbo in bold self-possession, and speaking in the deeply-hoarse tones which seem to tell of long exposure to London fogs—it would be very difficult to convince any ordinary Englishman present that Miss West-

ern has never had any opportunity to study life in London. We do not mean the purple and fine linen of London's wealth and fashion, but the tattered misery of its homeless and despairing outcasts—the haggard girls who haunt its shadows by night, and sometimes beg a penny for the privilege of finding a grave under Waterloo Bridge—the unfortunates whose ranks are daily multiplied by those iron laws which regulate even the proportion of shame and despair with the growth of all great cities. The actress feels as deeply, understands as fully, appreciates as keenly the part she enacts, as though she had passed a lifetime within hearing of the Westminster chimes.

To criticise, point by point, her finer touches, comparatively or otherwise, would be a work beyond our powers. Her whole presentation is but one unbroken succession of delicately perfect strokes of acting—inimitable master-touches that show a thorough realization of the part. She even appears to possess a thorough control over the exercise of her natural emotions—over tears and blushes and quick changes of color. Her tears or laughter are the natural result of genuine pain or real amusement; and it is evident that her comprehension and mastery of the part are so thorough that she actually suffers in its rendition. The verisimilitude of her *Nancy Sikes* is almost cruel in its truthfulness. Her every action, however trivial, is so thoroughly in harmony with the whole that even the most humorous hits fail to excite a smile. You dare not smile when Nancy wipes her nose with the back of her hand, or in her fevered raving speaks of Fagin as being "also a beauteous-some lady"—it would be brutal, because the acting too nearly approaches reality. Take, again, that frightful scene where the brutal man by whose sick-bed she has watched with

sleepless care for weeks, arises from it only to find amusement in thrusting a needle into her shoulders and bosom, breaking it off in the last wound. When ordered by the monster to stop "that blubbering," the pathetic realism of Nancy's effort to change her cry of pain to a laugh, with the tears still glistening on her cheeks, forces tears from a hundred eyes in the audience. When she places the sick man's arm about her neck, caressing his fevered head with an oft-repeated "There yer are," or supports him to his feet, with the words, "Lean on me, deary"; or, after wiping the sweat from her face with her apron, looks up in his sullen face to exclaim, "O, but yer powerful weak"; the audience forgets to admire the actress in pitying *Nancy Sikes*. Throughout every scene, even the most tragical, Miss Western surprises no less than pleases, displaying a sensibility of her part too keenly delicate to allow of exaggerated sentiment or passion. It is not only in the tragical passages and pathetic incidents of the story that the remarkable power of this remarkable actress makes itself apparent. It is in her every movement and gesture, in her manner of making a bed or in curling her hair with strips of newspaper; in tying on a tattered bonnet or putting on a ragged shawl; in carrying a market-basket or sewing up a torn dress, even quite as much as in her terrible rendition of the death scene. The finest strokes of her acting, moreover, are wholly original with her. We can not recollect anything more touchingly real than her manner in going to and fro the room (after Sikes has carried off Oliver slumbering in his arms) with little short sobs at intervals, just as women always do after having had a good cry; or her momentary petulance while Fagin is scrutinizing her face by the light of his candle, when she wipes away the tears with her hand, exclaiming: "Well, wot is it now?" An-

other remarkably powerful piece of acting is shown in her treatment of the delirious scene, where Nancy relates her strangely prophetic dream—of ghostly coffins, and dead bodies, and rats, and Something weird that followed her stealthily through lonesome alleys in the night, and breathed long audible breaths in the darkness. With the desperate courage of a woman long since rendered fearless by daily familiarity with a thousand shapes of sin and horror, she had struck out fiercely in the darkness at that intangible, hideous Something—only to skin her knuckles against the brick walls. With what naïveté does she place the bleeding cuts to her lips, sucking them as a poor girl accustomed from childhood to blows and bruises will always do. Through all of the last scene in which she appears upon the stage she displays a far deeper comprehension of her part than any of the many other actresses who have enacted the same *rôle*—the poor London unfortunate, ragged and rough and slangy, possessing beauty, only that it may prove her curse, yet still owning a true woman's heart, a woman's faith, and a woman's love. Her last acts—her kisses showered on the face of the ruffian who is strangling her; her sudden realization of his hideous design, and frantic shriek for aid; her dying effort to crawl to his feet and kiss them even while her life is ebbing away in blood; her piteous cry of mingled love and pardon, "Kiss me, deary, and run; kiss me and run"; and, in fine, that awful prayer in the two-fold darkness of death and night: "O God, can *you* see me? Can you see me?"—in all this she displays a histrionic power beyond criticism even the most exacting.

Verily, the theater is a mighty moral agent! The representation of a tragedy at once so truthful and so terrible, while its scenes must shock and horrify, yet calls into action

the best feelings of those who witness it—the pity that is akin to love, the sorrow that awakens wholesome resolves, and the true, old-fashioned humanity that defies false codes of ethics and knows only charity for the sinning.[1]

[1] Lucille Western (1843–1877) first played in *Oliver Twist* in Boston. According to Leavitt's *Fifty Years in Theatrical Management* (p. 67) she "created a universal sensation in her death scene, which transfixed the audience with its horrors."

She made a fortune in *East Lynne*. She often appeared in New York. Her sister Helen and her mother Mrs. William B. English were also actresses. She married James H. Meade. She is forgotten to-day though Winter and Hornblow mention her. (The Editor.)

PATRONAGE

An Essay on Rags, Genius and Money

Ever since the monotony of life on this planet has been varied by the appearance and works of a certain thing we call Genius, it has been customary for people to pat it on the back. If this patting is done by one holding the same social position as the Genius does we call it sympathy, encouragement or some equally indefinite name, but when it is done by men and women, royal personages, people of taste, and of a circulating medium styled money, we call it patronage. A poor Devil is born in a cellar, or in some third-story room of a tenement building. Instead of getting one meal out of a biscuit, he begins life by learning how to get three. He divides up his water supply for purely financial reasons, however well the city pumps may run.

Sooner or later some God-given gifts will begin to show themselves; he will crouch down in some organ loft because music is a revelation to him. He will steal into the organist's seat, and handle keys sublimely without a lesson; and up will come some gentleman in a lace coat, who says he is Duke of Sax-Wiesenfield and wants to place a mortgage on this genius, body and soul.

Or, if not this, the poor devil may startle Rome with some amatory and political verses, giving snobs and grandees a few items to reflect upon in the privacy of their homes, and chasing shams and hypocrites out of daylight into the dark where they belong. Then the same compound of money and benevolence will sit down and write a note to this remark-

able pauper, placing dinners and charity at his disposal, and even giving him, out of pure love and esteem, the fee simple of a snug Sabine farm.

Or the Genius may have brains enough to mix colors well, and make canvas live with them—a gift so much like a close-fisted monopoly that the King insists on making it more so, by claiming all the pictures for the royal gallery in return for cakes and ale.

Or some one else, with a trace of rarity and greatness about him, gets the notion that Greek Unities are a farce; that we had better have done with them, and cultivate a drama full of depth and freedom and possibilities of truth-telling and truth-acting, only suggested by the men of long ago. The undertaking is somewhat difficult, because it has the nature of a revolution in it; and then, too, the world is wedded to its idols, and does not care to run after strange gods. But the genius of the man can not sleep—the secert must out; rents are high in Stratford; London theaters are a nest of conservative fools, and "Mr. Shakespeare, His Grace the Earl of Southampton."

We have no particular wish to go into lengthy details about this patronage business, or to discuss the motives that lie at the bottom of it, as a rule; or to suggest that, as some one says, genius is often buried beneath mountains of gold. We are perfectly sure that a practice so old as this must be intrinsically a good one. What we want to do now is to say something about the different kinds of patronizing that have been successfully tried from first to last, and then to show how the phase of it that has crept into the manners of America is eminently qualified to raise our standard socially, theologically, scientifically, indeed, in a thousand ways.

Patronage began with Adam. What particular form it

took would be hard to say definitely, but having once been an extensive land-holder, and cast in the company of talented men, the native courtesy of an Oriental millionaire would lead him into freaks of generosity; and we prefer to give the system a reliable parentage. There is no other way to explain the rapid improvement of the human family in arts and agriculture. Jewish Kings, following the example of their great original, would invite prophets to the second table, or send refreshment to them in their caves. Under the Greek régime, we find the earliest specimen of a well-regulated public patronage, directly under the control of the State, a practice which has been reflected partially in the small German Principalities to-day. Half-way between this and what we shall presently speak of comes a species of patronage invented by Lorenzo de Medici, and reflected in the Court of France under Francis I at the time of the Renaissance, where the man of genius works under the seal of the State, and for the general public, but is paid and fed by the Crown, and depends on the King for his inspiration. Both of these plans, however, are objectionable; they leave the door open to a certain amount of free-thinking and independence that was not contemplated by the original framers of the patronage system.

What we really need to bring the very best results out of a man to whom the Lord has given brain capital is private patronage. That seems to strike home as no other method can. The State does not die like men and women. "If you can't do some fine thing now," says the State, "there is the patronage; you need not hurry or strain your energies to accomplish a feat, because the Government officials will be kind perennially. But a man may be called under the

daisies any minute; the wealth and charity you have been nibbling may seek another object to-morrow, and the natural result seems to be that more things, and finer ones, can be brought out of a genius, if you make his clover depend on the length of a single life."

Again, he has not so many tastes to consult and satisfy; all his talents may be devoted to the one noble purpose of doing something. Dives will smile at him when he calls with a check or a basket of dainties. And the discipline of educating a patron up to a keen, critical appreciation of his works is often worth more to a genius (by teaching him methods of attack, and by opening up artistic suggestions in a logical way), than whole centuries of quiet communion with speechless models.

What a gulf between a Pantheon full of marble immortalities and the aggravating stupidity of one real live man!

In other countries, where genius does not grow as it does here, in every cross-road hamlet, and where wealthy men are superabundant, the benefits of this private patronage are very decided. Some day, perhaps, when our generous and illiterate millionaires are not so numerous as our men of genius, we shall begin to reap the full benefits of the system. But in the meantime we have developed something, or rather stolen it from England and polished it off, which will be more than likely, under judicious management, to take the place of what we can't have till we are more refined.

The Harmonic Society announces that they have arranged to introduce four foreigners of musical ability to the public: Handel, Rossini, Liszt and Mendelssohn. These gentlemen are spoken of in a very complimentary way, not only by the Harmonic Society, but by other organizations in the

country, and it would be foolish on our part to start any doubts about their abilities, and about their having done something worthy our ears. We hope their attainments have not been overstated.

It is an unspeakable comfort, however, when our judgment is thus suspended to have the cultivation of these foreigners vouched for by people who belong, as the monkey told the dolphin he belonged, to the "First families of the State." In a wild district like ours, where the noise of the pioneer's ax alternates with the aborigine's war-whoop, and where we can almost fancy that our houses are painted red with Indian blood, it is necessary that we should try to let some among us get riches and superior cultivation, so that they can spy out the mysteries of high old art's birthplace and bring us back reports. The people as a whole, the great unwashed and uneducated, spend their time either in taking mud-baths on Carlyle's prescription, never caring how long they wallow, or else they are driven by their poverty to spasmodic and interrupted efforts at self-culture. Accordingly we have taken pains, as we were in duty bound, to raise a crop of superior intelligences. Since the founding of the city, a very brief time ago, we have been toiling day and night to furnish these intelligences with every possible facility in the way of money that could be desired. This money had been used to train the naturally fine minds of our aristocracy, or to supply defects of the brain when the endowment was not naturally great. What is the result? We have cast our bread on the waters, and we now see it coming back to us water-soaked beyond our most sanguine expectations. If we want to know what sons of earth to treat respectfully, when to applaud and feel warm around the heart, and when to knit our eyebrows in disgust, we must

hang around the windows of the residences of the great, and drink in their oracular utterances. When we want some pictures for the Exposition we have only to whistle for Cunnel Gawge Wahd Nickels, give him $1.80 for hack-hire, and turn him loose in New York with plenipotentiary powers. When the venture of introducing reputable artists in any line to the public is talked of, it is only necessary for the responsible head of the undertaking to get some thirty ladies to lend the priceless value of their names to the enterprise, and then get some fifteen young gentlemen to transfer their dainty social position and drawing-room, hot-house etiquette to the back of an advertisement. We shall know there is no humbug about the entertainment then, for these people

> "Are too wise to be mistaken,
> Too honest to deceive."

More than that, we should realize something of a local triumph in all this. This man Handel was not in the habit, according to certain dim traditions, of letting people in his own neighborhood and country push him through prejudice into notoriety. He had some foolish notions about being his own master, whatever might come of his independence. When a titled gentleman wanted to send him to Italy and pay all his bills, the high-spirited genius declined with thanks. How many times did he pack up and rush over to London to escape the patronizing importunities of that Hanoverian Duke! How proudly he preserved his self-respect in every association of his life, even at the close, when he accepted sparingly of the charities to which misfortune and old age had exposed him!

The same may be said, with some trifling change in details, about the other three foreign gentlemen. If men were ever

more firm in their dignified contempt for wholesale flattering and patronage than Rossini and Liszt—no matter what the rank of him or her who offered them—let us have the names, that we may appoint a Committee to have them canonized. As for Mendelssohn, he was never influenced by anything but the grandeur of his theme; for he had position and money to start with; and if the people didn't want to buy his wares, they might do the next best thing—leave them alone. If the "Biography of Musical Men" had been ransacked for the purpose, it would have been impossible to find four names which would more forcibly illustrate the great change that has taken place in this matter of patronage. Is it not a great local victory then? These stubborn foreigners who have snubbed priests and Kings when the latter made fools of themselves, and who have therein shown disreputably stiff-necked dispositions, have been tamed, bridled, harnessed; and may be safely recommended now to all who want to show them any kindness, as our aristocracy have done. We feel this triumph very deeply; we are grateful for it, we plebeians are, and while the City Council is on the question of nuisances in the West End, why can't we have some official notice taken of this affair?

And in closing we would suggest that these patrons read over a certain fable in Æsop where we learn of a gnat who settles himself down on the horn of a bull, and begs pardon for incommoding him by his weight. That for the nice young men.

For the ladies we have a more delicate and gentlemanly illustration, something like this: A peasant once ran to his friends with a beaming countenance, saying that the King had spoken to him, and told him *to get out of the way!*

If the old composers could only visit us in the flesh, and hear of this patronage—ten to one and no takers, they would give it the same kind of an acknowledgment which the peasant got from the King.

BEAUTY UNDRAPED

What a Wicked Reporter Saw in an Artist's Studio

—"She was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done:
I've seen far finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal)."
—*Don Juan.*

For some months past the artists of Cincinnati have been raving wildly about the charms of a ravishingly beautiful female model who has only adopted that æsthetic profession within the last half year, and whose extraordinary loveliness of form threw all who had the good fortune to behold it into a condition of ecstatic trance. Not even the snow-limbed Eve, blushing under the first rosy rays of the young sun in Eden's garden of eternal summer; nor Aphrodite, the love-inspiring, first rising from the creamy foam of the sapphire Ægean Sea; nor naughty Phryne, whose exquisitely-formed limbs the modern art-world still worships in the marble of the Medicean Venus; nor aught of perfect femininity that poet or painter ever dreamed of, these extravagantly-spoken artists said, could surpass in physical beauty this wonderful woman. A curious *Enquirer* reporter whose wicked and ever wide-open ears these stories had reached, became finally convinced that this model must be a very extraordinary person indeed; founding his faith rather

upon the remarkable unanimity of opinion among our artists regarding this subject, than upon the asseverations of any one individual—asseverations in many instances strengthened by enthusiastic profanity. He therefore resolved to obtain a glimpse of this marvelous beauty at all hazards; partly, because every young man with a soul for art—or, indeed, with a soul for anything at all—naturally desires to feast his eyes upon a lovely woman; and partly because, if one-tenth part of the exciting rumors referred to were true, Cincinnati must possess one of the finest maiden-models in the world, and it were but right that Cincinnati should be made happy in the knowledge of that comforting and pride-inspiring fact.

Filled with these and other peculiar ideas, he wended his way to the studio of a popular young artist, not less notable for his cynicism than for his genius—one not much given to romance ecstasy, or devotion to the fair sex; and one, therefore, the less likely to speak in exaggerated hyperbole of feminine charms. To the reporter's utter amazement, however, this exalted cynic went into frantic raptures at the mere mention of the subject, vowing, with objurgations most ingeniously concocted and frightfully expressive, that the girl's beauty positively beggared all literary description or artistic delineation.

"Why, my dear fellow, she's the most splendid girl that's ever stripped in a studio. Splendid—that's the best word I can use; for she is too grand a woman to be styled pretty. *Pretty* always gives me the idea of something nice on a small scale. But my model is not on a small scale. She stands fully six feet in her—in her stockings."

"A giantess with classic features?"

"No; she's not a giantess. *Giantess* gives the idea of

immense solidity and prodigious muscle. She has too much slender grace about her to be called a giantess. And she has not got classic features—in fact, she has not even what you would call a handsome face; but she has a strongly and finely characteristic face, which is a good deal better. I never met a woman with a classic face that ever had any force of character or brilliancy of intellect, or anything else worth admiring. I'm very glad this girl hasn't a classic face. Her beauty is in her figure, and I don't believe there is another such figure living, even in immortal marble. She gives me the idea of that beautiful and terrible Brunhilda of the *Niebelungenlied* more than anything else, unless it might be a Sea-king's daughter. She is only about nineteen or twenty years old."

"Very poor, I suppose."

"No, she is not; but I am under a solemn promise to tell no one either her name or anything else that might give a clue as to who she is."

"She is a good girl, I hope."

"Not a better or more virtuous girl in the world, by the gods! You know these fellows are generally skeptical about all that sort of thing; but I'm a skeptic no longer. Still, I must tell you, she's an extraordinarily masculine woman. She doesn't believe in love or anything of that kind; and she won't allow anybody to talk any nonsense to her. Why, there was our friend ——; he tried to kiss her about a month ago, and she wouldn't go near his studio again for two months. And there is little ——. He wanted to arrange her in a better position the other day, on the sofa; and she wouldn't allow any one to arrange her—insists upon posing herself according to directions. Well —— forgot all about that; and she flung him half-way across the room on his

back. A professional wrestler couldn't have done it better. We could scarcely help laughing, but we saw that she was very angry, and it wouldn't have done, so we made the poor fellow apologize instead. She is a terrible woman if she gets angry. I wouldn't irritate her for all I'm worth, or a great deal more. And do you know that she is a really smart girl —well educated and well-read—quotes Byron by the page—speaks French and German—draws pretty well, and paints a little—full of fantastic romance and curious fancies. Oh, she is the nicest, dearest, sweetest——"

"For heaven's sake say nothing more. I want to see her for myself; and I want you to get me into the studio while she's there."

"I will; but you must not take advantage of the privilege to write anything unfair or unkind about her in the *Enquirer*. She has a good name, and deserves a good name as an honest, innocent girl."

Of course, the reporter vowed he would write nought but the truth, and the whole truth; and it was finally agreed that on Tuesday afternoon (last) he should obtain admission to the studio haunted by this extraordinary Venus. He was to be introduced, of course, as a pupil in art; for Miss —— would, on no consideration, permit any but artists, and only artists in the exercise of their profession, to enter the apartment while she posed.

Anxiously did the hopeful reporter await the momentous day; with beating heart he ascended the stairs to the studio made sacred by the presence of beauty in nature's only garb.

The door was fast; the key-hole was obscured by a cloth hung upon the inside. He gave the open-sesame signal agreed upon, five taps with his thumb-nail, and obtained ad-

mittance, the door being instantly double-locked behind him. The day was chilly, with a cold wind that seemed to penetrate to the marrow of one's bones; so the room had been made very warm to keep the model from catching cold. It was a very large room and a very romantic room, a perfect wilderness of bric-a-brac, quaint bronze statues that made one dream of Venice, battered armor and mediæval weapons, queer curiosities picked up in Bohemian rambles through all parts of the old world. The windows were very lofty and draped with heavy curtains of faded damask, which shut out the daylight from all but the one on the right, through which the broad daylight showered down in a glorious sun-tinted flood. A hundred odd articles caught and broke it up till the whole apartment presented a most grotesque display of chiaroscuro. Two artists sat in one corner busily sketching, while a third stood, pallette in hand, before a large, half-finished oil-painting placed upon an easel immediately under the light from the window. The painting represented a nude nymph slumbering in the heart of a great sunlit wood alone, on a green carpet of velvety grass. The reporter advanced on tiptoe to examine the work, when the full glory of the enchanting original suddenly burst upon his bewildered vision, and he stood transfixed with astonishment at the magnificent spectacle before him. His first glance indeed convinced him that the reports of the girl's beauty had scarcely been exaggerated.

She lay at full length upon a long sofa, unclad and unadorned save by the matchless gifts of nature, her white limbs lightly crossed, both hands clasped over her graceful little head, and her luxurious blonde hair streaming loose beneath her in a river of tawny gold. As the lounge had been placed with its back to the door, the approach of the visitor

had not been perceived. But for the burning blush that dyed her face and throat crimson at the moment of rencontre, and the scarcely perceptible heaving of her snowy bosom, she might have been taken for a waxen model of the Paphian Aphrodite. She was unusually tall—taller even than most men—yet as exquisitely proportioned as an Oriental dancing-girl. The complexion of her limbs and body was something marvelous in color—a pearly opaline, that no brush could mimic on canvas. It had the sheen and smoothness of polished marble, yet seemed to glow as if the blue veins that gleamed through its delicate transparency "ran lightning." Her limbs were marvelously round, and on the under side flushed, daintily pink, like the heart of a sea-shell, yet formed so as to convey the sense of strength combined with grace; and her throat and shoulders and bosom were a living realization of that matchless symmetry admired by the world in the marble of Greek art for more than a thousand years. Her features are frankly pleasing and strongly characteristic —eyes large, dark and brilliant rather than soft; mouth firm but good-natured, and cheeks rosy with health. But what journalistic pen could do aught like justice to beauties that recalled the descriptive poesy of the grandest of all erotic songs, the Song which is Solomon's!

The model herself is a mystery to all our artists. None know whence she comes or whither she goes, and none dare pry into her little secrets. She never comes by appointment, being often absent for weeks; and her visits have been, in more senses than one, like unto angel's visits. Let her remain a beautiful mystery still to the inquisitive world, which is graced by her lovely presence.

Gradually the light without changed from glowing gold to burning carmine, and finally faded into gloaming gray; the

grotesque shadows of the quaint studio deepened and lengthened and at last blended together in dusky gloom; the lurid coal-fire in the open stove grew dimmer and died out in ashes; and the wearied artists laid aside their brushes. The reporter, who had long since sunk overwhelmed into an easy chair, slowly puffed a cigar, muttering to himself the lines—

"With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

The beautiful shape on the sofa arose, modestly wrapped itself in a great gray blanket and retired from the scene into an adjoining room.

Then followed the rustle of silk, the sound of the adjustment of mysterious feminine attire, the tread of elastic feet upon the floor, and the noise of a gentle hand upon the door-handle. Upon our ears fell the kindly words, "Good night," in a sweetly musical voice, deep and clear as a silver bell. Then the door closed with a little clap, and the studio became lonely—oh, so lonely!

TOMBSTONES

Really, there is a beautiful pathos in that most ancient custom yet prevalent among certain simple-minded Indian races, which prohibits the utterance of a dead man's name or the mention of aught that might recall his memory. It may partly have originated in some weird superstition which taught that the dead could not rest in their graves when their names were uttered by the living, and that he who spoke of them thereby rendered the neighborhood wherein he dwelt haunted and accursed. It may have had its origin in the faith that invests death with an awful sacredness, as a darkly omnipotent deity in whose withering breath nations melt away and are known no more. But whatever be the origin of the custom, there is certainly something pleasing in the pathos of that etiquette which practically holds that to recall the memory of those who have passed away forever is to recall the greatest losses, the most painful memories of the living. So even the sepulchers of their fathers are soon forgotten by these strange people. To them, however, the future is but a vague realm of unsubstantial shadows, a dim boundless blank; and death the cheerless boundary of all that is known; while to spiritual Christianity the shadow of the tombstone is but the shadow of temporary death, and the sunlight that casts it only typifies the light of immortality. Therefore does modern civilization make the Place of Tombs a place of pleasant lawns and verdant gardens and flowery glades, and singing-birds. Yet, do what we will,

the Place of Tombs remains the Place of Skulls, though all the skill of modern horticulture and the wealth of monumental art be lavished upon it. The mountain-cairns of the mound-builders; the tombs of Indian kings, those miracles of Moresque architecture; the domed resting-places of the Khalifs; the monstrous palace sepulchers of Chinese Emperors with their mighty avenues of hideously grotesque animal images in stone; the pyramid-mausoleums of Egyptian Kings; the resting-places of the Roman dead; the monumental chapels where rest the ashes of French monarchs; or the more modern tombs in Westminster Abbey, are, after all, none the less dismal in their grandeur than the ghastly structure of poles and buffalo-robes that hide the molding corpse of a Sioux Chief. We can only rob death of its melancholy by burying our friends in nameless and unmarked graves, and remembering them only by their works for good or evil. Beautify the City of Sepulchers as we may, we can not make its scenery pleasing to the eye or grateful to the mind.

You have probably often traveled to and fro from Cincinnati to Hamilton, or from Dayton to Cincinnati, on the C., H. and D. R. R. You have, perhaps, on the return trip hitherward some summer's evening yielded to drowsiness and been lulled into a dreamful, fitful sleep by the monotonous clickety-clack of the rushing wheels over the ringing rails. You may have slept sweetly enough through all the turmoil attending stoppages at a dozen stations. But when the red-faced conductor opened the door and shouted, "Spring Grove!" with a dreadful and meaningless emphasis on the first syllable, and slammed the door to again with a crash of glass and a clap of thunder, you could not help starting up and gazing out of the little window. A minute more and the

cars carry you in full view of the great verdant garden of death itself, lighted up by the hazy gold of the setting sun, its green breast upheaving into thousands of weird-looking knolls, dotted with sable cypresses, glittering with white slabs, snowy images, gleaming shafts of granite. Art and nature have done their utmost to please your eyes, and yet only succeed in producing a disagreeable chill upon your spirits. The snowy purity of the monuments has only recalled the unpleasant Scriptural simile of whited sepulchers. You have only been gazing upon a plot of ground which hides from the senses of the living some thousands of moldering bodies in all stages of decomposition; and you felt that deep beneath each long goblin-shadow cast by the pointed monuments lay a human skeleton. The very richness of the verdure made you shudder. What made that grass grow so very, very green? What gave to the flowers a richer coloring? What nourished the roots of those somber and luxuriant evergreens? Surely they could not have gained such ghastly vitality in another soil! Yet every body that was laid under their shadows was somebody's darling. Perhaps as the cars bore you on from the City of the Dead to the city of the living, you recalled Tennyson's grotesque lines to the yew-tree in the opening of *In Memoriam:*

"Old yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibers net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapped about the bones."

And yet, if you have ever attempted, with the writer of this article, to analyze the peculiar train of thought evoked by the passing vision of our beautiful cemetery, or, rather, to trace your disagreeable fancies to the prime objects

which conjured them up, you will find that neither the green billows of the grassy graveyard, nor the shadowy cypresses, nor the rich colors of the flowers in the garden-plots inspired them. It was the monuments, the solemn white monuments, the tall monuments, that towered upward from a hundred graves like ghostly fingers pointing to heaven—dumbly significant of faith in a spirit-world. And "in the dead vast and middle of the night," perhaps that solemn vision of Necropolis haunted you in strange nightmare-shapes—as of a ten-thousand dollar obelisk of polished granite establishing itself in ponderous and crushing majesty upon your stomach; or a dream of skeleton index-fingers of frightful size poked up through the soil of some monstrous burial-place, where Ghouls gnaw infants' bones. Funerals may be solemn, coffins ghastly, hearses dismal; but tombstones are solemn and ghastly and dismal all together. Certainly there is little philosophy in the custom that demands the erection of these memorial stones.

We say *memorial* stones; yet in truth 'tis but seldom that monuments and mausoleums are erected through a desire to commemorate the memory of the dead; for we know that the memory of our loved ones rarely outlives the generation in which they died, and the vast outer world is moved only by the death of those who have been mighty in their lives. Why then do we lavish wealth on necropolitan architecture? Well, chiefly because modern social customs demand that we make a public exhibition of our grief by sacrificing a certain portion of our worldly goods—just as the old Hebrews were wont to rent their best garments when a great misfortune befell them. Then, too, thousands of bereaved souls, in that miserable feeling of utter helplessness which accompanies the first burst of grief on the death of some darling, find

some relief in decorating the mound that marks the place of eternal sleep. Many regard it as a sacred duty; others as an act of generosity that atones to the dead for any unkindness shown them in life. "Why," retorted a bereaved husband, once accused in our hearing of having ill-treated his wife up to the time of her death, "didn't I buy her a hundred-dollar coffin, and give her a funeral that cost me two hundred dollars; and I'm going to give her a beautiful tombstone; and what more could I do for her?"

Doubtless the erection of many a tombstone in our cemeteries has been prompted by a sadly beautiful, half-superstitious feeling akin to the old Roman idea of appeasing the *Manes* of the dead. For the announcement of death always brings with it memories of a thousand little kindnesses, a thousand little endeavors to please, a thousand lovable actions done us by the one we have lost, mingled with bitter recollections of hasty words and unkind actions and selfish deeds of our own. With all these, too, comes the miserable consciousness of the fact that it is too late for atonement, too late for forgiveness. Then follow such thoughts as, "Perhaps the dead one may be made happier by seeing how much care we take of the tomb"—"she used to love flowers, and perhaps would be pleased to know they were strewn upon her grave." And the sepulchral business thrives throughout the land.

But skulls always wear a ghastly grin, and this dismal subject is not without its ludicrous side. Time, the universal destroyer, is likewise the universal physician—the healer of all woes. Grief for the dead lasts seldom for a few months, seldomer for a year, rarely or never for a lifetime, however dear the memory of those who have passed away forever. Mourners often cease to mourn ere the cof-

fin has lain a week under ground. It may seem a very shocking thing to say, but it is nevertheless incontrovertibly true that sometimes the lachrymose feeling passes completely away ere the hack which conveyed the mourners to the cemetery has returned to town. And it is equally true that all these painful memories, and feelings of anguish and remorse, and desire to do pecuniary penance for old wrong by the purchase of costly tombs are strongest immediately on leaving the burial-ground. By the time the returning mourner has been driven as far as Cumminsville he often begins to think that a five-hundred-dollar monument would serve its purpose quite as well as the thousand-dollar monument he had determined, while listening to the last rites of sepulture, to place over his dear one's grave. By the time he has reached the toll-gate he will probably have knocked off fifty dollars more, and perhaps before he has got fairly back to town he will have resolved to reconsider the whole matter.

Knowing these things, is it any wonder that certain exceedingly enterprising merchants in tombstones have a marble-yard in operation almost opposite to Spring Grove Cemetery; thus shrewdly speculating on the impulses of reckless generosity to the dead, evoked by the first burst of remorseful grief. Many a grave in Spring Grove would yet remain unmarked but for the enterprise of that cunning firm in thus giving to mourners an opportunity to gratify those first impulses before the fountain of their tears has yet become dried up. The order for a monument once given, of course, can not very well be rescinded.

Many a dealer in memorial stones, however, has cursed the fickleness of faithless mourners, probably in his younger days, ere he became fully cognizant of the frailty of poor

human nature. As he grows old in the business, he seldomer finds monuments made to order left upon his hands; for he learns by degrees that the most frantic grief only endures for a brief period; and can soon discern, by the character of a mourner's demonstrations of sorrow, the degree of reliability to be placed upon the integrity of said mourner. The more heart-rending the apparent sorrow of the customer, the more reason wherefore a deposit be demanded of him as security for his good faith, for the most violent anguish passes away the soonest of all. Any marble-dealer in town will tell you it is a generally understood thing among the craft that unless the friends of a newly deceased give in a positive order for a tombstone ere the first keen edge of sorrow be worn off, their order will be worth little when it comes, as a general rule. Parties not positively known to be thoroughly responsible are generally obliged to leave a deposit with the marble-dealer, who knows well that promises made to the dead are even less reliable than promises to the living.

The choice of designs and of epitaphs by the grief-stricken, of course, often furnishes food for amusement. In large cities, however, sepulchral poetry is little indulged in, and most of the epitaphs which appear from time to time in the columns of the press as subjects for public mirth are generally invented by rural geniuses. One of the latter (an Indianian, of course), has during the past four years sent orders for nearly eighty tombstone slabs to a large manufacturing firm of this city, each slab to bear the inscription—

> "He took thee from a world of care
> An everlasting bliss to share."

As all these were intended for erection in one country ceme-

tery, it must be inferred that obituary poetry in that one burying-ground must be strangely devoid of rarity. Two of the gravestones, exactly similar in every particular, were ordered by a man who had lost two wives, and had buried them side by side. On one occasion two married ladies, sisters, called at the office of the same Cincinnati firm to decide upon a design for a monument in Spring Grove for a child's grave. The bereaved mother, the elder of the two, preferred a plain box-tomb, while the sister considered a monument bearing the design of a lamb in bas-relief far more appropriate. The mother told our marble merchant what a lovely little child it was, and what pretty little ways it had, and while relating these things burst into a passionate fit of weeping. Then her sister again urged the appropriateness of the figure of a lamb on the monument. With the tears still running down her cheeks the poor mother exclaimed: "I tell you, Liz, lambs is played out."

The manufacture of tombstones and monuments is largely carried on here at various marble-works; and probably the most of our readers have seen the first process of sawing stone and marble. Carving and lettering are always done by hand, with fine steel tools, and the edge-moldings are cut out in an astonishingly short space of time by a wonderful machine that chirrups like a thousand swallows at its work. Round edges are given by a lathe. The stones are rubbed smooth by being fixed in place upon an enormous circular iron plate which revolves rapidly beneath them, and is constantly sprinkled with wet sand, finely strained. The polish is put on by enormous rubbers of inch-thick felt, thickly covered with powdered oxide of tin, which is constantly poured upon the marble surface from above. First-class monuments cost from $500 to $10,000, and even higher,

the Dexter and Clearwater monuments at Spring Grove having respectively cost $16,000 and $15,000. Red granite obelisks and columns come ready manufactured from Scotland. Quincy, Mass., furnishes most of our gray speckled granite, and Vermont our white marble.

The wages of workmen in this sepulchral business average as follows:

	Per day.
Sawyers	$2.50 to $2.75
Rubbers	2.00 to 2.50
Cutters	2.50
Polishers	2.00
Letterers	2.50
Carvers	4.00 to 6.00

So much for dry statistics. It only now remains to tell what becomes of all the old tombstones from disused graveyards such as that long since converted into our Twelfth-street Park—all the tombstones ordered by fickle-minded mourners, but left on the hands of the manufacturers. Some of them are resold at second-hand; the old inscriptions being chopped out and new ones put on. Others are resawn into marble table-tops. Others are used, perhaps, for flagging sidewalks!

The second-hand tombstone business is, however, a very unprofitable one in Cincinnati. It used to be fairly monopolized some years ago by old "Yacob"—a very old Bohemian character who used to have his den in a dismal cellar not far from the head of Vine street, and eked out a living by washing beer-glasses for neighboring saloons, composing obituary poetry of the most frightfully fantastic description, and retailing second-hand tombstones. Old Yacob was a

creature of the most whimsical oddities and grotesque eccentricities; but a capital fellow nevertheless, and a great favorite in the neighborhood. He used to sell his gravestones to poor Germans who could not afford to do better: and one of his most favorite monumental devices was a lamb carrying the American flag. Yacob has long since departed, poor fellow, to the Valley of the Shadow.

THE QUARTER OF SHAMBLES

Probably there is no city in America which contains a quarter so hideous as that noisome district of Cincinnati now cursed with the horror of the most frightful crime ever perpetrated in this country.[1] It is a quarter where the senses of sight and hearing and smell are at once assailed with all the foulnesses of the charnel-house and the shambles. It is the center of all those trades which harden and brutalize the men who engage in them. Its gutters run with ordure and blood; its buildings reek with smells of slaughter and stenches abominable beyond description. An atmosphere heavy with the odors of death and decay and animal filth and steaming nastiness of every description, hangs over it like the sickly smoke of an ancient holocaust. In fact, it has an atmosphere peculiar to itself, whose noisome stagnation is scarcely disturbed on the breeziest days by a clear fresh current of heaven's purer air. Mammoth slaughter-houses, enormous rendering establishments, vast soap and candle factories, immense hog-pens and gigantic tanneries loom up through the miasmatic atmosphere for blocks and blocks in every direction. Narrow alleys, dark and filthy, bordered by sluggish black streams of stinking filth, traverse this quarter in every direction. The main streets here lose their width and straightness in tortuous curves and narrow twists and labyrinthine perplexity—so that the stranger who loses his way in this region of nastiness must wander wildly and long ere he may cease to inhale the ghoulish aroma of stink-factories

[1] This refers to the Tanyard murder.

and the sickening smell of hog-pens fouler than the stables of Augeas. Night-carts, which elsewhere leave far behind them a wake of stench suggestive of epidemics, here may pass through in broad daylight without betraying their presence. Rats propagate undisturbed and grow fat and gigantic among the dung-piles and offal-dumps. Amid these scenes and smells lives and labors a large and strangely healthy population of brawny butchers, sinewy coopers, muscular tanners—a foreign population, speaking a foreign tongue, and living the life of the Fatherland—broad-shouldered men from Pomerania; tall, fair-haired emigrants from Bohemia; dark, brawny people from Bavaria; rough-featured fellows from the region of the Hartz Mountains; men speaking the strange dialects of strange provinces. They are mostly rough of aspect, rude of manner and ruddy of feature. The greater part of them labor in tanneries, slaughter-houses and soap factories, receiving small salaries upon which an American workman could not support his family, and doing work which Americans instinctively shrink from—slaughtering, quartering, flaying—handling bloody entrails and bloody hides—making slaughter their daily labor, familiarizing themselves with death and agony, and diurnally drenching themselves in blood. Such occupation destroys the finer sensibilities of men, and more or less brutalizes their natures; while in return it gives them health and strength and brawn beyond the average. The air they breathe is indeed foully odorous, but it is heavily rich with globules of fresh blood and tallow and reeking flesh—healthy for the lungs and veins of the breathers.

But not until you have visited the neighborhood of Freiberg's tannery about the same hour when that ghastliest of crimes was committed but seven days ago, will you fully

comprehend the real hideousness of the quarter. It is wholly deserted, darksome, desolate; and the stench which pervades its narrow streets suggests only the decay of death. You may walk upon the broken and filthy pavements for squares and squares without seeing any light but that of the street-lamps that gleam like yellow goblin eyes, or hearing the footstep of a human being. The ghoulish grunting of hogs awaiting slaughter, the deep barking of ferocious tannery dogs, the snakish hissings of steam in rendering establishments, and the gurgling, like a continuous death-rattle, of the black and poisonously-foul gutter streams alone break the deathly silence. To right and left nought is visible but tall board fences or long frame buildings, ghastly in the gleam of whitewash or gloomily black with the grime of a smoky and greasy atmosphere. You can not cross the road without befouling your shoe-leather frightfully. Your own footsteps sound unpleasantly loud, and awake grim, hollow echoes in all directions. The narrow streets and alleys are unevenly checkered by weirdly grotesque shadows, and intersected by shadowy by-ways and deep doorways where murderers might well hide. The deep howling of the dogs in the tannery near by now excites frightful fancies. The great brutes are alone in the dark yard where the blood-pools have scarcely dried up! Perhaps they miss him. Perhaps they see in the darkness what no human eye can see. Certainly the dogs used not to howl so before last Saturday night. How they could have been quieted while that hideous tragedy was being enacted—hearing the dull, skull-crushing blows; the death-struggle; the shrieks for aid; the body dragged from the stable to the furnace, leaving its blood-trail behind; the strangely horrible crackling and spluttering and hissing within the furnace, is something very

difficult to comprehend. Probably they might have been locked up in Egner's [1] yard during the time. Perhaps Hermann was not a favorite with the dogs and his enemies were. Ah, Mr. Watchman, it pays best in the end to win the affection of your dogs; for the time may come some dark night when their friendship were worth more to you than an arsenal of weapons! In a district where a dozen murders might be perpetrated in one night without fear of human interference, the friendship of three or four enormous and ferocious dogs is something well worth having. Strength and vigilance will not always save. . . .[2]

[1] Egner was one of the suspects in the recent Tanyard murder. Hermann Schilling was the victim. (The Editor.)

[2] A small concluding portion of this article is omitted. It treats of the murder.

PARIAH PEOPLE

Outcast Life by Night in the East End

The district lying east of Broadway, between Sixth and Seventh streets, and extending to Culvert or thereabouts, constitutes now but a small portion of what was known some eight or ten years ago as Bucktown, and was once not less celebrated as a haunt of crime than the Five Points of the Metropolis. Lying in the great noisome hollow, then untraversed by a single fill, the congregation of dingy and dilapidated frames, hideous huts, and shapeless dwellings, often rotten with the moisture of a thousand petty inundations, or filthy with the dirt accumulated by vice-begotten laziness, and inhabited only by the poorest poor or the vilest of the vicious, impressed one with the fancy that Bucktown was striving, through conscious shame, to bury itself under the earth. To-day we find much of the horrible hollow filled up; and the ancient Bucktown is gradually but surely disappearing, not as though by reason of a *fiat* from the Board of Improvements, but as though the earth were devouring, swallowing, engulfing this little Gomorrah. And our modern Bucktown is thus, perhaps, partly divested of its old terrors. Murders have become rare there, and vice tries to hide itself more successfully than of yore. There was a time when it sorely tried a policeman's soul to be ordered on a Bucktown beat, and when highway robbery and assassination were rather common occurrences in that locality. People can still remember how, in a certain low brothel there,

masked by a bar, a negro levee hand blew a brother roustabout's brains all over the bar; and how the waiter girl related the occurrence with a smile to divers breathless policemen and reporters, at the same time wiping the blood and white brains off the counter with a cloth—like so much spilt beer. It was said in those days that many a stout man had been decoyed into a Bucktown den, and disappeared forever from public view; for there were scores of eerie-looking frames in the hollow, with a reputation scarcely inferior to that of certain lonely inns in the Hartz Mountains, which we used to read about in childish days with a feeling of nightmare horror. But now the policeman is supreme king in Bucktown; his will is law, his presence terror, and every door opens promptly at his knock at any hour of the night. The fugitive from justice hides there still, but only with the certainty of being arrested; the drunken stranger may be victimized by a panel game, but if he squeals at once his lost property will generally be forthcoming; and, in short, those who live in Bucktown live under a reign of terror, and only because they can find nowhere else to live—no other rest for the soles of their sinful feet.

They are Pariahs, Sudras, outcasts—often outlawed even from common criminal society for the violation of laws held sacred by most criminals, and the outraging of prejudices entertained and respected by the criminal or non-criminal world at large. The inimity ordinarily concomitant with the admixture of race ceases to exist on the confines of Bucktown; whites and blacks are forced into a species of criminal fraternization; all are Ishmaels bound together by fate, by habit, by instinct, and by the iron law and never cooling hate of an outraged society. The harlot's bully, the pimp, the prostitute, the thief, the procuress, the highway robber,—

white, tawny, brown and black—constitute the mass of the population. But there are two other classes—very small indeed, yet still well worth notice. The first is composed of those who have lost caste by miscegenation; the second, that of levee hands, who live in a state of concubinage with mistresses who remain faithful to them. Of the former class it is scarcely necessary to say that white women wholly compose it—women who have conceived strange attachments for black laborers, and live with them as mistresses; also, women who boast black pimps for their masters, and support them by prostitution. Of the other class referred to we may observe that it constitutes but a part of the floating population of Bucktown, inasmuch as the levee hands and their women are the most honest portion of this extraordinary community. Consequently, they live there only because their poverty, not their will, consents and whenever opportunity offers, they will seek quarters uptown, in some alley building or tenement-house.

As the violation of nature's laws begets deformity and hideousness, and as the inhabitants of Bucktown are popularly supposed to be great violators of nature's laws, they are vulgarly supposed to be all homely, if not positively ugly or monstrously deformed. "A Bucktown hag," and "an ugly old Bucktown wench," are expressions commonly used in the narration by uninformed gossips of some Bucktown incident. This idea is, however, for the most part fallacious. The really hideous and deformed portion of the Bucktown population is confined to a few crippled or worn-out, honest rag-pickers, and perhaps two or more ancient harlots, superannuated in their degrading profession, and compelled at last to resort to the dumps for a living. The majority of the darker colored women are muscular, well-

built people, who would have sold at high prices in a Southern slave market before the war; the lighter tinted are, in some instances, remarkably well favored; and among the white girls one occasionally meets with an attractive face, bearing traces of what must have been uncommon beauty. Gigantic negresses, stronger than men, whose immense stature and phenomenal muscularity bear strong witness to the old slave custom of human stock breeding; neatly built mulatto girls, with the supple, pantherish strength peculiar to half-breeds; slender octoroons, willowy and graceful of figure, with a good claim to the qualification pretty,—will all be found among the crowd of cotton-turbaned and ebon-visaged throng, who talk alike and think alike and all live and look alike. To a philosophical or even fair-minded observer the viciousness and harlotry of this class are less shocking than the sins of Sixth street, or even than the fashionable vice of Broadway; when it is considered how many of the former have been begotten in vice, reared in vice, know of none but vicious associations, have never been taught the commonest decencies of life, and are ignorant of the very rudiments of education.

Desiring to see the inner life of Bucktown the writer, some evenings since, accompanied a couple of police officers in the search for a female thief, who had been shortly before observed fleeing to this city of refuge. Bucktown by day is little more than a collection of shaky and soot-begrimed frames, blackened old brick dwellings, windowless and tenantless wooden cottages, all gathered about the great, mouse-colored building where the congregation of Allen Temple once worshiped, but which has long since been unused, as its score of shattered windows attests. But by night this odd district has its picturesque points. Buck-

town is nothing if not seen by gaslight. Then it presents a most striking effect of fantastic *chiar'oscuro;* its frames seem to own doresque façades—a mass of many-angled shadows in the background, relieved in front by long gleams of light on some obtruding post or porch or wooden stairway; its doorways yawn in blackness, like entrances to some interminable labyrinth; the jagged outline of its dwellings against the sky seems the part of some mighty wreck; its tortuous ways are filled with long shadows of the weirdest goblin form. The houses with lighted windows appear to possess an animate individuality, a character, a sentient consciousness, a face; and to stare with pale-yellow eyes and hungry door-mouth all agape at the lonely passer-by, as though desiring to devour him. The silent frames with nailed-up entrances, and roof jagged with ruin, seem but long specters of dwelling-places, mockeries in shadow of tenanted houses, ghosts, perhaps, of dwellings long since sacrificed to Progress by the philosophical Board of Improvements. The gurgling gutter-water seems blacker than ink with the filth it is vainly attempting to carry away; the air is foul with the breath of nameless narrow alleys; and the more distant lights seem to own a phosphorescent glow suggesting foul miasmal exhalation and ancient decay.

Following the guide down the sloping sidewalk of broken brick pavement from Broadway on Sixth street east, all along in the shadow figures in white or black are visible, flitting to and fro in a half-ghostly way, or congregated in motley groups at various doorways; and the sounds of gossip and laughter are audible at a great distance, owing to the stillness of the night. The figures vanish and the laughter ceases as the heavy tread of the patrolmen approaches—

even the tap of a police-club on the pavement hushes the gossip and scatters the gossips. These are the owls, the night hawks, the Sirens of Bucktown, the wayside phantoms of this Valley of the Shadow of moral Death. They walk abroad at all hours of the tepid summer night, disappearing from view by day into their dens. Dens, indeed, is the only term which can with propriety be applied to many of their dwellings, whereof the roofs are level with the street, and the lower floors are thirty feet under ground, like some of those hideous haunts described in *The Mysteries of Paris*. For while some old rookeries have been raised, others have been fairly covered up by the fills of Culvert, Harrison, and lower Sixth streets; houses that once stood on stilts and to which access was only obtained by ladders, are now under the roadway and can only be entered by crawling on hands and knees. Fancy a lonely policeman struggling with a muscular and desperate murderer, thirty or forty feet under ground, in a worse than Egyptian darkness! There are many reasons, however, why such noisome, darksome, miasmatic dens should be forthwith destroyed, or at least why leasing or renting them to tenants should be prohibited by law. It was found necessary, in Paris, some years since, to wall up certain dark arches under the ramparts, which had been used for dwelling places by the poorest of the poor; nearly all the children born there were deformed, hideous monsters.

"These," observed the patrolman, pointing with his club to the buildings between the corner drug-store and the first alley east of Broadway, "are occupied by people who claim to be respectable. They never give us trouble. East of this there is scarcely a dwelling that is not occupied by the worst kind of people." Nevertheless, this alley can not be said to mark the boundary between two classes, as it is lined with

evil haunts. It is foul with slime, black with slime, and is haunted by odors peculiarly unsavory. Passing by its entrance, and subsequently by some three or four well known "ranches," as the patrolman terms them, we enter the house of Mary Williams, a mongrel building, half brick, half frame.

This place is notorious as a panel den, a hive of thieves, a resort for criminals and roughs of the lowest grade. The door is wide open, and the room within lighted by the rays of a lamp with a very smoky chimney. A bed with a dirty looking comfort, a battered bureau, a very dilapidated rocking chair with a hole in its bottom, a rickety table, and a mirror, constitute all the furniture of the apartment. The walls have not been whitewashed or repaired for years; and the plaster has fallen away here and there, in great leprous patches, baring the lath frame-work beneath. Mary Williams and a black girl, with a red bandana turban, receive the patrolmen with a smile and a nod of recognition. Mary is on her best behavior, having escaped a long sentence but the week before through the failure of a prosecuting witness to appear. A very ordinary looking woman is Mary—bright mulatto, with strongly Irish features, slight form, apparently thirty-five years of age. This blood seems to predominate strongly in the veins of half the mulattoes of Bucktown. The dreamy Sphinx-face with well-moulded pouting lips, and large solemn eyes, and wide brows—the face that recalls old Egyptian paintings, and is not without a charm of its own—is never seen in Bucktown, although not an infrequent type of physiognomy in respectable colored circles. The solemn, calm, intelligent thought, quiet will, dormant strength of the Sphinx-face is never associated with vice.

Mary swore "to her just God" that no one was concealed about the premises; but the policemen lighted their candles

and proceeded to examine every nook and corner of the building, under beds and tables, behind doors, and in shadowy places where giant spiders had spun gray webs of appalling size and remarkable tenacity. The rear room of the ground floor was a dark and shaky place—dark even in daylight, being beneath the level of the alley. The creaking of the boards under one's feet suggests unpleasant fancies about the facile disposal of a body beneath. A hundred robberies have taken place there. The fly once fairly in the trap, the lights are blown out, and he is left to make his exit as best he can, while the wily decoys, "thridding tortuous ways," are soon beyond pursuit. Above is the equally notorious establishment of Jennett Stewart, now, indeed, partially robbed of its old terrors by the committal of some half a dozen of its old denizens to the Workhouse. Here Officer Sissmann once narrowly escaped being murdered. There was a tremendous fight going on in the third story, and the patrolman had mounted the creaky staircase to the scene of action, when he was suddenly pounced upon by the belligerent crowd of harlots and ruffians. Out went the candle; the treacherous club split in twain at the first blow; and before he could draw his revolver Sissmann was thrown over the balusters of the top floor, to which he still managed to cling for life. While hanging there the women slashed at him in the dark with razors, and the men kicked at his clinging hands in the endeavor to force him to let go. But the officer's muscles were iron, and he held on bravely, though covered with blood from random razor-slashes, until his partner rushed up in time to turn the tide of warfare. The recollection of this incident conjured up some decidedly unpleasant sensations on the occasion of our visit, while wending our way up the steep ascent of black and rotting stairs, fitfully

illumined by gleams from Patrolman Tighe's candle. A double rap with the hickory club on a plank door at the summit, causes its almost instantaneous opening, and shows a group within of three colored women and two men, the former clad only in night-wrapper and chemise, the latter in shirt and pants. A tall, good-looking mulatto girl, with long, black, wavy hair and handsome eyes, but who smokes a very bad stoga and squirts saliva between her teeth like an old tobacco-chewer, answers the patrolmen's queries:

"What are you doing here, Annie?"

"I was hiding."

"Who are you hiding from at 2 o'clock in the morning?"

"Chestine Clark, Mr. Martin; for Christ's sake don't tell him I'm here—he swears he'll kill me."

Chestine is something of a dandy ruffian in Bucktown—a tall and sinewy mulatto, who always resists officers when opportunity offers; and is altogether a very unpleasant customer. Clark's father is a respectable and well-to-do old man, and has helped his son out of several very ugly scrapes. Annie is "his girl," and the officer evidently puts faith in her statement, for he promises secrecy. Having looked under the beds and examined every corner, the patrolmen descend, to emerge by a door on the second floor out on the noisome alley in the rear. This alley used to be a frightful place of a summer night, being crowded with thieves and harlots like Sausage Row on a June evening. But Anne Russell, Belle Bailey and Rose Lawson having been sent to the penitentiary, for cutting or passing counterfeit money; while Ann Stickley, Annie Moore, Annie Fish, Jennie Scott, Matt. Adams, Addie Stone, Molly Brown, Annie Jordan, Gabriella Wilson, and a hundred other notorious females, have been shipped off to the Workhouse. "I always made

it a rule," said Sissmann, "to keep the greater part of these women in the Workhouse during the time I ran that beat. Otherwise the life of a patrolman would not be worth a hill of blue beans there. Where the prostitutes collect the thieves always gather. There are now between one hundred and fifty and two hundred women from Bucktown in the Workhouse."

There were two women in white dresses sitting on doorsteps a little further on down the alley—one a bright quadroon, with curly hair, twisted into ringlets, and a plump, childish face; the other a tall white girl, with black hair and eyes and a surprisingly well cut profile. Both are notorious; the former as a Sausage Row belle: the latter as the mistress of a black loafer, whom she supports by selling herself. Her sister, once quite a pretty woman, leads a similar existence when not in the Workhouse. The patrolmen point them out, and pass into a doorway on the south side of the alley, leading to the upper story of the dwelling tenanted by John Ham, barkeeper. Mrs. Ham, an obese negress, with immensely thick shoulders, comes forward to meet the patrolmen.

"Who's upstairs, Mrs. Ham?"

"Dey's no one only Molly, fo' God."

"Where's Long Nell?"

"In de Wuk-hus."

"And little Dolly?"

"Wuk-hus."

"And crooked-back Jim?"

"Wuk-hus."

"Ah, they've cleaned out these ranches since I used to run this beat before. Come up, gentlemen." Through a dark hall-way, over a creaking floor to a back room, and the

patrolman's club plays the devil's tattoo upon the rickety planks. The door is unlocked and "Molly" makes her appearance.

Molly is the colored belle of this district. What her real name is neither her companions nor the police officers know. So far she has never been in the Workhouse. She seemed to be about eighteen years old, of lithe and slender figure; complexion a Gypsy brown; hair long and dark with a slight wave; brows perfectly arched and delicately penciled; dreamy, brown eyes; nose well cut; mouth admirably molded; features generally pleasing. But Molly is said to be a "decoy" and a thief, and her apparent innocence a sham. The room is searched and found empty.

"Where did you get these?" exclaimed Tighe, picking up from the table a handsome pair of jet bracelets with heavy silver setting.

"They were made a present to me."

"That's too thin! Who gave them to you?"

"A man uptown."

"What man?"

[No answer.]

The officer lays down the trinkets with a frown; tells Molly that he has a good mind to lock her up "on suspicion"; and departs, looking unutterable things. "Did she steal them?" we ask.

"Oh, no," is the reply; "I only want to scare her a little for I happen to know who gave them to her. It is a curious fact that business men and people of respectability get decoyed down here occasionally by girls like that, and get infatuated enough to bring them presents. She wouldn't tell, though, even if I locked her up."

Near here, a couple of doors away, is Joe Kite's place,

concerning which horrid stories were once told; the old den kept by Addie Stone, a handsome but tigerish woman, now in the Workhouse for cutting; and further on, the noisome underground den of Gilbert Page, who has lived in Bucktown for twenty-two years, and has paid over five thousand dollars for fines to the Clerk of the Police Court. Here fish and bad whisky and pigs'-feet are sold three stories underground; and here a police officer was nearly murdered while trying to arrest a prisoner in the labyrinth below. Over Joe Kite's lives a good-looking white girl, with some outward appearance of refinement, and who still retains that feminine charm soonest lost by a life of dissipation—a sweet voice. This is Dolly West, or "Detroit Dolly," as they call her, a colored man's woman, and one of the princesses of Bucktown. "Indian Maria," a yellow-skinned and hideous little woman from Michigan, with a little red blood in her veins, lives with others in the building once occupied by Addie Stone. Last week Matt. Lee, a mulatto girl, carved Indian Maria's ugly face with a razor, and was sent to the Workhouse therefor. And not far from Culvert, in a two-story building known as Limber Jim's, lives a very peculiar-looking woman, Belle Bailey, just released from the Columbus Penitentiary. Belle is a West Indian, tall and gracefully built, with a complexion of ebony, but with beautiful hair, and features that are more than ordinarily attractive in their aquiline strength. Belle is not considered much of a thief, but she is dangerously quick with the knife. Indian Maria is not the only Indian here. There is also Pocahontas, a tall, hawk-nosed, yellow-skinned, superannuated sinner, who lives on Culvert street, back of the bar-room kept by the white desperado, Kirk, who has served a term in the Penitentiary. Pocahontas claims to be related to John

Smith, of Virginia—"you know all about John Smith, of Virginia." Pocahontas, Indian Maria and a ghoulish-looking little woman without any nose, who lives over Greer's grocery, are all dump-pickers. So is Kate Miller, *alias* Hunnykut, who lives next to Kirk's, on the Sixth street side. We must not forget to mention Kate Hayes' den, the lowest thieves' hole in Bucktown, which is situated next to Pocahontas' and stands at the corner of Harrison and Culvert. Most of these buildings are two or three stories underground. Culvert, between Sixth and Seventh, seems to mark the boundary line, east and west, between ignorant poverty, pure and simple, and ignorant vice of every description. On Culvert the population is about half and half of either sort; but from the fill up Seventh street north as far as Pruden's Barracks—a tenement house—for harlots, or to Mary Herron's den, still further up, wickedness reigns supreme all through the hours of darkness. On the south side of Seventh street matters are equally bad; and all along the nameless alleys and the tumble-down rookeries about the big factory in the heart of Bucktown, the sublimity of moral abomination abounds. The density of the population here is proportionately greater than in any other part of the city, although it is mostly a floating population—floating between the workhouse or the penitentiary, and the dens in the filthy hollow. Ten, twelve, or even twenty inhabitants in one two-story underground den is common enough. At night even the roofs are occupied by sleepers, the balconies are crowded, and the dumps are frequently the scenes of wholesale debauchery the most degrading. How it is that sickness is not more common among this class, we confess ourselves unable to comprehend. The black hollows are foul, noisome, miasmatic; full of damp corruption,

and often under water, or, better expressed, liquid filth. In the alley which runs by the old Allen Church, on Fifth and Culvert, some twenty feet below the fill, is a long, stagnant pool of execrable stench, which has become a horrible nuisance, and which never dries up. Insect life, the foulest and most monstrous, lurks in the dark underground shanties near by; and wriggling things, the most horrible, abound in the mud without. There is here a large field for both the Board of Health and the Board of Improvements to exercise talent. At the corner of Culvert and Sixth is a hole running into the sewer—a hole as deep as a well and as wide as a church door, and only covered with a few broken planks—splendid place to dispose of a body in. Then below the lots opposite Harrison and Culvert, where stand the ruins of Gordon's oil factory and Woods & Carnahan's burnt out establishment, there is an immense well uncovered, save by some charred beams. Here Bucktown thieves congregate in packs at times, and highway robberies, rapes, and brutal fights have been committed time out of mind. That well should be filled up.

The search for the fugitive thief was continued by the officers until the sky became a pale gray in the east—down shaky ladders into cavernous underground dwellings, up rotten stair-cases into shaky frames, into hideous dens hidden away between larger buildings looking out on the alley. The sheepish humiliation of the debauchees, when the light from the officer's bull's-eye fell upon them, was sometimes pitiful. It was not uncommon to find white men of respectable appearance, and well dressed, sleeping in such dens. The police will seldom molest them while they "behave themselves"; but the well known male thief, be he white or black, is allowed no place in Bucktown to hide his head,

and if found in any den is at once kicked into the street. The first instance of this which came under our personal observation was in the brothel of a white woman, known as "Fatty Maria," who keeps on Sixth, near Culvert, opposite Kirk's. As a general rule no door is at any time closed against the police; but on this particular occasion, the women evidently knew what was coming, and all feigned slumber as long as they dared. Finally, repeated rappings and terrible threats caused a sudden opening of the door, and a fellow named Collison was found by the officers sleeping between two women, and at once ordered to vacate the premises. He first feigned sleep and drunken insensibility to the "nippers," and a wholesome tapping with a club; finally, he refused to depart. The women took part, and Fatty Maria attacked one of the officers like a wild cat. He received her with a back-handed slap in the face that sounded like the crack of a whip, when she sprang to the mantle-piece and seized a razor. Before she could use it, however, she was disarmed by another patrolman, and held down, powerless, on a chair, while Collison was fairly flung out of the room and kicked into the exterior darkness. "If that woman did not harbor thieves," said the officer, "we could get along well enough with her, as she is generally quiet; but only this morning she pawned one of her beds and a bureau and a clock for $12, because she wanted to bail out a rascal from the Workhouse."

During this episode at Fatty Maria's, a disgusting occurrence, which well illustrates the brutality of the Bucktown rough, occurred almost immediately across the way. There is a young white woman now in Bucktown, who spends the greater part of her existence in the Workhouse for drunkenness, and whose degradation is such that she has even

ceased to be known by name. On the day previous to our trip this wretched creature had been discharged from the Workhouse, and returned to her old haunts. Some one had decoyed her into a low den, made her drunk and taken the most cowardly advantage of her condition, afterwards thrusting her into the street. Soon after some roughs half carried, half dragged her into Kirk's bar-room and poured some more poison down the poor creature's throat for similar purposes. When they heard the police approaching they dragged her out upon the sidewalk and propped her up in a sitting position upon some paving stones near the curb. Here she failed to attract attention while the officers passed down the other side, although in her drunken helplessness she fell sideways upon the stones, her hair streaming over the curb to mingle with the filth in the gutter. While the police were expelling Collison from Fatty Maria's a crowd of ruffians, white and black, lifted the unconscious woman, and carried her to a vacant lot in the hollow in rear of Kirk's, where they tore off part of her clothing. Before the police could reach the spot, the fellows fled beyond pursuit. The officers brought the wretched creature to a neighboring shanty, Kate Miller's. Kate agreed to take care of her, but expressed fears that the rowdies would return for their victim! It is comforting to think that in ten years hence Bucktown will have ceased to exist.

HACELDAMA

It is true that from a merely commercial standpoint, the daily sacrifice of beeves in the slaughter-houses of the Tallow District possesses little interest compared with the porcine holocausts of Bank street; and the fact that a Hebrew butcher cuts the throat of a bullock with a peculiarly-shaped knife is of less moment to the practical minded than the fact that the hog may be killed, scalded, cleaned and cut-up in the wonderfully brief period of three minutes. But there is always an interest attaching to the violent taking of life, which has no connection with results of profit and loss; there is always food for curiosity in the haceldama: the sight of slaughter will never cease to exercise a certain fascination upon those unfamiliar with its horrors. And the higher the organization of the victim, the greater must be the interest in its sufferings. This truth was fully recognized by the bloodthirsty rulers of imperial Rome. When Commodus gave those famous exhibitions of his extraordinary skill in slaughter, which were witnessed, it is said, by a million of spectators, he delighted the rabble by the butchery of the most rare and curious animals, brought at an enormous expense from all parts of the known world to Rome. The skill of the "imperial sagittary, beautiful as an Antinous and majestic as a Jupiter, whose hand was so steady and whose aim so true that he was never known to miss," must have afforded of itself a most entertaining spectacle. But the principal pleasure of the exhibition lay, after all, in the sight of the death-throes of the beautiful animals

turned loose in the arena,—in the satisfaction of a monstrous bloodthirstiness, in beholding animal agonies of a totally novel description. The sight of a headless ostrich running at full speed after having been decapitated by a crescent-headed arrow was vastly more entertaining than the movements of a chicken after having been beheaded; and the dying agonies of an elephant or a hippopotamus much more interesting than the sufferings of a bull or a boar,—for the simple reason that they were more horrible. The animals most susceptible to suffering were, consequently, most sought after; and the human animal was, of course, in high requisition. And, for somewhat analogous reasons, we consider the sights of a slaughter-house more interesting than the sights of a pork factory—the slaughter of a bullock of more moment than the violent death of a hog. Indeed, of all domesticated animals the hog shares our sympathies the least; its proverbial stupidity and omnivorous gluttony are not in its favor; modern hygiene extols the wisdom of the Hebrew Lawgiver in pronouncing the hog an unclean animal; and the Moslem portrays the ghoul of his superstition with the snout and ears of a monstrous hog. The rotting bodies of the dead, the foulest ordure, the most offensive carcasses, are not less palatable to the hog than the most savory vegetable; a nice fat baby, a fowl, and even its own newly-born young, are greatly relished by this cannibal creature. It was discovered some years since in London that a certain unconscionable stock-raiser had actually contracted with several of the city hospitals for old poultices and plasters which had done service; that he had been fattening his hogs upon this hideous diet. The exact amount of suffering endured by a hog in the slaughter-house is even to the most humane a matter of less interest than the

suffering of a more finely organized animal; and to evoke pity for the former would be a task of more than ordinary difficulty. But there are scenes daily to be witnessed in the slaughter-houses of the Tallow District which deserves the observation of the curious, and the attention of the humane. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might find much good work to do in that neighborhood.

On a boiling summer day it is not, indeed, a pleasant neighborhood to visit; its very gutters seem foul with the fœtor of slaughter, and its atmosphere heavy with the odors of death,—impregnated with globules of blood. Its unpleasantness has rendered it an unfamiliar neighborhood to a large portion of the community, who have no interests in those businesses for which it is famous, and who have no desire to linger longer amid its stenches than they can possibly help. There is very little attention given by a carnivorous community—our Hebrew brethren excepted—as to how the beeves and fatlings which furnish flesh meat for general consumption come by their death, but many a beef-eater would feel more concern regarding his daily diet did he but witness the death agonies of the last bullock slaughtered by his favorite butcher. The flavor, delicacy, and nutritive properties of mutton and beef depend more upon the method of slaughter than is generally supposed, and of this fact a few visits to the Quarter of Shambles would suffice to convince any intelligent observer.

To describe one Gentile slaughter-house is to describe the majority of those in the district—huge frames mostly, often painted black or red (appropriate hues of death), oftener whitewashed, with long, low pens in the rear, offal-gutters traversing the main floor from wall to wall, and great doorways yawning upon the streets in front, and exhaling heavy

and deathly aromas. The impression left by a visit to the first is confirmed rather than varied by visits to half a dozen more—an impression of gloom and bad smells; daylight peering through loose planking; the head of a frightened bullock peering over the pen door; blood, thick and black, clotting on the floor, or oozing from the nostrils and throats of dying cattle; entrails, bluey-white and pale yellow; fresh quarters and sides hanging up; butchers, bare-legged and bare-armed, paddling about in the blood; naked feet encrusted with gore, and ill-shaped toes dyed crimson with the red fluid oozing up and clotting between them. Children stare in half terror, half curiosity through the open doorways, and greedy hogs are fattening on the blood and entrails which pass down to them through the offal gutter. Half the slaughter-houses keep hogs for scavengers, and it is to be observed that such hogs are seldom heard to squeal —they only grunt out their deep satisfaction, their sense of repletion and their regret that their cavernous bellies are not larger. The dull thud of the slaughterer's axe, the bellowing and stamping of terrified cattle, the splash of entrails flung into the gutter, the click-clack of steel, sharpened upon steel, an occasional curse flung at an unruly cow, and the grunting of the hogs aforesaid are the pleasant sounds which accompany the vision.

All this, however, is the brighter side of the picture—the mere background to darker and fouler things—the general impression unrelieved from its vagueness by certain sharply defined features of horror which linger in the memory of the observer long after their attendant circumstances have faded out. The inexperience of the half-grown boys, too, often employed as butchers, the torture of maddened steers, the agony of a bullock under a rain of ill-placed blows, are

much more unpleasant matters than entrails and odors. It is well, perhaps, that the poor brutes are not gifted with facial expression, and that one of slaughter's greatest horrors is not thus visible in the slaughter-house. But it is certain that they are often aware of the fate in store for them, especially when permitted to peer through the pen-door into the slaughter-house, and see what is going on there. We noticed in one instance a strong proof of this fact. There were two cows in a pen; and there was a large square opening in the partition between the pen and the slaughter-house. It was the first slaughter of the day when one of the animals was dragged into the shambles and dispatched in a very bungling manner. The remaining cow watched the proceedings as though fascinated with terror—she saw her companion stricken down with the axe, saw the knife enter the throat, saw the blood pouring out, saw the butcher treading on the carcass, and the red fluid gushing out in spurts from the wound with each tramp of the men's naked feet. This part of the tragedy the poor vaccine mind was perhaps unable to fully comprehend, as she had probably never seen blood before, and could not exactly understand what was being done to her sister. Neither is it likely that she understood what those great masses of red and yellow hanging from the ceiling were; for there was no semblance to the living cow in them. But when she beheld the flaying, and the decapitation, and the ghastly, headless trunk, with severed windpipe protruding, and the entrails rolling out of the carcass, and the carcass itself divided and converted into great white and yellow masses of flesh and fat like those others hanging up further away,—then the poor cow must have had a dim understanding of what had happened to her companion, for she bellowed, and kicked, and turned her

eyes away from the sickening sight, and perchance puzzled her poor brains in attempts to devise means of escape. Then at last came her turn; and the butchers approached with the fatal noose. But, while the cow had sense enough to be fully aware of the design of the men who approached her, with blood-encrusted arms and crimson feet, she had not sense enough to know that resistance was worse than useless. She was conscious only of danger,—danger of having her head cut off and her inside torn out, and of being turned into great masses of yellow fat and red meat;—and so she made violent demonstrations of brave despair. Wheedling and coaxing were in vain; and the butchers loudly cursed the poor cow. But at last the noose was flung about her neck, and they laid on the rope while she braced herself to resist. Then a great, yellow-haired brute of a man, with very large calves and very ugly feet, seized a pritch, and put out the poor cow's left eye. Still she would not enter the shambles; and the cruel ruffian thrust the iron spike into the other eye, and worked the point about in the socket. Frantic with agony, and trembling in every limb, the blinded and helpless animal leaped forward and butted the door in her pain. It was no trouble now to drag her into the place of slaughter, shivering with torture, and streams of mingled blood and tears rolling down from either eye.

"Got yer eyes sore, didn't ye?—ye d——d infernal beast. Thought I'd bring ye to."

And the brawny butcher brought down the axe, not on the right spot, but on the bleeding eye; and the wretched cow, who had never before, perhaps, known rougher hands than those of the milkmaid, gave such a hideous cry! It was not bellowing or lowing, but a cry between a shriek and

a moan,—a cry half human, as of one in the agony of a nightmare,—a cry of prolonged and exquisite torture. The human heart would have heaved in horror at a cry of such anguish—anguish aggravated by the terror of helpless blindness. But the butcher only laughed, and swung the axe again and again in the most unscientific, bungling and brutal way. It took nine heavy blows to fell the miserable cow, all because the butcher knew nothing about his business. At last the poor carcass rolled over, and the knife opened a passage for the blood, and the butchers danced right joyously upon the belly of the cow. With every jump the blood-stream leaped, too, but the blood looked inky, as though turned black with agony, and thus reproaching the black cruelty of the slaughterers. So we found it elsewhere. In half a dozen slaughter-houses we did not find a single butcher who seemed to know his business, or who could fell a bullock with one well directed blow between the eyes. It may have been that we had an unfortunate knack of visiting a slaughter-house at an unpropitious time, but it would rather seem that too little attention is paid to the demands of humanity by employing inhuman and inexperienced men to kill. Such cruelty as we witnessed in the instance of the poor cow which uttered so unnatural a cry, is, we were subsequently informed, not uncommon. In the killing of sheep, too, we have seen men cruel through pure laziness—slowly plunging the knife into the poor creature's throat, and carelessly working it backward and forward, and making three or four efforts to break the vertebræ apart when one energetic effort would have sufficed. If the mutton-eaters and beef-eaters, contemplating their savory steaks and chops, could but know how the animals died that furnished that food—could but guess how every fiber of

the tender meat vibrated in exquisite torture but a few hours before, it is doubtful whether they would have much stomach left for breakfast. Many a cruel butcher is earning good wages for bungling work, who would be more fitly employed in those horrible cannibal markets spoken of by recent African travelers, where human flesh is sold by weight, and human legs and arms dangle in the booths. The fiend who can laugh at the tortures of a blind cow, would certainly find rare amusement in severing a human throat, in watching human eyes roll in blood, and in listening to moans of human pain. And how amusing it would be to pry out a human eye with a pritchet.

Leaving such scenes as these for the interior of a Jewish slaughter-house is actually a pleasant relief. The one we visited was a neat and roomy edifice of brick, airy, well lighted, well ventilated, purified by running water, and it seemed to us less haunted by unsavory odors. The cattle saw nothing of the place of death until brought there for slaughter. Probably the neat and cleanly appearance of the place was partly due to its construction; but one almost felt on entering that the precepts of humanity were obeyed there. Near the office door sat a dark, swarthy man, with curly black beard, handsome aquiline features, and eyes shadowed by peculiarly long lashes—a face peculiarly Hebrew, grave almost to severity, and sternly calm. This was the Shochet, the Jewish butcher.

To be a Shochet a man must be thoroughly versed in the Hebrew doctrine, must be a member of a Hebrew congregation, must be humane, and must be extremely dexterous in the use of the instruments of slaughter. Consequently the Hebrew butchers are without exception an educated and respectable class of people; and, as their profession calls for

a dexterity and knowledge not commonly possessed, it is a very profitable profession. Some slaughterers can make two hundred dollars a month. The Shochet above referred to kills (or "cuts," as they generally term it) for nine different establishments, the Jewish houses paying him a regular monthly salary, and the Gentile houses so much a head for every animal slaughtered. The Shochet can command good prices, and is more or less an autocrat in his profession; for, being a scrupulous and religious man, he will permit no interference in his duties. Many of the Gentile houses employ him for the sake of Hebrew custom; but the meat stamped with his mystical seal will find ready purchasers not only among the followers of either faith, but among all who seek for the best with views hygienic or epicurean. Some of our leading hotels will purchase no other beef but that bearing the Shochet's mark.

He is allowed to use but one weapon—the knife; and to kill in but one manner—by severing the throat with one rapid, dexterous stroke. The knives shown to us were peculiar in shape and temper. That for slaughtering bullocks and calves had a blade over two feet in length, of a uniform breadth and thickness throughout, pointless and square at the end; it was a thin blade, thin as that of a small table-knife at the middle part, or a piece of printers' brass rule; it was about three inches in breadth, bright as silver, keen as a razor and tempered so that it would ring like a bell if tapped with the finger-nail. The edge was a peculiar one—not a sloping edge like that of a razor, although quite as keen, but an edge that seemed to roll in from the blade, smooth as French note paper and that one might pass the tip of the finger over gently without being cut. To sharpen such a knife is not an easy matter and requires a peculiar

skill. The knife for slaughtering sheep is not larger than a small table-knife; but is shaped, tempered, and edged precisely like the other.

Now, every Shochet must have a certificate from his rabbi before he may practice his calling; and in order to obtain such a certificate he must pass such an examination as will convince his examiner of his fitness and dexterity. He must even sharpen his knife in the rabbi's presence, so as to leave no perceptible roughness on its edge. Pass your finger over the blade of a new pen-knife sharpened in the ordinary manner, and you will receive a painful cut. But the Shochet's blade is even keener, although it will not cut you by a gentle touch; and a wound inflicted by it on a healthy person will heal up without even the ordinary soreness consequent upon other cuts. When the Shochet has answered all questions satisfactorily and demonstrated his fitness for the office, he receives his certificate, and may obtain employment wherever he can.

Before killing an animal he must pass his thumbnail over the edge of the knife, and thus assure himself that the edge is both smooth and sharp, without the least flaw or roughness that might cause unnecessary pain.

He must take heed to inflict the least possible amount of suffering.

He must examine the edge of his knife after killing each animal, and if the edge is not perfectly true, he must either resharpen the knife or use another.

He must never inflict more than one cut, if possible.

He must examine the lungs of beeves and sheep killed by him, and under no condition is he allowed to place his mark upon the meat of an animal not found perfectly healthy in these organs.

And having discharged this duty conscientiously and found the animal healthy, the Shochet stamps the meat with the mystic characters כשר, or in English letters "kosher," signifying sound; adding also, in Hebrew characters, the day and date of slaughter. Cruelty is never practiced in Hebrew slaughter-houses; at least never in the presence of the Shochet. His religion, his humanity, and the hygiene of his profession alike prohibit any unnecessary violence to the poor dumb brutes, and his keen eyes are always watchful.

Fifteen sheep are placed in a row, with their heads on the edge of the offal gutter, the fore legs and one hind leg of each sheep being tied together. The Shochet approaches with his knife between his teeth. With one hand he lifts the head of the first sheep, and with the other gently parts the wool on the throat; then for an instant he presses the head well back with the left hand, and with the right touches the throat with the knife. The sheep jerks its head away with a hissing inhalation, much like the sound involuntarily uttered by a human on the receipt of a slight burn. There was no apparent effort in that slight, rapid movement of the knife, but the blood pours from a clean wound that has severed the neck half-way through. The animal has suffered no more actual pain than that inflicted by a slight burn on the skin. It kicks a little on finding its breath coming so short, snorts a little, and passes quietly away, while the Shochet feels the edge of his blade and seizes another victim. In no instance did we observe more than one rapid cut inflicted, and none of the victims exhibited signs of much pain.

But in the slaughter of bullocks the skill of the Shochet showed best to advantage. Most of the animals were in

remarkably good condition, and very tractable; for they had been well used. An attendant entered the pen and slipped a noose about one of the animal's hind legs, while another within pulled at the hoisting apparatus. Resistance to the mechanical power thus employed was soon felt by the animal to be useless, and it found itself in the slaughter-house in an astonished condition. A few more pulls at the rope, and the animal was hoisted up by the leg until it was lying on its back, very much bewildered, but not in the least hurt. Then, while the head was held back by an attendant, the Shochet advanced, and the great, bright knife passed once across the vast neck like a gleam of lightning, while the blood leaped high into the air from a yawning cut six inches deep. It was a bright crimson, a healthy red; and leaped in jets from the neck at each beat of the dying heart, finally growing thicker, and slower, until its ripple on the floor ceased and it coagulated in bright red patches, in color and form miniatures of fleecy clouds reddened by a rosy sunset. The bullock kicked feebly a few times, and died as easily as the sheep had died. To do such execution at one stroke of that light, long, thin blade requires no little art. The Shochet never makes an apparent effort, never changes a muscle of his grave face, never misses the mark. And kosher meat is the tenderest, freshest, healthiest of all. Calves are killed in the same manner, except that they are hoisted up by both hind legs, and allowed to bleed more thoroughly. Even chickens are slain by the Shochet with a knife, and according to laws observed even in that remote antiquity when the smoke of sacrifice ascended in the wilderness, "and the Lord smelled a sweet savor."

It may not be generally known that, like New York, Cin-

cinnati has its blood-drinkers—consumptives and others who daily visit the slaughter-houses to obtain the invigorating draught of ruddy life-elixir, fresh from the veins of beeves. Lawrence's slaughter-house, opposite the Oliver Street Police Station, has its daily visitants who drink blood; and the slaughter-houses of the Loewensteins, on John street, a few squares away, has perhaps half a dozen visitants of the same class. The latter places, indeed, have the principal custom of this kind (if custom it can be termed where the recipient is charged nothing); for the reason that all beeves are slaughtered there by a Shochet. Many who can drink the blood of animals slaughtered according to the Hebrew fashion, can not stomach that of bullocks felled with the axe. The blood of the latter is black and thick and lifeless; that of the former brightly ruddy and clear as new wine.

"We have two ladies and one young man coming here every day to drink blood," observed a slaughter-house proprietor yesterday. "We used to have a great many more, but they got well and strong and stopped coming. One woman came here for a year, and got wonderfully healthy and fat; she used to be a skeleton, a consumptive skeleton. We always slaughter in the Hebrew way; and the blood of cattle so killed is more healthy. It tastes like new milk from the cow."

"Why, did you ever drink it?"

"No, no!—what should I drink it for? I am too fat as it is. And you know"—with a pleasant laugh—"Moses forbid the Hebrews to use blood for a diet."

The Shochet passed by with his long knife. "I am going to cut a bullock now," he observed, "if you want a glass of blood."

It at once occurred to the writer to try the experiment for curiosity's sake, and give the public the benefit of his experience. A large tumbler was rinsed and brought forward, the throat of the bullock severed, and the glass held to the severed veins. It was filled in an instant and handed to us, brimming over with the clear, ruddy life stream which warmed the vessel through and through. There was no odor, no thickening, no consequent feeling of nausea; and the first mouthful swallowed, the glass was easily drained.

And how did it taste? Fancy the richest cream, warm, with a tart sweetness, and the healthy strength of the pure wine "that gladdeneth the heart of man!" It was a draught simply delicious, sweeter than any concoction of the chemist, the confectioner, the winemaker—it was the very elixir of life itself. The popular idea that blood is difficult to drink is an utter fallacy; and the most timid with the warm glass in his hand must be reassured by one glance at its clear contents. He will forget all the familiar feelings of sickness conjured up by that terrible word "blood"; it is not "blood" any longer in his eyes, but rosy life, warm and palpitating with the impulse of the warm heart's last palpitation; it is ruddy, vigorous, healthful life—not the essence, but the protoplasmic fluid itself—turned in an instant from its natural channel. No other earthly draught can rival such crimson cream, and its strength spreads through the veins with the very rapidity of wine. Perhaps the knowledge of its invigorating properties originated that terrible expression, "drunk with blood." That the first draught will create a desire for a second; that a second may create an actual blood-thirstiness in the literal sense of the word; that such a thirst might lead to the worst consequence in a coarse and brutal nature, we are rather inclined to be-

lieve is not only possible, but probable. The healthy and vigorous should respect the law of Moses in this regard. Perhaps it was through occasional indulgence in a draught of human blood (before men's veins were poisoned with tobacco and bad liquor), that provoked the monstrous cruelties of certain Augustine Emperors. Perhaps it was such a passion that, as De Quincey has it, left Caligula, while toying with the polished throat of his wife, Cæsonia, half distracted between the pleasure of caressing it, which he might do frequently, and of cutting it, which could be enjoyed but once.

BALM OF GILEAD

An Afternoon at the Stink Factory

It is not, perhaps, very generally known that at the extensive establishments of the Cincinnati Fertilizer Manufacturing Company there is a little railroad station called "Gilead," so christened, doubtless, by some railroad official blessed with a fine sense of irony, and who had, no doubt, heard much in early Sunday-school days regarding the virtues of the Balm of Gilead. The full force of the defiant irony latent in this inappropriate christening must impress any travelers who chance to observe from the windows of an Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad palace car the characters "Gilead" over the main gate of the factory yard. It is scarcely necessary to observe that no passenger on that line ever fails to be more or less impressed by the odors of Gilead Station, unless, indeed, he be destitute of olfactory nerves. The circumference of the circle haunted by the stench varies considerably, according to the condition of the atmosphere; in clear frosty weather the circle contracts almost to its focus; on warm, moist days it expands prodigiously. Last Friday the odor might be inhaled at Delhi, two miles and a half distant, and during one of the memorable suits against the Fertilizer Company, witnesses testified that the ghoulish aroma offended the nostrils of people dwelling four miles distant from the "stink factory." The absolute vileness of a compound stench, to which at least twenty different forms of animal putrefaction contrib-

ute, has not been overdrawn by the most virulent opponents of the Fertilizer Company, for the good and sufficient reason that it could not be, although there is ample reason to believe that the far-reaching powers of the stink have been over-estimated. It is contended by some that the odor is no worse than that of the average slaughter-house; but this is obviously untrue, for the reeking odors of fresh blood and entrails have nothing in common with the abominable exhalations of putridity. A curious fact connnected with the famous stench of Keck's factory is, that once within the factory the smells which emanate from it become at least endurable; five hundred yards away they are positively unbearable. This is owing partly to the fact that the smells in the latter case assail the nostrils in the form of a heavy compound stench, while in the factory many of them do not extend beyond the separate departments which give them birth. But this alone does not altogether explain the seeming phenomenon. Its explanation chiefly lies in the fact that the vilest portion of the odors emanate from the great boiler-tanks where the dead carcasses are boiled with a steam pressure of about seventy pounds, and that these tanks discharge their steam and stink through open-work in the roof of the establishment. Thus, while in the factory proper, the stench passes out far above the head of the visitor, who probably encountered it in full force on his way to "Gilead." Another fact, equally worthy of observation, connected with the compound stench is, that the various smells of which it is made up differ greatly in elasticity, in power of penetration and extension; so that while journeying on foot toward the factory—say from Delhi—the nose is continually assailed by new varieties of stench. First a faint odor, like that of very ancient shoe leather, then a

smell as of decaying cats, mingling with the first smell; then a smell resembling that of rotten hides mingling with the two previous smells; and so on as you near the great focus of simon-pure stench itself, by which time the odors have become so multitudinous, so overpowering and so mingled together that the nostrils are numbed beyond the power of further analysis.

The more rapidly decaying substances smell furthest, but not worst; the odors of the fertilizer sheds scarcely extend beyond the factory itself. Once on the premises, as we have already observed, the strange visitor finds no difficulty in enduring the smell; but he will feel the effect of its strength later on in the shape of a skull-splitting headache, which all the druggists in Cincinnati could not cure within twelve hours. One of the gentlemen connected with the firm informed us yesterday that new employees and others visiting the premises for the first time were invariably attacked with violent headache, caused, he believed, by the powerful ammoniac exhalations from decaying animal matter in the fertilizer sheds. The headache, although peculiarly painful and annoying, is seldom accompanied with nausea, loss of appetite, or other sickness.

Beyond the facts that the Fertilizer Company have contracted with the city for all carcasses, carrion, etc., and that the stink factory is an establishment with an execrable smell, the non-mercantile public generally know little of the curiosities and intricacies of the very interesting manufactures carried on there. As the queries, "What can make such a stink?" "What becomes of all the dead animals?" etc., are common in connection with everyday remarks about the factory, the writer deemed it worth while to pay a flying visit to Gilead Station a few mornings ago, and make such

personal observation of the factory and its surroundings as might enable him to answer them satisfactorily. Of course the stink was naturally the first thing to attract special attention; but we can give no more succinct description of it than may be found above without entering into disgusting detail. Before closing this portion of the subject, however, it is worthy of remark that some years since, during the time when the neighborhood of South Bend was all in arms against the factory and incendiarism was feared, a number of large dogs were purchased and a placard nailed up at the gate, bearing the legend, "Beware of the dogs!" This was intended for the benefit of non-incendiary characters, whom curiosity might prompt to loaf about the buildings in the daytime; but it has latterly been found that the stench of the factory is its best safeguard against loafers, and the useless sign has been removed.

All the carcasses, garbage, and miscellaneous carrion dumped by the scavenger carts at the Millcreek landing, are towed down to Gilead in the company's boats. The factory is connected by double tramway-lines with the railroad and the river-landing opposite the factory; the former connection seldom being used, except in weather when the river is frozen. Everything brought down on the boats is then loaded on trucks, which are pulled up the incline by wire ropes to the second floor of the factory itself. The garbage is wheeled right through the building on another tramway-line, and dumped into the hog-pens attached to the main building. Here upward of twenty-five hundred hogs were kept at one time, when the garbage was so plentiful that it had frequently to be thrown in loads into the river below; but since the custom has prevailed of using garbage for our big fills the number of swine has dwindled

down to about five hundred, and the company complain that they are frequently obliged to purchase quantities of corn for hog feed. They say, further, that complaints made about this improper disposal of garbage always fail to arouse any responsive action on the part of the Health Board officials; and the extent to which this abuse prevails may best be illustrated by the facts above. That, notwithstanding contracts, etc., the Fertilizer Company should be unable to obtain from a city of nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants sufficient garbage to feed five hundred hogs, is, to say the least, a matter for surprise. Besides garbage, strictly speaking, however, these hogs receive quantities of tainted fish, refuse from market-houses, and various forms of carrion, so that the amount of garbage which enters into their daily food is really very small. Of course, hogs naturally take to carrion, and will turn aside from sound food to devour decaying substances; but it will certainly admit of discussion whether the flesh of hogs fed on decaying substances is a diet to be recommended. Besides garbage and other refuse, quantities of offal are purchased by the company from slaughter-houses for manufacturing purposes; and they propose before long to contract with all slaughter-houses for the blood of animals butchered. The blood will be especially valuable owing to its ammoniacal properties. "Soap grease"—that is soup bones, fragments of cooked meat, etc.—is purchased by the company, who give soap in exchange for it to housewives, at the rate of one bar of soap to four or five pounds of soap grease. Dead cats and kittens, hens and chickens, are all counted in as "soap grease"; but it must be remembered that soap is not made out of these ingredients, which receive the name soap grease simply because soap is given in exchange for them. Bones of all

kinds are largely purchased for manufacturing purposes which will be apparent later.

The larger carcasses on being brought into the factory are usually skinned, except when decomposition has set in so far as to render the skins rotten and worthless. They comprise dead horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, goats, and dogs. The cats and smaller dogs are never skinned. The skins are sold to various firms, both in Cincinnati and elsewhere. After skinning and gutting the larger animals are cut in quarters with immense axes which sever bone and all; the horses and cows being generally cut into eight pieces. Before touching upon the disposal of these, it may be interesting to learn something of the number of dead animals monthly disposed of in the factory.

The firm receives about one hundred dead horses a month all the year round; the number averages at present, however, about six per day, as the equine race in Cincinnati are suffering largely from the epizootic. During the prevalence of the disease here years ago, the mortality brought often a hundred horses a day to Gilead, and the carcasses had to be skinned on the flats, owing to lack of room in the factory. The disease turns the lungs of the animals almost coal black, and fills the cavities with a yellow and exceedingly offensive pus, and several post-mortem examinations made under our own observation during the visit to Gilead proved quite interesting.

Cattle are sometimes received in the proportion of from one to two a day, but not at all seasons. During the prevalence of the redwater disease among the cows last summer, however, the mortality average was considerably higher than the present average of horses. The cattle which fall into the hands of the fertilizer manufacturers are gener-

ally only those which are killed by locomotives, or killed during transportation in cattle cars.

Dead hogs come in multitudes, but the number varies so that it is difficult to make any estimation for a weekly average. Numbers are killed in cars, or smothered in pens, and carcasses have been received from the stock yards during the last pork-packing season to the number of a hundred a day. The average number of hog carcasses received during the past summer season was about five per day.

Goat carcasses come in at about the rate of three a week. This shows that goat breeding is carried on in Cincinnati and vicinity to a larger extent than is generally supposed.

An innumerable number of dog and cat carcasses fall annually into the hands of the factory owners. The dogs are found all over town, but chiefly in the canal and the river. The canal elbow on Eighth and Sycamore streets is a famous place for dead dogs; and an employee of the Fertilizer Company visits that spot every morning to seek for canine floaters. Of course some owners of pets would no more permit the bodies of their dumb favorites to go to the stink factory than they would allow the corpse of a friend to go to the dissecting-room of the Ohio Medical College; but the majority of dog-owners are not sentimental on the subject, and will get rid of the corpse by throwing it into the canal, if they live near those sluggish waters, otherwise they wait the coming of a scavenger cart. Vagrant tramp dogs, having no master, and street-Arab dogs who visit home only to get a square meal, die in all sorts of places, and seldom obtain sepulture. When the city, some years ago, was paying a dollar a head for dogs, they used to be received at the rate of forty or fifty a day above the present average at the stink factory; for dead dogs were smuggled into the city

from farms and other places over the country, and dog-smuggling would have become a profitable business had the reward continued. Many of our readers will remember the interesting incidents which sprang out of this state of things; the widow woman who brought her terrier slut and seven newly-born pups to the office and was refused the reward (whether through humane motives or not, we have never been able to determine); the pound and its wistful-eyed prisoners; the stout dog-killer who used to enter the pound with a big hammer and jellify the skulls of the dogs, until one animal, in the agony of despair, nearly bit his hand off; and lastly, the dignified city dog-catcher, with his lasso and other traps.

Whole fowls are generally given to the hogs. Except in times of chicken cholera or such other maladies which fowls are heirs to, the number of their carcasses is not legion.

After cutting in quarters, leaving aside the shin bones and feet of cows, and the hoofs of the horses or mules, the carcasses are thrown into immense boiler-tanks, eight of which are situated in the factory. Each of these can hold about twenty-four horses thus cut up. They are heated by steam, and their contents cooked thoroughly by a day's boiling with a steam-pressure of from sixty to seventy pounds. Horses and cows are cooked separately; the carcass of a really fat horse will not give more than eighteen pounds of light "C" grease; that of a cow will give almost double. The grease extracted by this boiling is run off into barrels; and the residue of flesh, blood, hair, etc., is spread out in the fertilizer sheds to dry, after which it can be ground up. It takes half a year to dry, however; and the maggots hold high carnival in it meantime. The bones are quick to dry; and when once dry, they become brittle as pipe-clay. A

couple of shin bones, thus steamed and dried, when struck together, will ring like two clay pipe bowls struck one against the other. These bones are ground into a fine flour (which is mixed with the other fertilizer when also dried and ground) by a machine which makes a hideous noise and emits an odor like a violated cemetery in a plague-smitten city. The bones in drying stink worse than the meat and blood perhaps; but the spectacle of the bone heaps is more poetical and less offensive.

When too decomposed to allow of skinning, animals are cut up and boiled with the skin on. Entrails, slaughter-house stuff, etc., all go together into a tank known as the gut-tank, and boiled. The fumes of this tank are incomparable in vileness to anything earthly except the odors of the "soap-grease tank," which actually surpass them in abomination; but a class of grease comes from the gut tank almost equal in quality to that from the horse and cow tanks. The former is known as "C" grease, the latter as "B" grease. "B" grease is a pale brown, and is used for all the common purposes to which grease can be put, such as axle-grease, etc.; but both "B" and "C" grease are largely used in candle manufacture. "C" grease is a yellowish white.

The dead cats and dogs accompany the sheep and goats to the "soap-grease" tank, whereof the smell is solid stench nine times condensed. The sheep, goats and big dogs, unless very rotten, are all skinned; but the cats and the little dogs go in, hair and all. Curiously enough, however, this tank gives "C" grease. Another tank is devoted to green bones (butchers' bones), etc., and gives very good looking tallow. The animal and bone residue in all these tanks is

converted into fertilizer, of which about eight or ten varieties are manufactured by the concern.

Besides the eight tanks, any of which can be put to the uses above mentioned, as occasion may require, there are four smaller tanks in the warehouse known as "curbs," which are uncovered, and wherein stuff is cooked by steam, but not under pressure as in the other tanks. In one of these "clear grease" from the hotels, boarding-houses, etc., is purified from foreign substances; in another "C" grease is extracted from horses' feet. The horses' feet are not boiled with the rest of the animal in the horse tanks proper, because steam pressure is used there, and the shin bones, which go with the feet, would be rendered worthless, except for conversion into fertilizer. But for knife-handles, and other articles made from bone, these shin bones are valuable if not steamed, though less valuable than cattle shin bones. These latter are boiled, together with the hoofs, in a separate tank which gives neats-foot oil as the result of its cookery. The oil is largely mingled with stearine, which is pressed out of it later by powerful machinery.

As the tanks are covered, and discharge their stench and steam through the roof, and as the curbs are not specially offensive, the main portion of the building is not as olfactorily disagreeable to visit as might be supposed. What the eye sees, however, makes a strong stomach incline to turn a somersault. The acrid, fetid, putrid slime of rottenness covers the floors, the tramways, the tramcars with a liver-colored deposit often inches in depth; it fills up interstices in the planking, greases the staircases, oozes out of unutterly foul barrels, and beslavers all things. Flies are here by billions—great, fat, oily, hungry, and peculiarly saucy flies,

filled to bursting with yellow corruption. The writer never beheld specimens of the common fly so large elsewhere; many were larger than the largest "blue-bottles." But both nose and eye are horribly offended in another department, where sausage casings are made. The smaller intestines of hogs, etc., and of cattle (used for large sausages) are separated from those destined for the gut-tank, and left in tubs filled with water, to rot. Not to rot so as to become worthless, but to rot so as to facilitate scraping; and the process occupies weeks, and produces horrible stenches. When scraping time comes the intestines are taken out, the thin inner membrane scraped from the decomposing stuff about it, and then washed, salted, and sold to sausage makers at thirty-five cents a pound. The work of scraping them is the most disgusting part of the whole business, and the most expert at it can not prepare more than a bucketful a day. It is strange how familiarity with rottenness destroys one's horror of it. The writer saw men in the scraping-room sit down and eat their lunch among the tubs of putrefying entrails.

A large soap factory is connected with the other establishment; and it is curious to note what fine looking soaps—even mottled castile almost resembling red marble—can be manufactured from the products of the Stink Factory. The tallow, grease and lard obtained from the carcasses is, however, as clean and wholesome to touch, taste and smell as any other; and after a careful examination of them, any wonder at the quality of the soap ceases. The proprietors of the concern claim to turn out sixty thousand pounds of soap per week. They seem to be carrying on an extensive trade.

The samples of lard and tallow exhibited to us in the office

of the establishment appeared equal to any we had ever seen, although the factory proprietors claimed that damaging reports concerning their products had been at one time set afloat by some unconscientious reporter. Whether there be any difference between the lard and tallow extracted from decomposing carcasses of hogs and sheep, and that extracted from sound carcasses, discernible by microscopical and analytical chemistry, is a question the writer is not prepared to discuss, but he is certain that except, perhaps, to the most experienced manufacturers there is no evidence of any difference perceptible. The odors of the company's greases, lards, oils, etc., are agreeable enough, and their appearance pure and wholesome.

The fertilizer sheds will probably ere long be less foul than at present, as the company intend to dry their animal matter by machinery instead of leaving it piled up in rotting masses for years. When ground it is packed in sacks or barrels and shipped chiefly to southern markets. The manufacturers are looking hopefully forward to the completion of the Southern Railroad, believing the occasion will be a dawn of business prosperity for them. So far they claim to have made no profit on the Stink Factory stock, and, indeed, speak of heavy financial losses. They have had lawsuits multitudinous, and afflictions great in number, and have not yet, they say, been able to put their manufactures on a paying basis. But they are confident of success, and feel secure from competition in Cincinnati. The only stink factory here has had a hard fight for existence, and to establish another, against all odds and in the face of an enraged public opinion, would, they aver, be a work of impossibility.

AUCTIONS [1]

The terms "commerce," "traffic," "trade," "business," are far more apt to evoke visions of dingy offices and dusty ledgers, columns of brain-racking accounts in red and black ink, rumbling machinery and roaring furnaces, burglar-proof safes and revolving desk stools than to suggest poetic fancies or excite romantic reveries. Yet perhaps there is no feature of trade, no form of industry wholly devoid of romantic complexion. The atmosphere of a grocery is haunted by the perfumes of tropical products, enough to make one dream of oriental things; the tarry odors of a strip of asphalt pavement may recall memories of the seas, of fat-bellied merchant vessels lying at the docks, the cheery chant of brown-throated sailors, and the musical moan of the breakers; that chemical metempsychosis of modern science which teaches of the never-ending transmutations of protoplasmic life may be studied even in a "stink factory"; the fantastic drippings of a tallow "dip" recall a host of curious superstitions. Reminiscences of Egyptian mythology may be provoked by the smell of onions in a market-house, and the vaulted cellars of a rag store might furnish food for romances innumerable after the plan of Douglas Jerrold's *Story of a Feather,* besides suggesting wholesome homilies on the vanity of human greatness and the follies of fashion. And who has not at some time or other felt the romantic fascination of the auction-room, yielded to the eager excitement of the bidders' contest, sympathized with the unfortunate depositor of some unredeemed pledge, and

[1] This essay is the introduction of an article on book sales called *Notes in an Auction Room.*

theorized upon the possible history of some pretty trinket or some curious fragment of bric-a-brac, whose presence in the auction-room suggests the ruin of a rich household? In truth, there is no branch of trade more interesting and romantically fascinating than the business of the auctioneer; and few can boast a history more ancient or characterized by incidents more curious. What of all the quaint and charming narratives of Herodotus interests one more than his account of how the annual marriage auctions at Babylon were conducted, how the handsomest maidens became the wives of those who could pay the highest prices, and how the money so obtained was bestowed in marriage dowries upon the less favored girls, who thus found little difficulty in obtaining husbands? What incident in Roman history is more extraordinary than the story of the sale of the Empire at auction by the Prætorian cohorts, how Flavius Sulpicianus, within the fortified camp, and Didius Julianus, without the gates, roared out their rival bids for the disgraced purple; and how the realm was finally "knocked down" to Didius at his bid of twenty-five thousand sesterces per soldier? They were great auctioneers, those Romans, and to their term *auctio* we owe our word "auction." The custom of auction sales with the Romans is said to have been established for the disposal of spoils captured by their armies, and their auctions were carried on under laws and after a fashion very similar to ours. The expression *addici* was equivalent to our own auctioneering phrase, "knocked down," and the modern idiom, "sold at the block," had an exact parallel in the old Latin slave mart slang, *de lapide emptus*. The regulations of the Roman auction sales regarding non-delivery of goods without payment, requisition of deposits from non-responsible parties, etc., were not at

all different to the rules of the modern auction room; and the Roman auctioneers were adepts in the fraudulent knack of forcing bids, so commonly practiced to-day by unscrupulous parties at pawnbrokers' sales. After having exhausted almost every method of raising money by outrageous taxation and merciless extortion, the Emperor Caligula availed himself of the public auctions with great success, attending them in *propria persona,* and forcing bids upon the wealthy after such a fashion that numbers of them were ruined and committed suicide in despair. In those days, as now, it was the custom for the rival bidders at auction sales to carry on their contest by nods of assent in reply to the watchful auctioneer's lightning queries; and Suetonius relates that during a certain auction sale of slaves, carried on under the sinister supervision of Caligula himself, one Aponius Saturnius, a wealthy citizen, fell asleep in his seat. Perhaps the monotonous tone of the auctioneer's voice, combined with the summer heat and the effects of a heavy dinner, oppressed poor Aponius; perhaps he had drunk one goblet too much of red Falernian. But when he began to dream, every now and then starting into wakefulness, only to relapse into a dose, Caligula called out to the auctioneer "not to overlook the prætorian personage who nodded so often." The auctioneer accordingly pretended to take the drowsy nods of the sleeper for tokens of assent; and the farce proceeded, the Emperor bidding against Aponius, so that when Aponius awoke, he learned to his dismayed astonishment that thirteen gladiators had been knocked down to him for the sum of nine millions of sesterces.

Volumes might be written on the history of auctions, and the romance of that history; and, indeed, volumes have been written upon the pathetic or ludicrous peculiarities of

the business. Art and literature have both found some nourishment in the poetry of the slave marts—witness the paintings of Jerome and others representing captive Christian girls exposed for sale in Oriental cities; witness the many pathetic narratives in popular literature all based upon the same subject. But even the most commonplace sale of unredeemed pledges, though held in an ill-smelling room, with leprous-looking walls and floor spattered with tobacco juice, owns a peculiar poetry of the pathetic sort, which the unscrupulousness of an auctioneer and the occasional rowdyism of rough bidders rather enhance than diminish. There is something almost sacrilegiously painful in the spectacle of an old homestead dismantled to make room for new "improvements," when the outer wall has been removed and we behold the stripped interior in all its nakedness—the frameless doorways and windows like the empty eye-sockets of a hollow skull—the hideous scars left by the tearing away of partitions—the pretty wall-paper torn and mangled, yet loth to leave the plaster it has so long clung to—the yawning apertures left by the removal of hospitable fire-places; the good nail in the wall, from which a framed picture or marriage certificate once hung; the jagged wound in the heart of the house left by the departed staircases. The sight is almost horrible; it seems a violation of domestic privacy, a betrayal of sacred secrets, iconoclasm combining insult with injury. Now, in the auction of unredeemed pledges there is something analogous in painfulness to the destruction of a dwelling-house—those jewels, those trinkets, garments publicly disposed of by the pawnbroker have oftentimes such pathetic histories. This poor little locket, with its tiny monogram, once held a glossy curl cut from the locks of a dead sweetheart; and when that locket was

pledged, and the shining curl taken out and carefully wrapped in a clean fragment of newspaper, the sad owner felt so sure of "having money" before the fatal thirtieth day. That well-worn ring, with its solitary stone and half-effaced inscription, was so fondly related to a world of pleasant memories—wooings, wedding-bells! This pretty black dress had been purchased with a year's savings and self-denials by some poor girl, who suddenly found herself compelled to part with it through want of work and lack of bread. Among that little pile of jewelry, so carelessly handled, so cunningly disparaged by would-be purchasers, how many shining souvenirs are there, parted with in a moment of need or thoughtlessness, which will be hopelessly regretted for a lifetime? What pathos, too, is there in the sales of private libraries—sales mostly suggestive of death or financial ruin!—what sad though odd fancies are suggested by some faint lines penciled on the fly-leaf of some little dog-eared book? But after all, there is no branch of the auction trade at once so fascinating, so curious, so *recherche*—pardon the hackneyed Gallicism—as its book sales.[1] . . .

[1] The rest of this article is an account of a book-auction and of publishers' methods in disposing of books. See *An American Miscellany: Introduction* pages XXXIX–XL. (The Editor.)

BLACK VARIETIES

The Minstrels of the Row

The attractive novelty of theatricals at old Pickett's tavern, on the levee, by real negro minstrels, with amateur dancing performances by roustabouts and their "girls," has already created considerable interest in quarters where one would perhaps least expect to find it; and the patrolmen of the Row nightly escort fashionably dressed white strangers to No. 91 Front street. The theater has two entrances, one through the neat, spotlessly clean bar-room on the Front street side, the other from the sidewalk on the river side. The theater is also the ball-room; and when the ancient clock behind the black bar in the corner announces in senile, metallically-husky tones the hour of twelve, the footlights are extinguished, the seats cleared away, and the audience quickly form into picturesque sets for wild dances.

It is a long, low room, with a staircase at the southwest corner, ascending to the saloon above; an unplastered ceiling of clean white pine plank, resembling an inverted section of steamboat deck, a black wooden bar at the southeast corner, and rude wooden benches of unpainted plank arranged along the walls and across the room from the bar to the stage. This stage consists of a wooden platform, elevated about a yard from the floor; and the little room under the staircase at the left side serves as the green-room. Tallow dips, placed about a foot apart, serve for footlights.

Strips of white muslin sewed together form the curtains, which are attached by rings to a metal rod in the ceiling, and open and close much after the manner of the curtains of an old-fashioned, four-posted bedstead. These curtains were made by a mild-mannered brown girl called Annie, remarkable for deep, dark eyes, light, wavy hair, and wonderful curves of mouth, chin and neck; but poor Annie is no better than she ought to be, and loves to smoke a great, black, brier-root pipe.

Ere the curtain rose we found it extremely interesting to glance over the motley audience, largely made up of women less fair, but not less frail than Annie.

A sharp-faced Irish girl, with long fawn-colored hair and hard gray eyes; a pretty and ruddy-faced young white woman, very neatly built and fashionably dressed, the wife of a colored bar-keeper; a white brunette, with unpleasantly deep-set black eyes and long curly hair, who feigns to have colored blood in her veins; a newly arrived white blonde, who last week followed a roustabout hither from Ironton through some strange and vain infatuation; the notorious Adams sisters; a young Cincinnati woman of evil repute, whose parents live but a few squares uptown, and have not for years exchanged word or look with their daughter, though she almost daily passes by the old home; and one Gretchen-faced woman, with rather regular features and fair hair, who has lately deserted a good home at Portsmouth to become the mistress of a stevedore—these comprised the white women present. Excepting the bar-keeper's little white wife, they evidently preferred to sit together. But the picturesqueness of the spectacle was rendered all the more striking by the contrast.

Every conceivable hue possible to the human skin might

be studied in the dense and motley throng that filled the hall. There were full-blooded black women, solidly built, who were smoking stogies, and wore handkerchiefs of divers colors twined about their curly pates, after the old Southern fashion. Some of these were evidently too poor to own a whole dress, and appeared in petticoat and calico waist alone; but the waists had been carefully patched and washed, and the white petticoats were spotlessly clean and crisp with starch. Others were remarkably well dressed—excepting their ornaments, which were frequently of a character calculated to provoke a smile. One little negro woman had a flat locket with a brilliantly-colored picture painted on it, and at least six inches in diameter, suspended from her ebony neck by a golden chain. Gold or imitation, yellow and glittering, flashed everywhere in ear pendants against dusky cheeks, in massive rings upon strong black hands, in fair chains coiling about brown necks or clasping bare brown arms.

It is a mystery how many of these women, who can not afford to buy two dresses, or who have to borrow decent attire to go out of doors, can refuse to part with their jewelry in almost any extremity, but we have been reliably assured that such is the case. As a rule these levee girls do not invest in bogus jewelry. It was curious to observe the contrast of physical characteristics among the lighter-hued women; girls with almost fair skins frequently possessing wooly hair; dark mulattoes on the contrary often having light, floating, wavy locks. One mulatto girl present wore her own hair—frizzly and thick as the mane of a Shetland pony—flowing down to her waist in gipsy style. Where turbans were not worn among the fairer skinned, the hair was generally confined with a colored ribbon. At least

three-fourths of the audience were women, and of these one-third, perhaps, were smoking—several of the white girls were chewing. Of the men present, the greater number were roustabouts, in patched attire, often of the most fantastic description. Four musicians played lively old-time banjo tunes before the stage, and through the half-open door at the other end of the theater glimpses were visible of an expanse of purple, star-studded sky, a more deeply purple expanse of rippling river, the dark rolling outline of the Kentucky hills, and a long line of yellow points of light, scattered along the curving shore as far as the eye could reach. From without, the cool, sweet river air occasionally crept in by gentle breaths, and from within, the dim light of trembling candle-flame, the blue wreaths of heavy tobacco smoke, the sound of vociferous laughter and the notes of wild music, all floated out together into the white moonlight.

The little stage curtain rose, or, rather, parted, upon a scene originally ludicrous in itself, which evoked a shout of mingled glee and amusement from the expectant audience. The six performers were, with one exception, very dark men, with pronounced negro features; but they had exaggerated their natural physiognomical characteristics by a lavish expenditure of burnt cork and paint. The mouths of the end-men grinned from ear to ear; their eyes appeared monstrous, and their attire could not have been done justice to by any ordinary play-bill artist. It was a capital get-up in its line, such as white minstrels could hardly hope to equal. The three principal performers were professionals from Louisville. The right end man had a tambourine with a silver rim, which he unfortunately smashed during the evening by knocking it against his pate, and as a tambourine performer he can not have many white rivals, tapping the instrument

against his hand, elbow, knee, head, foot, with a rapidity which almost defied the eye to follow it.

After the first musical performance minstrel jokes were in order, including odd conundrums, "hits" at the patrolmen, and miscellaneous jokes of a humorous, but always innocent description. Here is a specimen:

"How d'ye feel to-night, Mr. Royal?"

"I feel's as if I was in de clouds; an' angels pouring 'lasses all over me."

"Well, Mr. Royal, I want to prepose a kolumdrum to you. Kin you spell 'blind pig' with two letters."

"Cou'se I kin. Blind pig?—let's see!—pig? P-g, pig."

"Wrong, sir; wrong. B-l-i-n-d, blind, p-i-g, pig—blind pig. Thar's an 'i' in pig, an' you left out the eye."

"But if he's got an eye, he can't be a blind pig." [Roars of laughter.]

"Hev' you got a wife, Mr. Moore?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it sweet to hev' a nice little wife?"

"Yes."

"When you git up in de morning she kin give you a s-t-r-o-n-g cup of coffee."

"Yes."

"An' give you nice, strong butter?"

"No; not strong butter."

"An' give you a nice, strong hug?"

"Yes."

"An' kiss you at the door, and say, 'By-by, baby; dream of me'?"

"Yes."

"An' when y'ar just gone out the front way, open de back door an' let a great big black nigger in de back way?"

Then they sung a song, with a roaring chorus, called *Cahve de Possum,* after which came more jokes, and then a most comical scene—really the best performance of the evening—between two men, one attired as a woman, with an enormously exaggerated "pull-back," and the other costumed as a journeyman whitewasher. The effects of this scene upon the audience was extremely interesting. The women not only laughed but screamed and leaped in their seats, to fall back and laugh till the tears ran down their cheeks. A well built young black woman named Lucy Mason, whose face still bore the scars of a recent razor-slash, then came upon the stage, attired in a short petticoat with scalloped edges; striped stockings, which displayed a pair of solid, well-turned legs; and boy's brogans. She danced a break-down very fairly, and was several times called out. Then a little roustabout, from New Orleans, danced a jig; and the performance closed with a lengthy but very comical extravaganza entitled *Damon and Pythias.* To the curious visitor, however, the merits of the performance, although an excellent one, was far less entertaining than the spectacle of the enjoyment which it occasioned—the screams of laughter and futile stuffing of handkerchiefs in laughing mouths, the tears of merriment, the innocent appreciation of the most trivial joke, the stamping of feet and leaping, and clapping of hands—a very extravaganza of cachination.

Midnight twanged out from the ancient clock, laughter was heard only in occasional chuckles, a roustabout extinguished the footlights with his weatherbeaten hat, the bar became thronged with dusky drinkers, and the musicians put their instruments by. Then the room suddenly vibrated in every fiber of its pine-planking to a long, deeply swelling sound, which suddenly hushed the chatter like a charm,

Half of the hearts in the room beat a little faster—hearts well trained to recognize the Voices of the River; and the sound grew stronger and sweeter, like an unbroken roll of soft, rich, deep thunder. "The Wildwood," shouted a score of voices at once, and the throng rushed out on the levee to watch the great white boat steaming up in the white moonlight, with a weird train of wreathing smoke behind her, and dark lovers of swarthy levee girls on board.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS [1]

Over the face of the country, throughout Ohio and the adjoining States, the extinct race of giant men who disputed their daily food with a race of monster animals, extinct like themselves, have written a mystic record of their existence in hieroglyphics perhaps uninterpretable, yet everlasting and indestructible save by some vast cataclysm. The mighty characters of this ancient record are not less imposing than the eternal hills themselves. A French theorist, who believed in the plurality of worlds and the possibility of holding communication with the inhabitants of other planets, once advocated the formation of enormous mounds, mathematically shaped, upon some sterile plain, to serve as a Universal Alphabet—for the language of mathematics must be the same in all spheres peopled by intelligent beings. The mountainous alphabet of the dead Nation whom we call Mound-builders offers a practical realization of the French author's idea,—excepting, perhaps, the fact of mathematical form. They wrote upon the face of the earth in such mighty bas-relief, that their hieroglyphics were once regarded as natural hills. Then it was gradually found that these hills possessed strangely unnatural forms. Some coiled in a serpentine circuit, curve within curve for miles, like ophidian monsters of the pre-Adamite age. Some presented the form of a huge tortoise fleeing from the open mouth of a pursuing serpent, whose writhing bulk shadowed the land at sundown for many thousand feet. Some were discovered to be grotesque imitations of the forms of birds

[1] From an article called *Cincinnati Archæologists.*

or deer. Some represented nude prehistoric Man himself in monstrous effigy, and one has been found in colossal mimicry of a spider with vast legs extending over acres of ground. The serpent symbol was a favorite device, and in Adams County, Ohio, may be observed the hilly outline of a half-coiled serpent upwards of a thousand feet in length, which seems about to swallow an egg. But the greater number of mounds were found to be terraced or truncated, as though having once formed substructures for immense temples, which being built of some more perishable material than the Mexican teocallis, have disappeared without leaving a trace. Earthworks of the most extraordinary design are likewise visible throughout the State. At Miamisburg, Brownsville, Liberty, Cedarbank, Marietta, and several places in Pike and Adams Counties, Ohio, mounds have excited the curiosity of archæologists in every civilized country. The great mound at Miamisburg is no less than sixty-eight feet high and eight hundred and fifty-two feet in circumference at the base.

And this dead race of giants who fought with hairy mammoths and enormous cave bears, and perhaps that mastodon whose colossal bones to-day dwarf into comparative delicacy the elephant's rugged skeleton—this race, who bowed before the writhing form of the serpent, and perhaps beheld the megatherium, the plesiosaurus and the monstrous brood of the earth's first-born—who were they? It is at least generally recognized that they were not Indians. Their monumental record little resembles that of the Aztec people; and indeed no other American Nation has left traces satisfactorily analogous to those left by the Mound-builders. But it is worthy of note that very similar remains have been left by the European Mound-builders. Both used similar

weapons of defense; both were serpent-worshipers; both struggled with nature for a rude existence in the Stone Age—perhaps, according to the reckoning of one famous philologist, twenty thousand years ago. The arrowheads of the earliest European races are exact counterparts of those used by the earliest American people, and the serpent-mounds of Ohio and Kentucky are strangely similar in design to the ophite temples of weird Karnac or rocky Stonehenge. Again, the Mound-builders of both hemispheres appear to have been sun-worshipers, and carven disks representing the sun have been found in their graves. But it would appear that the Mound-builders who peopled the Mississippi Valley passed up north and west from the Gulf. Their rude stone implements are mostly wrought from rock which is not found in the region where they have left their mightiest traces. Obsidian, a volcanic product of adamantine density, from which many of their weapons and utensils have been manufactured, is found no nearer to the Mississippi Valley than the Mexican mountains of Cerro Gordo. The Ohio relics of stone are almost all made from material which can not be found in any part of the State. Many arrowheads from the Cincinnati district, for instance, are wrought out of a species of moss-agate almost peculiar to Colorado.

A highly interesting theory of the origin of the Mound-builders, is connected with the most awful and most wonderful of all historic traditions—the ancient Legend of Atlantis, whereof Plato and other ancient writers spake weirdly and dreamfully. Even in their day, it was probably but the echo of a most remote tradition, handed down through the ages. Classic travelers said that toward the setting sun, far beyond the pillars of Hercules, lay a great, fair island, in the

midst of the Unknown Sea, and beyond, yet another island; and still beyond, the foam-kissed shore of the unknown land which girdled the ocean. The first fair island was called Atlantis, and it contained four great kingdoms, with principalities and palaces innumerable. No such island, as geographically described by these writers, has any place in the world, although the researches of modern travelers confirm many long-doubted statements written in the classic ages. But the Aztecs and other ancient races had a dim tradition of such an island, and of a frightful cataclysm which destroyed it, even as the classic authors had written. And some modern theorists believe that there was an Atlantis, inhabited by mighty and wealthy nations.

In fine, there is not wanting testimony to support the opinion that the present continent of America once extended into the Atlantic Ocean as far as the Madeira Islands; that these islands themselves are actually but the summits of a prehistoric mountain chain, which once shadowed Atlantis and its cities; that the ocean gradually divided this lost land into two or more islands, and that the condition of things spoken of by Plato really existed. Then came some calamity so overwhelming and frightful that we can form no adequate conception of it, when the islands and their cities were in one short night lost from the face of the earth. Tradition speaks of terrific earthquakes, of a raging sea eating up the land, of rivers of fire breaking forth from the entrails of the rocks and devouring cities, with their peoples. Some few perhaps escaped to record the calamity in this fearful tradition, which has lived perhaps through ten thousand years.

It is likewise supposed that it was from Northern Europe to Atlantis, and thence overland, or by short sea-journeys,

to the continent beyond—that the Mound-builders came with their cattle.

[It is known that an animal very similar to the American bison once existed in Northern Europe.]

When the Aztecs were questioned by Spanish discoverers as to their ancestry, they replied that they were the children of bearded strangers, with pale skins, who came from the remote East—from the rising sun. Perhaps those pale-skinned strangers were the emigrant Mound-builders, and perhaps thousands upon thousands of years in this western climate permanently bronzed the skins and sharpened the features, and dwarfed the physique of their progeny. We do not hint at these theories because they have any great weight of probability, but simply because they are interesting. The birthplace of the human race might have been, not in the Far East, but in the Far West, or in some lost continent. And here it is worthy of note that in some of the Pacific islands are visible remains not altogether unlike the mounds of the Mound-builders. Perhaps there was also an Atlantis in the Pacific; for the language of Tahiti is recognizably similar to the tongue of Malay.

We can hardly form any satisfactory opinion in regard to the physical characteristics of this primitive race, except that extraordinary strength, activity and endurance must have been necessary to human existence amid such rude conditions. Deep in the heart of their mystic mounds, skeletons have been found, but so completely decayed that the mere contact of the outer air destroyed even their form. It has yet been found impossible to obtain a correct outline of such a skeleton, much less of the entire body, which has been frequently done at Pompeii. Yet skeletons nearly two thousand years old have been unearthed in good preserva-

tion in various parts of Europe; and great indeed must be the lapse of time which reduced the skeletons found in our mounds to so evanescent a stage of decay. Fragments of bones have, however, been preserved sufficiently entire to take casts from, including several portions of skulls. These remains speak ill for the intelligence and physiognomical attributes of the race. Perhaps the best preserved skull yet found in an American mound was discovered at Kenton, Illinois. It is hideous, revolting. The frontal bones are strangely abnormal, the superciliary arches stand out in enormous ridges, the skull-face actually frowns. All the frontal bones are prodigiously thick and strong. A modern human being could hardly gaze into a living face similar to that which once clothed this skull without experiencing such a feeling of terror as the aspect of the most ferocious beast of prey could not produce. But it is not reasonable to suppose that this frightful skull, with its inch-thick brows of frowning bone, is by any means a fair specimen of the 'Mound-builders' cranial development.

The study of American archæology is annually obtaining greater attention from scientists, and may yet result in the elucidation of some highly important ethnological problems. The antiquities of Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Kentucky and Ohio are perhaps being quite as earnestly discussed in Europe as they have yet been in this country, and the mounds of Miamisburg and Adams County are probably better known in London than they are in Cincinnati. In every county throughout this State plows daily turn up the wondrously hewn flints which formed the agricultural implements or battle weapons of this extinct people.

GIANTS AND DWARFS—PIGMIES AND MONSTERS

The taste for the vast in human nature is common to all peoples, whether we consider the vulgar adoration of the rabble for giants and monstrosities, or the refined desires of cultivated minds for large possessions, palatial structures or imposing dwellings. Royalty has ever been prodigal of wealth in the erection of palaces, and plebeian hordes gaze with wonder at physical prowess and gigantic developments. The Colossus of Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world, and Napoleon's proudest monuments are not Austerlitz and Marengo, rather the edifices of grandeur he erected and improvements he devised for his loved Paris. The story of Jack the Giant Killer, told to tottering childhood, the roll of years and flight of time does not efface. Perhaps the most successful satirists of any age were Rabelais and Swift; the one created a Garagantua, the other a land of Brobdignagians. Another may be added—Cervantes—for Don Quixote was the sublimest giant of folly the world ever saw. When the treacherous Greeks would conquer Troy, they devised a gigantic wooden horse, whose imposing proportions easily deceived the too credulous Trojans. When the pious Bunyan would terrify a fear-inspired populace, he invented the Giant Despair. The Bible is full of the records of giants. The chosen people of God fought countless contests with barbarous hordes of men many cubits high. Even Noah's boat did not save all humanity, for the uninspired Enoch says Og, of Bashan, waded in knee-deep beside the

ark, lived on fish fresh caught, that he cooked in the sun, and slept on an iron bedstead thirteen and a half feet long; but it appears he only escaped death by the forty days' moisture of an enraged Deity to meet a fate more tragical than the undramatic method of going to the undiscovered country by which the rest of the world made their exit, for seeing a camp of Israelites six miles long he seized a huge mountain and raising it high aloft was about to hurl it with undisguised violence at the encamped hordes when a giant worm ate it in two, and the scattered fragments buried beneath their ruin this huge monster. He met a fate not dissimilar to that which the feat of the giant Samson, when he pulled down the walls of Gaza, effected on his luckless head. Lisping infancy treasures among its smartest sayings the not overly reverential doggerel of

> "Little David with his sling
> At Goliah he did fling;
> Hit Goliah on the head,
> Make Goliah fall down dead."

Classical antiquity is peopled with giants, and sad havoc have they played. Violent contortions of nature, huge spoutings of volcanoes, terrific storms, all of which modern science explains by physical laws, meteorological changes or climatic causes, the vivid imaginations of poets and philosophers attributed to the enraged battlings of giants, or their mad revilings against a power more gigantic than their own. Hence wind-storms were the breathings of some monster who must have possessed a huge mouth, and Mount Ætna rested on the body of a giant who breathed out fire and smoke at every uneasy toss he made from side to side, or at every dyspeptic belching or qualm his colossal stom-

ach experienced. Thunder, the modern effect of clouds overcharged with electricity from an overheated earth, was the commanding voice of an angry Divinity, or the rumblings of his heaven-rolling chariot wheels, while lightning was the halo that surrounded his regal magnificence. The milky way, now explained by certain relations of light to the location of heavenly bodies, was to the Greek mind understood to be caused by the emissions of an obstreperous and giant brat Hercules, who, not getting enough maternal milk to satiate his precocious appetite, spit athwart the sky a huge mouthful. Instances innumerable of the popular method of antiquity in explaining as giant deeds every phenomenon of nature that the childhood of science, in bib and swaddling clothes, rocked in its cradle by superstition and romance, could not comprehend, were thus giants glorified by the wise men of the era. Though the ancients loved to magnify the records of giants, we sometimes are tempted to think that they were drawn in colors highly toned in order to show the great powers of such mortals or heroes as successfully vied with them. Ulysses, the Homeric hero, gets the solitary-eyed, man-eating Polyphemus blind-drunk, runs a red-hot fire-brand into his visionary organ, and crawls out of his reach beneath his stalwart legs. Nor has time in any way diminished humanity's admiration for giants. Poets have joked about them, philosophers theorized, travelers discovered new ones and a credulous and curiosity-loving public swelled the coffers of the Barnums and showmen who exhibited them. To be more specific, one poet thus describes one whose tastes were piscatorial:

"His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable that in storms ne'er broke,

His hook he baited with a dragon's tail
And sat on a rock as he bobbed for whale."

Milton, in *Paradise Regained,* recognizes the giants of earth, forgetting the idea from an old author who says: "God set angels to guard the earth, but they became enamored with the rapturous charms of the children of men and begat children three thousand cubits high," for he makes Satan say to Belial:

"Before the flood, though with thy lusty crew,
False tilted sons of God roaming the earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them and begat a race of men."

But rare Ben Jonson in more comic strain speaks of a well known giantess in his day, known as "Long Meg," who played many hoydenish pranks, and ended her days by keeping a "Pothouse."

"Or Westminster Meg,
With her long leg—
As long as a crane—
And feet like a plane,
With a pair of heels
As broad as two wheels."

Bryon speaks of the giants' cave in *Don Juan.* Philosophers have had their say. England has produced a man who spent his life in looking up living giants and collected their bones, while doctors have been so eager for their bodies for dissection that at one time no giant could be hired without his exhibitor made written contract to give him Christian burial, and the story of the giant clerk of the

Bank of England, whose only will was that his body be buried within the bank inclosure safe from the seizure of the "nasty doctors," is familiar.

France has produced a philosopher who contends that giants and dwarfs are affected by sea air, nearness to the Poles and climatic causes. Men on sea coast where air is humid are larger, as the Scots and Irish, while those of an inland, mountainous country, where the air is dryer, are of a smaller stature, as the Swiss. Then at the Poles they are smaller, while those at the Equator are large; but these theories will hardly bear scrutiny since the Esquimaux at the North Pole are proverbially small, whilst the Patagonians, at the South Pole are proverbially large and both Du Chaillu and Stanley speak of dwarfs near the Equator. Other philosophers deridingly call them knock-kneed and flat-footed, feeble in mind and short-lived. And this much is true, that giants of modern times have rarely either been long-lived or shown much mental capacity.

Travelers have recorded much of giants, from Cook downward, and during the past century in England there was no show complete without a giant, and at one given in 1784 there were no less than thirty exhibited, and drew crowds, though a few years later the public seem to have got their fill of the giant business.

We do not know that giants are indigenous to any particular soil or locality, yet of all countries of modern times Ireland seems to be the Mother of Giants. Maybe they lived in "Giant's Causeway." They tell a legend of one, Tribiggan by name, who lived on Land's End, and seized with his long arms the sailors from passing ships. This is a fit tale to tell to marines. There is a cliff in Ireland where visitors are shown an enormous rock which forty men

could not move, impressed with long, deep marks not unlike gigantic finger prints. In early days a giantess lived here, and when darkness came on lighted a candle, which deceiving passing ships, lured them to destruction on the rocks beneath, where the poor sailors fell an easy prey to her cannibal propensities. One night a broth of a boy, Regan by name, blew it out, and she in anger seized a huge bowlder and hurled it at him, leaving the marks of her lily white fingers, long and tapering, visible to this day. From these and such like monsters, down to the days of the late Ned O'Baldwin, who was nearly seven feet high, the crop of Irish giants has been very plentiful. Toward the close of the last century and opening of the present the harvest was bountiful indeed. No less than twenty of them exhibited in London, and so famous became one named O'Brien—eight feet four inches high—that every few years long after his demise enterprising showmen announced him in their bills both in London and the rural towns.

Another case for Spiritualists.

One of the last of the Irish giants was Shaunnabontree, who died December 6, 1856, at the advanced age of seventy years. He was seven feet high, and left four sons. One of his compeers, Murphy by name, died in 1857, a few inches short of nine feet.

Then there was—

"John McPherson
Was a wonderful person.
He was six feet two
Without his shoe,
And he was slew
At Waterloo."

In modern times many will recollect the Norfolk giant, who visited New York in 1848, who was seven feet six inches high, weighed thirty-three stone of fourteen pounds to the stone, measured around the chest sixty-two inches, around the abdomen sixty-four inches, around the shoulders thirty-six inches, around the thigh thirty-six inches, and around the calf of the leg twenty-seven inches—a colossal monster, indeed.

In February, 1864, the veracious Barnum had four giants, whom he advertised as each eight feet in height and their total weight as over 15,000 pounds.

The Chinese pretend to have giants who formerly guarded the city gates, that were fifteen feet high. Some years ago, in Marion, Ohio, skeletons, some thirty in number, of which twenty-eight were males, were found, which were of the enormous length of eight feet.

We conclude the giant business with an extract from Webb's *Glances at the Suburbs and City of London,* descriptive of the long lawyer:

"He once affected to ride a cob, but it was soon perceived he was only walking, and that the little fellow was only trotting along between his legs, as it were, under his auspices. Sitting some time after dinner, one day, he remarked, on a sudden, that he would get up and stretch himself. If you had seen the consternation, or if I could describe it! He would pertinaciously persist in traveling by one coach when he ought to have gone in three; and when he was resolutely bent on riding inside, they made a hole through the roof for his head and shoulders, and got informed against for carrying baggage higher than the number of inches allowed by Parliament. His tailor, when he measured him, like a sensible man, stood on a flight of steps; but three of his journeymen, unused to such a perpendicular position, are said to have

broken their necks. He never laughed till the laughing was all over with the rest of the audience; it took a joke some time to travel from his ear to his midriff and tickle it to laughter."

While the Bible is replete with illusions to individual and tribes of giants, there is only one place when a dwarf is directly mentioned. In Leviticus xxi: 20, the law is laid down that no dwarf shall offer sacrifies at the altar. There is one other allusion which indirectly alludes to Zaccheus of "small stature." He

"Who climbed a tree,
His Lord to see."

The Romans, especially the ladies of tone, kept a house full of them. Julia, the daughter of the Emperor Augustus, had one named Canopas, who was only two feet high, and another named Andromeda. Her father liked them if they were good looking, so different from the Spanish Court, where they only harbored them as they were hideous, deformed, hump-backed and ugly. For there are pictures by both Raphael and Velasquez, of court scenes in which their hideous features form some part of the foreground. The wicked Catharine de Medici, of St. Bartholomew notoriety, and whose crimes by poison would fill a volume, and whose treacheries, plots and schemes many more, had a *penchant* for little people, and she conceived the brilliant idea of having a nation of them made to order, but her experiment was attended with no success, and the first wife of Joachim Frederic, Elector of Brandenburg, assembled a number of both sexes together for the same purpose, but she soon gave it up as a bad job. However, Peter the Great once made a great performance of a dwarf marriage, undoubtedly with

a view of encouraging others to make the venture. It was in 1710, and Peter proclaimed the banns many months before all over the Kingdom, and peremptorily ordered all dwarfs within two hundred miles of the Capital to be present. He even sent carriages after them, and brought many by main force. An elegant banquet was spread for them, the tiniest little dishes, tables and chairs, resembling more a modern dolls' tea-party than anything else. Those that came late were made to wait on the rest, and many were the bickerings they had among themselves as to who should sit first, and where, but the grand time was when the ball came. The bride and groom led off, each being three feet two inches high.

Charles the First gave away the bride to the Court Dwarf, William Gibson, and the Queen presented her with a diamond ring, on which occasion the long-forgotten Waller, court poet, wrote some poor verses. In fact Charles seemed fond of dwarfs, and had many at his court, with whom he played all sorts of pranks. On one occasion at a court banquet he had one served up in a cold pie, out of which he jumped at the proper time, all armed and accoutered with rapier and a tiny helmet. The King, in a merry mood, conferred the order of Knighthood on him, and suffered him to alternately make love and quarrel with the Queen's monkey on grounds of equality.

Literature has not much to do with dwarfs. Byron often mentions them in his Eastern descriptions, but his opinion of them was low, for he says:

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

Scott makes one who was hideous and an outcast in Scotland a heroine in one of his Waverley Novels, and Sir Isaac

Newton's mother used to say that when he was a baby she put him in a quart cup. Philetus, a Greek philosopher, is spoken of as being so small that he carried stones in his pocket to keep from blowing away. The pigmies of fabulous days who fought with cranes and built houses of their egg-shells are perhaps akin to the very diminutive creatures Du Chaillu and Stanley describe. In the *Guardian* mention is made of a little men's club, to which fancy Tim Tuck and Tom Tiptoe, a dapper little fellow, as gallant a lover as ever wooed or won fair lady, belonged. Among some curious old advertisements of dwarfs, we select the following:

"This is to give notice to all gentlemen, ladies and others, admirers of curiosities, that there is lately arrived from France, a man six-and-forty years old, one foot nine inches high, yet fathoms six foot five inches, with his arms. He walks natural upon his hands, raising his body one foot four inches off the ground, jumps upon a table near three foot high with one hand, and leaps off without making use of anything but his hands, or letting his body touch the ground. He shows some part of military exercise on his hands as well as if he stood upon his legs. He will go to any gentleman's house if required. He has had the honor to be shown before the Court of France, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Princess and the most of the nobility and gentry."

But probably the most remarkable dwarf ever known was Count Boruwlaski, who was born in Poland in 1739, who was raised by the Countess de Tarnow, and finally presented to Maria Theresa, the Queen of Austria, and mother of Marie Antoinette. The Queen, on his presentation, took him up in her lap, and asked him what he saw in Vienna that most excited his admiration and wonder. With all the wit

and adroitness of a courtier he replied, "What I now behold!" "And what is that?" asked the Queen. "To see so little a man sitting in the lap of so great a woman," replied Boruwlaski. The Empress wore a ring on which was her cipher in diamonds. His hand being in hers, she asked him whether the cipher was pretty. He replied, "I beg your Majesty's pardon, I am not looking at the ring, but on your Majesty's beautiful hand which I beseech your permission to kiss," at the same time raising it to his lips. This was to much for the Queen, whose flattered vanity must needs make some return; so she called up Marie Antoinette, then a little girl, and took a handsome diamond off her finger and gave the Count. The Count spoke German and French fluently, understood arithmetic and could read and write well. While at Munich a rival dwarf in size, Bebe by name, became furiously jealous of the attentions bestowed on him, and tried one day to push him into the fire, but timely interference being at hand his life was saved. He afterwards visited England, where he amassed quite a fortune by giving concerts and exhibitions. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-eight years. He had a wife and one child. He was thirty-five inches high, and died September 5, 1837, in Durham, England. Were we to select a Nation where dwarfs are most common it would be Russia. There they are made much of, and travelers relate that in Sweden, Lapland, Norway, Russia and Finland there live a class of diminutive people called Olanders, whose mothers stint their growth by feeding them when very young on raw spirits. A similar treatment is pursued by dog fanciers to raise diminutive tan terriers.

They tell a story of a dwarf who volunteered to fight under Garibaldi in Sicily, but was rejected as undersized by

the committee. He went to the General, and begging to be accepted, was refused. After a battle he rushed up to the General, saying: "See, General, you would not take me, but you could not prevent my coming. I have fought well, indeed I have, and I am wounded, too." Garibaldi who recognized him, cried: "Bravo! and where are you wounded?" After some hesitation he showed a wound between his shoulders. "Oh, fie," said the General, "wounded in the back! I knew you would never be any good." The dwarf retired confused. After another battle he again accosted the General: "Here I am, General, wounded; but this time on the right side." And pointing to a wound in his heart, fell dead at the General's feet.

NOTES ON FORREST'S FUNERAL

MEMPHIS, November 1, 1877.

From a Main street window, yesterday, I watched the passing of Forrest's funeral, and the long procession afforded an impressive, if not an imposing spectacle. It was headed by a troop of perhaps two hundred horsemen, mostly ex-Confederate soldiers in Forrest's Cavalry; then came a brass band playing the old-fashioned military *Dead March;* then rifle teams and companies of militia, in gray or blue; ex-Confederates on foot; members of society lodges; the black-plumed hearse drawn by four black horses, and accompanied by negro prisoners from the Forrest plantation in convict garb; firemen; policemen, and a long file of carriages, hacks and other vehicles. The Mayor and city officials were there; Jefferson Davis, who acted as pall-bearer, and other chiefs of the old Confederacy; and among the horsemen were several of General Forrest's war staff. Governor Porter was one of the fourteen pall-bearers. Several hotels and warehouses were draped in mourning, and the business of the city was almost suspended during the passing of the funeral. At intervals the fire bells tolled and minute-guns crashed from the bluff. I observed a large number of the horsemen with gray jackets on, and half hoped to see several old Confederate uniforms in the troop. But there was only one Confederate uniform in the procession, and that was worn by the occupant of the hearse.

It would be altogether erroneous, however, to infer from these funeral honors that Nathan Bedford Forrest was uni-

versally popular in the City of Memphis. He was actually quite unpopular with a large portion of the community, who feared and disliked him about evenly. By the old soldiers and Confederate officers he was fairly worshiped, and these conducted all the arrangements for the great funeral, and requested the merchants to close their business houses. Many did close them; others did not. Perhaps they remembered that some of the General's business transactions since the war would scarcely bear impartial scrutiny. For instance, he had borrowed heavily two weeks before his failure with disastrous consequences to one of his creditors. There can be little doubt that, had the General lived, he would have endeavored to meet all obligations, even those of honor; but people are slow to forgive or forget such things.

His business faults could only, however, have rendered him unpopular with a certain class; his ferocity and reckless temper—faults not incompatible with fine qualities as a soldier—made him far more enemies. Old citizens of Memphis mildly described him to me as "a terror." He would knock a man down upon the least provocation, and, whether with or without weapons, there were few people in the city whom he could not worst in a fight. Imagine a man about six feet three inches in height, very sinewy and active, with a vigorous, rugged face, bright gray eyes that always look fierce, eyebrows that seem always on the verge of a frown, and dark brown hair and chin-beard, with strong inclination to curl, and you have some idea of Forrest's appearance before his last illness. He was, further, one of the most arbitrary, imperious and determined men that it is possible to conceive of as holding a high position in a civilized community. Rough, rugged, desperate, uncultured, his char-

acter fitted him rather for the life of the borderer than the planter; he seemed by nature a typical pioneer, one of those fierce and terrible men, who form in themselves a kind of protecting fringe to the borders of white civilization. In fact, he came of a good old pioneer family, who settled in and gave their name to Bedford County, Tennessee, and their children inherited the characteristics of the American settler through several generations.

It was a terrible family, this Forrest family. There were seven boys and three girls; the eldest of the sons being Nathan Bedford. All the sons grew up to be fighting men; and several were killed in the ranks of the Confederacy. There was only one of the seven, however, who turned out to be what we might really term a desperado, and that was Bill Forrest, the only man General Forrest used to say that he ever felt afraid of. "No one living," said the General, "can tell when Bill's going to get mad." And whenever Bill got mad he shot, and he never missed his man. "He used to carry a 'navy' about this long," said my informant, putting his hands three feet apart, "and wore a long coat to hide it." Bill killed men almost at regular intervals, both before and after the war. I am told he killed many during the war, but that, I suppose, was legitimate. Since the war he slew men in Mississippi, and Alabama, and Georgia, and had to leave various cities in those various States because of these things. Where known he was feared, as a Western chronicler said of a border desperado, "much more than the Almighty." Yet he had many warm friends, and might have settled down into a man of peace had he not finally killed himself by dissipation.

Nathan Bedford Forrest could not have been justly termed a desperado at any period of his remarkable career,

although he was always a desperate man. He killed a number of people in personal difficulties, but I do not believe ever wantonly. He was simply one of those men who considered themselves bound to avenge an insult on the instant it was given, and a man so arbitrary and determined as General Forrest was certain to provoke insults, oftentimes unintentionally. Generally, however, Forrest had no occasion to use weapons, for few men could match him in physical strength, or in what the English term bottom. He was one of those men who never acquire any adipose tissue, and form as hard as wood; he had performed all sorts of manual labor until he became as tough as hickory, and his vitality was of that kind which never requires the stimulus of alcohol. They say that he could not possibly sit quiet in a chair or on a carriage seat.

His father had moved to Mississippi while the rest of the children were all quite young, and died not long afterward, leaving Nathan with the whole family to support. Consequently the boy had no opportunity for study, and was unable to obtain schooling until many years afterward. He worked as a common laborer at first, and ultimately secured means enough to embark in the livery stable business, at Hernando, Mississippi. There he first acquired celebrity as a fighter, by killing or wounding nearly all of a gang who attacked him in the Public Square. His uncle was killed by his side. Forrest was unarmed when the attack was made, but his uncle handed him a pistol; and some bystanders also gave him weapons, I am told.

This gave him a reputation; and he was treated with considerable respect when he removed his business to Memphis. He gave up the occupation of a livery stable keeper soon afterwards to follow that of a slave-dealer, or "nigger-

trader," as the folks here call it. And Forrest became one of the greatest slave-dealers in the whole South.

On Adams street, near Main, there is a square, old-fashioned four-story building, with a brick piazza of four arches, painted yellow. This is now called the Central Hotel. It used to be Forrest's slave market, or "nigger mart," as you please. Here were sold thousands upon thousands of slaves. It is said Forrest was kind to his negroes; that he never separated members of a family, and that he always told his slaves to go out in the city and choose their own masters. There is no instance of any slave taking advantage of the permission to run away. Forrest taught them that it was to their own interest not to abuse the privilege; and, as he also taught them to fear him exceedingly, I can believe the story. There were some men in town to whom he would never sell a slave, because they had the reputation of being cruel masters. At least so I am informed by personal friends of the late General. So successful was Forrest as a slave-trader that in 1860 he was worth considerably more than a quarter of a million in slaves, stocks and lands, owning a splendid plantation in Coahomo County, Mississippi, with two hundred field hands, and making upwards of 1000 bales of cotton yearly.

As to the part taken by the great slave-dealer in the war,—how fearlessly and ferociously he fought for the institution which had made him wealthy—I need not speak. For the deeds of Forrest, have they not been faithfully chronicled in the great volume of seven hundred pages, dedicated to the dead troopers who made famous the name of "Forrest's Cavalry?" Such is, I believe, the spirit of the dedication. But as the funeral procession passed down mourning Main street and by the Gayoso House, I thought of the dar-

ing raid made by the great guerrilla General into Memphis on a certain night in August, 1864, when the town was full of Union men; and it seemed a strange coincidence that the funeral was passing down the very street along which Forrest's Cavalry had made their desperate charge one gray morning, thirteen years before.

Even as a soldier, however, Forrest's arbitrary ways were continually involving him in difficulty with the Confederate Government. He could not brook being under orders, and chafed under restraint of any kind, and was always quarreling with some other General who outranked him. He ended usually by having things his own way; but it is said that one of the officers of his staff was, during the whole latter part of the war, employed only in endeavoring to "get things straight" between Forrest and the leaders of the Confederacy. There are, of course, various opinions as to Forrest's military abilities. Some aver that, had he been appointed Commander-in-Chief, the war would have lasted longer or ended differently; others allege that his lack of military education unfitted him for such a position; but the people of Memphis usually speak of him as the greatest Southern General of the war. Soldiers who served under him never seem to tire of talking about him; they will tell you how he could tell, with a single glance along a rank of men, if the least thing was out of order in accoutrements, weapons, etc.; how he always rode first into an engagement; how, when a piece of artillery was mired and the troops had vainly striven for hours to get it out until the advent of Forrest resulted in its removal within a few minutes; how he ruled his men so that they feared him more than the enemy, and yet confided in him as though he were incapable of an error or a fault.

The war ruined him, and he set to work rebuilding his fortunes. He started in several undertakings—among others the Selma Railroad—and failed. (The road is still unfinished, and the ties are lying along the way just where they were placed four years ago.) Then he returned to planting on the old system.

He bought an island plantation on the Mississippi, below Memphis, and contracted with the city for the labor of all her petty criminals at ten cents per day per prisoner. He put up buildings and made the island a reformatory. There were few white convicts sent there, however—nearly all negroes—and these for work-house offenses only, such as would entitle them in Cincinnati to sentences of from thirty days to six months. He planted 800 acres in cotton, 400 in corn, and managed the criminals on the old slave plantation plan. No one was fitter to manage such a place. Before his last sickness he was on the point of making another fortune, and was making more than 500 bales of cotton a year, to say nothing of other farm products. The island was malarious, but they say negroes are not affected by malaria.

However, the miasmatic air of the island poisoned the strong old man. He recognized the presence of the disease and its source, but worked on fiercely, as though in defiance of pestilence and fever; and the convicts, doubtless, found his ways just as arbitrary and his will just as strong as ever. His inflexible will had always triumphed, and he fancied, perhaps, that it would conquer even his growing weakness. But at last there came to this grim guerrilla the grimmest of all guerrillas—the fantastic Rider of the Pale Horse, whose ways were much more arbitrary and whose will was much stronger than even the ways and the will of Nathan Bedford Forrest.

I do not think it can be said of Forrest that he became less fierce as he grew older. His temper during the last few years of his life was just as ungovernable as ever. On one occasion, for example, he had ordered a suit of clothes from a well known firm in Memphis. After the clothes were made, Forrest allowed them to lie so long in the store that the moths got into them. When he did call for them at last and take them home, he discovered the work of the destructive moths, and became fearfully enraged. He went back to the store and cursed the proprietor in a terrible and wonderful manner, and swore more awfully than any trooper of the famously profane army in Flanders. Of course the proprietor of the store had to endure it under pain of death or a most terrible whipping. He ventured to remonstrate at last.

"General," said he, "I am very sorry this thing happened; we did not know the clothes were moth eaten, and are willing to make all reparation possible."

But the man's humble apology only exasperated Forrest the more. He would have greatly preferred an angry quarrel. He pulled out his pistol and thrust it at the tailor's head.

"Why, General," exclaimed the trembling man, "you would not shoot me for such a trifle as that!"

"G—d d—n you, yes," roared Forrest; "I'd shoot you like a rat." But he didn't shoot.

He went home and thought over the matter and saw it in the proper light; for he had his generous impulses. Next day he apologized to that man as humbly and sincerely as any human being could apologize. It became actually painful to hear his apology. But then he was often doing just such things, and apologizing for them; and all whom he

abused were not so forgiving as the good natured tailor. Sometimes he would get so ashamed of his conduct that he would first send a friend to the person he had abused as a herald of apologies.

"Good gracious! General," exclaimed one of these heralds one day, "can you do nothing with that temper of yours?"

"No; I'll be d—d if I can," returned Forrest, on the point of getting mad again.

Perhaps his strange luck in all personal encounters was principally due to the fact that he never suffered a quarrel to grow old or cold, and always took the initiative in a fight whenever that was possible. Still, his luck was remarkable. He was blown up in a steamboat explosion, and shot at from ambuscades, and shot in battle, and shot in private fights, and always escaped comparatively unhurt. I think the grimmest story I have been told about him is that of Gould's unsuccessful attempt upon his life at Columbia, Tennessee, during the War. I heard it from the lips of one of the General's staff officers, who witnessed the latter portion of the tragedy.

Gould was a lieutenant of artillery, I believe, under Forrest, and had several times refused to obey orders. It is said he showed cowardice, and Forrest abominated cowardice. The General sent word to the young officer that he had better resign to save himself from disgrace, as his cowardice rendered it necessary to fill his place. Shortly afterward Forrest was sitting at the window of his hotel, unarmed, twirling a white-handled penknife in his fingers, and Gould entered in a desperate frame of mind. He had on one of those Kentucky coats with pleated tail, and belt attached, and in the right-hand side pocket he had a loaded pistol.

"General," he said rapidly and desperately, "you said I was a coward, and it is a lie!"

His hand was resting on the trigger of the cocked pistol in his pocket at the time, and he knew Forrest would hit him. So he pointed the pistol, still in his pocket, at Forrest and pulled the trigger.

The pistol did not go off, the hammer had caught in the lining of Gould's coat pocket.

With his left hand Forrest seized the young man by his coat collar and pulled him towards him; with his right hand he raised the white-handled penknife to his mouth, and opened the blade with his teeth. Gould got his pistol out of his pocket and Forrest opened the knife-blade with his teeth about the same time. Gould placed the muzzle of his pistol against Forrest's gown and fired, and almost simultaneously Forrest plunged the blade of the penknife into the artillery officer's abdomen, and with a single ripping cut nearly disemboweled him. Forrest's wound proved to be insignificant; Gould's I need hardly say proved fatal.

But Forrest never acknowledged himself to have been placed "in a bad fix" except once, which was in the city of Memphis. General Chalmers and a merchant in Memphis, named J. C. Davis, had some small disagreement about money matters. I think *that* Chalmers owned some property rented to relatives of Davis, and wrote a sharp business note to them about the rent. Davis replied by a very fierce note which inspired Chalmers with a strong desire to "go and see him." On the way to see Davis Chalmers met General Forrest, and asked the General to go there along with him. Forrest went, ignorant of the real state of affairs. Scarcely had the two Generals arrived at the head of the stairs leading to Davis' business office, when the door

was suddenly flung open and Davis knocked Chalmers from the top of the stairs to the bottom. The next instant he presented a heavy revolver at Forrest's head, explaining, "And this is what I've got for you—two Confederate Generals coming to whip one man."

"Hold on! hold on, Mr. Davis!" cried Forrest: "there's some mistake here. I don't want any fuss with you—don't know what all this is about. General Chalmers asked me to come along with him, and I didn't know there was any trouble between you."

He was glad to get away, and began to inquire what sort of a man that J. C. Davis was. Folks told him Davis was one of the most quiet, peaceable men in town. "Well, he may be peaceable," returned Forrest, "but he put me in the tightest place I was ever in in my life." Yet he never showed any ill-will to Davis afterward, evidently admiring his pluck.

About a hundred and fifty of his old slaves, I am told, came to look at their dead master as he lay in the casket at the church. But I doubt if any one could have recognized him, for he seemed only a skeleton in Confederate uniform.

He was fond of children, and had the power of making them fond of him, as most strong, fierce men seem to have. A little child, daughter of General Wheeler, sent flowers for his grave all the way from Southern Alabama, "because," she said, "she loved him."

I saw and heard these things only as a stranger in a strange city may observe the last of a long chain of unfamiliar events, and I can not dare to say that the evil outbalanced the good, or that the good outweighed the evil in the dark character of this man of iron. I have only spoken of the funeral and its associate gossip as they impressed

me. The same night they buried him, there came a storm. From the same room whence I had watched the funeral I saw the Northern mists crossing the Mississippi into Arkansas, like an invading army; then came gray rain, and at last a fierce wind, making wild charges through it all. Somehow or other the queer fancy came to me that the dead Confederate cavalrymen, rejoined by their desperate leader, were fighting ghostly battles with the men who died for the Union.

MEMPHIS TO NEW ORLEANS

A Glimpse of the Mississippi Down Below.

NEW ORLEANS, November 14, 1877.

The antiquity of the name Memphis—a name suggesting vastness and ruin—compels something of reverential feeling; and I approached the Memphis of the Mississippi dreaming solemnly of the Memphis of the Nile. I found the great cotton mart truly Egyptian in its melancholy decay, and not, therefore, wholly unworthy of its appellation. Tenantless warehouses, with shattered windows; poverty-stricken hotels that vainly strive to keep up appearances; rows of once splendid buildings, from whose façades the paint has almost all scaled off; mock "stone fronts," whence the stucco has fallen in patches, exposing the humble brick reality underneath; dinginess, dirt and dismal dilapidation greet the eye at every turn. The city's life seems to have contracted about its heart, leaving the greater portion of its body paralyzed. Its commercial pulse appears to beat very feebly. It gives one the impression of a place that had been stricken by some great misfortune beyond hope of recovery. Yet, Memphis still handles one-fifth of the annual cotton crop—often more than a million bales in a season—and in this great branch of commerce the city will always hold its own, though fine buildings crumble and debts accumulate and warehouses lie vacant.

It is really difficult to understand why in a city of little more than forty years' growth almost everything should

look so antiquated and neglected. Some of the principal buildings seem hundreds of years old. Even Court Square, the little park that was opened only a few years ago, looks ancient. The bright-eyed, tame squirrels that run to meet you, over the gravel walks, and climb into your lap uninvited, appear to be the great-grandchildren of squirrels domesticated by a former generation of Memphians; the trees are old and huge; the graceful nude Venus, standing in bronze at the Main street entrance, and the bronze copy of Canova's Hebe, surmounting the Central Fountain, look older than the trees. Especially the little nude Venus at the street fountain, who has become all of one dusky, grayish green hue, preserving her youth only in the beauty of her rounded figure and unwrinkled comeliness of face. Hebe's back must have been protected by the park trees from soot and rain, however, for when you get behind her you will find her pretty shoulders still glowing like new copper, while the rest of her figure has assumed the deep green-gray, mouldy color that makes bronze statues look venerable. I think the effect of the Central Fountain is marred by the inartistic artifice of placing big wooden swans in the little basin.

This quaint square, with its fountains, its squirrels and venerable trees; the handsome Odd Fellows' building overlooking it, whose white dome is beautiful when clearly cut against a blue afternoon sky; the Baptist Church, half a dozen blocks away, with its medieval-looking clock-tower; and a brick warehouse, with alligator skins and leopard skins, and a stuffed alligator, all nailed to its door-posts outside,—include, I believe, all the picturesque features of Memphis. The rest seemed to me ragged and crumbling, like the bluffs overlooking the levee. Even fresh white-

washing looks sepulchral in Memphis,—more dismal by far than the prison-like walls of the enormous cotton sheds or the empty buildings on some parts of Main street. But when rain and white fogs come, the melancholy of Memphis becomes absolutely Stygian; all things wooden utter strange groans and crackling sounds; all things of stone or stucco sweat as in the agony of dissolution, and beyond the cloudy brow of the bluffs the Mississippi flows dimly, a spectral river, a Styx-flood, with pale mists lingering like Shades upon its banks, waiting for that ghostly ferryman, the Wind.

Elagabalus, wishing to obtain some idea of the vastness of imperial Rome, ordered all the cobwebs in the city to be collected together and heaped up before him. Estimated by such a method, the size of Memphis would appear vast enough to have astonished even Elagabalus.

The stranger, however, is apt to leave Memphis with one charming recollection of the place—the remembrance of the sunset scene from the bluffs across the river over Arkansas. I do not think that any part of the world can offer a more unspeakably beautiful spectacle to the traveler than what he may witness any fair evening from those rugged old bluffs at Memphis. The first time I saw it the day had been perfectly bright and clear,—the blue of the sky was unclouded by the least fleecy stain of white cloud; and the sun descended in the west,—not in a yellow haze, or a crimson fog, but with the splendor of his fiery glory almost undimmed. He seemed to leave no trace of his bright fires behind him; and the sky-blue began to darken into night-purple from the east almost immediately. I thought at first it was one of the least romantic sunsets I had ever seen. It was not until the stars were out; and the night had actu-

ally fallen, that I beheld the imperial magnificence of that sunset.

As the deep night deepened above, a vast light began to glow all along the west, broadening and brightening like the reflection of some enormous conflagration. It looked as though the sky borders had been heated to white heat by the furnace fires of the sun; and that the darkness was necessary to make visible the mighty warmth. The glow was as the glow of molten iron, with a deepening tendency to yellow. Then the yellow deepened; and the whole west was lined with a mighty band of orange-colored light, paling off into the night blue through tints of gold and tender green. The effect was most peculiar in the city. Standing on Main street at any crossing and looking up the cross street with one's back to the river, it seemed all night, above as well as before. But when you turned toward the levee the orange glory appeared like a huge light at the foot of the street. From the bluff you could see the whole line of the splendor, and it recalled memories of those famous effects of light in John Martin's picture of the Heavenly City.

Yet one leaves Memphis with little regret, despite those lovely sunsets, for rain and storms are more frequent than fine days. The day of my departure I watched the cotton-boats being loaded, being myself upon a cottonboat; and the sight, at first novel, became actually painful as the afternoon waned and the shadows of the steamboat chimneys lengthened on the levee. Cotton, cotton, cotton,—thump, thump, thump,—bump, bump, bump; until everything seemed a mass of bagging and iron bands, blotched with white, and one felt as if under the influence of a cotton

nightmare. Just when the boat was leaving the levee, it suddenly occurred to me that the color of the face of the bluffs and the color of the new cotton bales piled along the slope were almost precisely the same; and the irregularly broken brownness of the bluffs themselves helped out the fancy that Memphis was actually built upon bales of cotton. Allegorically speaking, this is strictly true.

—I once thought when sailing up the Ohio one bright Northern summer that the world held nothing more beautiful than the scenery of the Beautiful River,—those voluptuous hills with their sweet feminine curves, the elfin gold of that summer haze, and the pale emerald of the river's verdure-reflecting breast. But even the loveliness of the Ohio seemed faded, and the Northern sky-blue palely cold, like the tint of iceberg pinnacles, when I beheld for the first time the splendor of the Mississippi.

"You must come on deck early to-morrow," said the kind Captain of the *Thompson Dean;* "we are entering the Sugar Country."

So I saw the sun rise over the cane fields of Louisiana.

It rose with a splendor that recalled the manner of its setting at Memphis, but of another color;—an auroral flush of pale gold and pale green bloomed over the long fringe of cottonwood and cypress trees, and broadened and lengthened half way round the brightening world. The glow seemed tropical, with the deep green of the trees sharply cutting against it; and one naturally looked for the feathery crests of cocoa-nut palms. Then the day broke gently and slowly,—a day too vast for a rapid dawn,—a day that seemed deep as Space. I thought our Northern sky narrow and cramped as a vaulted church-roof beside

that sky,—a sky so softly beautiful, so purely clear in its immensity, that it made one dream of the tenderness of a woman's eyes made infinite.

And the giant river broadened to a mile,—smooth as a mirror, still and profound as a mountain lake. Between the vastness of the sky and the vastness of the stream, we seemed moving suspended in the midst of day, with only a long, narrow tongue of land on either side breaking the brightness. Yet the horizon never became wholly blue. The green-golden glow lived there all through the day; and it was brightest in the south. It was so tropical, that glow;—it seemed of the Pacific, a glow that forms a background to the sight of lagoons and coral reefs and "lands where it is always afternoon."

Below this glow gleamed another golden green, the glory of the waving cane fields beyond the trees. Huge sugar mills were breathing white and black clouds into the sky, as they masticated their mighty meal; and the smell of saccharine sweetness floated to us from either shore. Then we glided by miles of cotton-fields with their fluttering white bolls; and by the mouths of broad bayous;—past swamps dark with cypress gloom, where the gray alligator dwells, and the gray Spanish moss hangs in elfish festoons from ancient trees;—past orange-trees and live-oaks, pecans and cottonwoods and broad-leaved bananas; while the green of the landscape ever varied, from a green so dark that it seemed tinged with blue to an emerald so bright that it seemed shot through with gold. The magnificent old mansions of the Southern planters, built after a generous fashion unkown in the North, with broad verandas and deliciously cool porches, and all painted white or perhaps a pale yellow, looked out grandly across the water from the hearts of shad-

owy groves; and, like villages of a hundred cottages, the negro quarters dotted the verdant face of the plantation with far-gleamings points of snowy whiteness.

And still that wondrous glow brightened in the south, like a far-off reflection of sunlight on the Spanish Main.

—"But it does not look now as it used to in the old slave days," said the pilot as he turned the great wheel. "The swamps were drained, and the plantations were not overgrown with cottonwood; and somehow or other the banks usen't to cave in then as they do now."

I saw, indeed, signs of sad ruin on the face of the great plantations; there were splendid houses crumbling to decay, and whole towns of tenantless cabins; estates of immense extent were lying almost untilled, or with only a few acres under cultivation; and the vigorous cottonwood trees had shot up in whole forests over fields once made fertile by the labor of ten thousand slaves. The scene was not without its melancholy; it seemed tinged by the reflection of a glory passed away—the glory of wealth, and the magnificence of wealth; of riches, and the luxury of riches.

O, fair paradise of the South, if still so lovely in thy ruin, what must thou have been in the great day of thy greatest glory!

White steamboats, heavily panting under their loads of cotton, came toiling by, and called out to us wild greeting long and shrill, until the pilot opened the lips of our giant boat, and her mighty challenge awoke a thousand phantom voices along the winding shore. Red sank the sun in a sea of fire, and bronze-hued clouds piled up against the light like fairy islands in a sea of glory, such as were seen, perhaps, by the Adelantado of the Seven Cities.

"Those are not real clouds," said the pilot, turning to the

west, his face aglow with the yellow light. "Those are only smoke clouds rising from the sugar-mills of Louisiana, and drifting with the evening wind."

The daylight died away, and the stars came out, but that warm glow in the southern horizon only paled, so that it seemed a little further off. The river broadened till it looked with the tropical verdure of its banks like the Ganges, until at last there loomed up a vast line of shadows, dotted with points of light, and through a forest of masts and a host of phantom-white river boats and a wilderness of chimneys the *Thompson Dean,* singing her cheery challenge, steamed up to the mighty levee of New Orleans.

AT THE GATE OF THE TROPICS

The New Orleans Levee—First Impression of the City—The French Market—A Monster Cotton Press—"Père Antoine's Date-Palm."

NEW ORLEANS, November 19, 1877.

Eighteen miles of levee! London, with all the gloomy vastness of her docks, and her "river of the ten thousand masts," can offer no spectacle of traffic so picturesquely attractive and so varied in its attraction.

In the center of this enormous crescent line of wharves and piers lie the great Sugar and Cotton Landings, with their millions of tons of freight newly unshipped, their swarms of swarthy stevedores, their innumerable wagons and beasts of burden. Above the line of depot and storehouse roofs, stretching southward, rises the rolling smoke of the cotton-press furnaces. Facing the Sugar Landing, stretching northward, extend a line of immense sugar sheds, with roofs picturesquely-peaked, Sierra-wise. Below, along the wooden levee, a hundred river boats have landed without jostling, and the smoky breath of innumerable chimneys floats, upward-eddying, into the overarching blue. Here one sees a comely steamer from the Ohio lying at the landing, still panting, after its long run of a thousand miles; there a vast Mississippi boat lies groaning, with her cargo of seven thousand bales, awaiting relief by a legion of 'longshoresmen. At intervals other vessels arrive, some, like mountains of floating cotton, their white sides hidden by brown ramparts of bales built up to

the smokestacks; some deeply freighted with the sweet produce of the cane fields. Black tugs rush noisily hither and thither, like ugly water-goblins seeking strong work to do; and brightly-painted luggers, from the lower coasts,—from the oyster beds and the fruit tree groves—skim over the wrinkled water, some bearing fragrant freight of golden oranges, and pomegranates, and bananas richly ripe; some bringing fishy dainties from the sea. Ocean steamers are resting their leviathan sides at the Southern piers, and either way, along the far-curving lines of wharves, deep-sea ships lie silently marshaled, their pale wings folded in motionless rest. There are barks and brigs, schooners and brigantines, frigates and merchantmen, of all tonnages—ships of light and graceful build, from the Spanish Main; deep-bellied steamers, with East Indian names, that have been to Calcutta and Bombay; strong-bodied vessels from Norway and all the Scandinavian ports; tight-looking packets from English ports; traders under German, Dutch, Italian, French and Spanish flags; barks from the Mediterranean; shapely craft from West Indian harbors. They seem envoys of the world's commerce in sunny session at the Gate of the Tropics! Look either way along the river with a strong glass!—the fringe of masts and yards appears infinitely extended; the distant spars become blended together in a darkly outlined thicket of sharply-pointed strokes and thread, cutting the blue at all angles; further and further yet, the fringe seems but a fringe of needle points and fine cobweb lines; and, at last, only the points remain visible, the lines having wholly vanished.

—It is not an easy thing to describe one's first impression of New Orleans; for while it actually resembles no other

city upon the face of the earth, yet it recalls vague memories of a hundred cities. It owns suggestions of towns in Italy, and in Spain, of cities in England and in Germany, of seaports in the Mediterranean, and of seaports in the tropics. Canal street, with its grand breadth and imposing façades, gives one recollections of London and Oxford street and Regent street; there are memories of Havre and Marseilles to be obtained from the Old French Quarter; there are buildings in Jackson Square which remind one of Spanish-American travel. I fancy that the power of fascination which New Orleans exercises upon foreigners is due no less to this peculiar characteristic than to the tropical beauty of the city itself. Whencesoever the traveler may have come, he may find in the Crescent City some memory of his home —some recollection of his Fatherland—some remembrance of something he loves.

New Orleans is especially a city of verandas, piazzas, porches and balconies; and the stranger is liable to be impressed with this fact immediately upon leaving the levee. All the streets in the business portion of the city are shaded with broad piazzas of wood and iron, which cover the whole sidewalk; and on the main streets, such as Canal, side-awnings of canvas are also used, so that during the hottest portion of the day the sun can not cause discomfort to pedestrians from any possible direction. The front and also the back windows of most private houses have balconies at every story up to the roof; and in the Old French Quarter these are often multiplied and superimposed in the most picturesque way;—you see them right under the angle or gable ends, jutting out from queer corners, in a fashion half medieval. They are often hung with large pieces of cloth

or carpet, or stuffs brightly dyed, especially above the French dry goods stores; and thus draped the effect is quite odd and pleasing. I find much to gratify an artist's eye in this quaint, curious, crooked French Quarter, with its narrow streets and its houses painted in light tints of yellow, green, and sometimes even blue. Neutral tints are common; but there are a great many buildings that can not have been painted for years, and which look neglected and dilapidated as well as antiquated. Solid wooden shutters, painted a bright grass-green, and relieved by walls painted chocolate color, or tinted yellow, have a pretty effect, and suggest many memories of old France. Few houses in the quarter are without them.

A stranger cannot avoid being also impressed with the solid character of the streets here throughout the business portion of the city. They are raised like causeways, and are usually either level with the sidewalks or above them, being separated from the curb by gutters of great depth and breadth. The street pavement consists mostly of square blocks of stone set diamond-wise; and this pavement is almost everlasting. It is very handsome and clean looking, and I am told that no other pavement can resist the wear and tear of the cotton traffic or the undermining effect of the rains which loosen bowlders and roll them from their beds.

Most of the finer public buildings must have been erected at a time when expense was the least consideration in the construction of an edifice. They are generously and beautifully built; yet it is sad to see that many of them are falling into decay. Especially is this the case in regard to the old St. Louis Hotel—now the State House—with its splendid dome, frescoed by Casanova, and its grand halls. To

repair it would now require an outlay of hundreds of thousands. It has been outraged in a manner worthy of Vandals; soldiers have been barracked in it; mold and damp have written prophecies of ruin within it. Hither it was that the great planters of the South dwelt in the old days when they visited New Orleans, and under their rich patronage the hotel prospered well, till the war swept away their wealth, and, for a time at least, ruined New Orleans. I doubt if any of the great hotels here are now doing well.

The St. Charles, with its noble Greek façade, is the handsomest of these. From the entrance of the rotunda looking outward and upward at the vast Corinthian columns, with their snowy fluted shafts and rich capitals, their antique lines of beauty, their harmonious relation to each other, the sight is magnificent. I find a number of noble Greek façades in the city, the City Hall, the Methodist Church, on Carondelet street, and other structures I might name, are beautiful, and seem to illumine the streets with their white splendor. This elegant, gracious architecture appears adapted to this sky and this sunny clime; and, indeed it was under almost such a sky and such a sun that the Greek architecture was born.

But, after all, the glory of the city is in her Southern homes and gardens. I can not do justice to their beauty. The streets broaden there; the side-paths are bordered with verdant sod as soft and thick as velvet, and overshadowed with magnolias; the houses, mostly built in Renaissance style, are embowered in fruit-bearing trees and evergreen gardens, where statues and fountains gleam through thick shrubbery, cunningly trimmed into fantastic forms. Orange and fig trees; bananas and palms; magnolias and myrtles;

cypresses and cedars; broad leaved, monstrous-flowering plants in antique urns; herbs with leaves shaped like ancient Greek sword-blades, and edged with yellow; shrubs exotically luxuriant, bearing blossoms of curious form and equatorial brilliancy of color; and flowers so rich of hue, so sweet, so fragrant, that they vary the varied green with a thousand tints, and make the tepid air odorous with drowsy perfume. And you can walk through this paradise hour after hour, mile after mile; and the air only becomes yet more fragrant and the orange trees more heavily freighted with golden fruit, and the gardens more and more beautiful, as you proceed southwardly.

Color and light and bright contrasts,—those warmly picturesque effects which artists seek to study in tropical climes, may be studied in perfection at the French Market. The markets of London are less brightly clean and neatly arranged; the markets of Paris are less picturesque. It consists of a succession of huge buildings, extending for nearly a quarter of a mile, and covering an area of about four squares. Oh, the contrasts of color, the tropical picturesqueness of a morning market-scene here; the seductiveness of the succulent fruits; the brilliancy of the brightly dyed stuffs in the hosiery and notion booths; the truly French taste exhibited in the arrangements of vegetables, and fowls and fruits and fish; the costumes of the quadroon girls; the Indian squaws selling droll trinkets; the blue jackets from the ships of all Nations; the red-shirted fishermen from the luggers; the Spaniards, Mexicans, Italians, Englishmen, Portuguese, Greeks, Frenchmen, Acadians, Creoles! One may see almost everything, and buy almost anything in the French Market; and he must have a hard

heart or an empty pocket who can always withstand the softly syllabled request of some bright-eyed Creole girl to buy something that he does not want.

You never smell an unpleasant odor in the French Market; there is nothing to offend the nostrils, nothing to displease the eye. You inhale the fragrance of fruits and flowers—such fruit, such flowers!—you breathe the odor of delicious coffee from the lunch booths. What coffee it is, too—Oriental in strength and fragrance, but clear as wine. Oranges are selling at ten cents a dozen; bananas "five for a picayune"; and mountains of them are coming in from the Picayune landing, where all the luggers lie. Here are huge fruits that resemble oranges, but are nearly eight inches in diameter; pomegranates piled up in blushing pyramids; red bananas from Spanish America arranged in towers; figs, ripe and green; fresh dates; pale green grapes in giant clusters; apples rosy enough to have tempted rosy Eve; citrons and lemons; cocoa-nuts and pecans and pine-apples; and strange-looking fruits peculiar to the tropics. Here are flowers of a hundred kinds, in pots, in boxes, in nosegays, in bouquets, in bunches for the button-hole. Here are boots and shoes, silks and muslins, handkerchiefs and hosiery, cutlery and delft-ware, porcelain and crockery, tin-ware and plated-ware, dry goods of all varieties, and shirts of all dyes. I cannot attempt to give any idea of the vegetable market, with its green and brown and purplish and ruddy mountains of fresh stock; or the admirably clean meat market, with the polite French butchers in white caps and aprons; or the bread stalls, where are piled up rolls as white as milk and sweet as cream; or the poultry market, with its questionable luxuries. The fish market has a glass roof, and all the rain-

bow tints of the fresh fish come out well on a bright day. Here are hills of shrimps and pyramids of oysters, and enormous baskets of live crabs, wherein hideous claw-battles are incessant. But one can not see, much less describe, all the sights of the French Market in a month. It is a perpetual exhibition of industry—a museum of the Curiosities of Marketing.

November 20.

I have just witnessed a terrible exhibition of the power of machinery. Friends had advised me to visit the huge cotton press at the Cotton Landing, and I spent several hours in watching its operation. Excepting, perhaps, some of the monster cotton presses of India, it is said to be the most powerful in the world; but the East Indian presses box the cotton instead of baling it, with enormous loss of time. This "Champion" press at the New Orleans Levee weighs, with all its attachments, upwards of three thousand tons, and exerts the enormous pressure of four million pounds upon the bales placed in it. When I first arrived at the gate of the building where the machinery is placed, they were loading the newly pressed bales upon drays—bales much smaller than the ordinary plantation bales. I was considerably surprised to see three or four negroes straining with all their might to roll one of these bales; but I was not then aware that each of the packages of cotton before me weighed upward of *one thousand pounds*. They were really double —two bales pressed into one, and bound with twelve ties instead of six, and were being packed thus for shipment upon the vessel *Western Empire* for foreign parts. One of the gentlemen connected with the office kindly measured a double bale for me, with an ingenious instrument espe-

cially made for such measurements. It proved to be less than two feet through its thickest diameter—considerably less than most ordinary single bales.

The spectacle of this colossal press in motion is really terrific. It is like a nightmare of iron and brass. It does not press downward, but upward. It is not a press as we understand the term generally, but an enormous mouth of metal which seizes the bale and crushes it in its teeth. The machine did not give me the idea of a machine, it seemed rather some vast, black genie, buried up to his neck in the earth by the will of Soliman, the pre-Adamite Sultan.

Fancy a monstrous head of living iron and brass, fifty feet high from its junction with the ground, having pointed gaps in its face like gothic eyes, a mouth five feet wide, opening six feet from the mastodon teeth in the lower jaw to the mastodon teeth in the upper jaw. The lower jaw alone moves, as in living beings, and it is worked by two vast iron tendons, long and thick and solid as church pillars. The surface of this lower jaw is equivalent to six square feet.

The more I looked at the thing, the more I felt as though its prodigious anatomy had been studied after the anatomy of some extinct animal,—the way those jaws worked, the manner in which those muscles moved.

Men rolled a cotton bale to the mouth of the monster. The jaws opened with a low roar, and so remained. The lower jaw had descended to a level with the platform on which the bale was lying. It was an immense plantation bale. Two black men rolled it into the yawning mouth. The titan muscles contracted, and the jaw closed, silently, steadily, swiftly. The bale flattened, flattened, flattened—down to sixteen inches, twelve inches, eight inches, five

inches. Positively less than five inches! I thought it was going to disappear altogether. But after crushing it beyond five inches the jaws remained stationary and the monster growled like rumbling thunder. I thought the machine began to look as hideous as one of those horrible, yawning heads which formed the gates of the *teocallis* at Palenque, and through whose awful jaws the sacrificial victims passed.

I noticed that the iron tie-bands which had been passed through the teeth were not fastened by hand. No hand could pull them tight enough to resist the internal pressure of the captive bale. They were fastened by very powerful steel levers, called "pullers," which slid along a bar, and by which the bands were pulled so tight that all the "slack" (or at least nearly all) is taken out of the bale, and the bands cut deeply into the cotton. With the "pullers" the strain upon the bands becomes two thousand pounds to each band, a peculiar tie-grip being invented to insure against breaking. The levers pull both ends of the band at the same time with the same tension.

It seemed to me evidently less than a minute from the time of feeding the machine until the bale was rolled out, flat as a pillow, and hard as the hardest wood. It still remained only five inches thick at the sides, but the internal pressure bent out the bands ovally so that the bale became about a foot thick in the center. Yet the reduction seemed magical. I am told this machine presses upwards of six hundred bales a day. Afterwards I saw in the yard near by about a thousand bales thus pressed, standing balanced on end, and at a distance they looked rather like mattresses than bales, with their edges turned toward the spectator. I saw "floats" arrive at the gate with plantation bales piled upon them, one tier above another, fifteen bales being the

legal load for a float; and I saw them drive off to the levee with their freight repressed, neatly packed in one tier with room to spare. Perhaps I could not give you a better idea of the power of this machine than by stating the fact that not long ago, during a test exhibition, it compressed a bale of good cotton to a density of *eighty pounds per cubic foot!* Considerable discussion has been held on the question whether such tremendous pressure does not injure the cotton fiber; and experiments have been made both at Liverpool and New Orleans with a view to ascertaining the actual result to the cotton. I am informed that as yet microscopical investigation has shown no injury whatever to the fiber.

—Do you remember that charming little story, *Père Antoine's Date-Palm,* written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and published in the same volume with *Marjorie Daw* and other tales?

Père Antoine was a good old French priest, who lived and died in New Orleans. As a boy he had conceived a strong friendship for a fellow student of about his own age, who, in after years, sailed to some tropical island in the Southern Seas, and wedded some darkly beautiful woman, graceful and shapely and tall as a feathery palm. Père Antoine wrote often to his friend, and their friendship strengthened with the years, until death dissolved it. The young colonist died, and his beautiful wife also passed from the world; but they left a little daughter for some one to take care of.

The good priest, of course, took care of her, and brought her up at New Orleans. And she grew up graceful and comely as her mother, with all the wild beauty of the South. But the child could not forget the glory of the tropics, the bright lagoon, the white-crested sea roaring over the coral reef, the royal green of the waving palms, and the beauty

of the golden-feathered birds that chattered among them.

So she pined for the tall palms and the bright sea and the wild reef, until there came upon her that strange home-sickness which is death; and still dreaming of the beautiful palms, she gradually passed into that great sleep which is dreamless. And she was buried by Père Antoine near his own home.

By and by, above the little mound there suddenly came a gleam of green; and mysteriously, slowly, beautifully, there grew up towering in tropical grace above the grave, a princely palm. And the old priest knew that it had grown from the heart of the dead child.

So the years passed by, and the roaring city grew up about the priest's home and the palm tree, trying to push Père Antoine off his land. But he would not be moved. They piled up gold upon his door-steps and he laughed at them; they went to law with him and he beat them all; and, at last, dying, he passed away true to his trust; for the man who cuts down that palm tree loses the land that it grows upon.

"And there it stands," says the Poet, "in the narrow, dingy street, a beautiful dreamy stranger, an exquisite foreign lady, whose grace is a joy to the eye, the incense of whose breath makes the air enamored. May the hand wither that touches her ungently!"

Now I was desirous above all things to visit the palm made famous by this charming legend, and I spent several days in seeking it. I visited the neighborhood of the old Place d'Armes—now Jackson Square—and could find no trace of it; then I visited the southern quarter of the city, with its numberless gardens, and I sought for the palm among groves of orange-trees overloaded with their golden

fruit, amid broad-leaved bananas, and dark cypresses, and fragrant magnolias and tropical trees of which I did not know the names. Then I found many date-palms. Some were quite young, with their splendid crest of leafy plumes scarcely two feet above the ground; others stood up to a height of thirty or forty feet. Whenever I saw a tall palm, I rang the doorbell and asked if that was Père Antoine's date-palm. Alas! nobody had ever heard of the Père Antoine.

Then I visited the ancient cathedral, founded by the pious Don Andre Almonaster, Regidor of New Orleans, one hundred and fifty years ago; and I asked the old French priest whether they had ever heard of the Père Antoine. And he answered me that they knew him not, after having searched the ancient archives of the ancient Spanish cathedral.

Once I found a magnificent palm, loaded with dates, in a garden on St. Charles street, so graceful that I felt the full beauty of Solomon's simile as I had never felt it before: "Thy stature is like to a palm tree." I rang the bell and made inquiry concerning the age of the tree. It was but twenty years old; and I went forth discouraged.

At last, to my exceeding joy, I found an informant in the person of a good-natured old gentleman, who keeps a quaint bookstore in Commercial Place. The tree was indeed growing, he said, in New Orleans street, near the French Cathedral, and not far from Congo Square; but there were many legends concerning it. Some said it had been planted over the grave of some Turk or Moor,—perhaps a fierce corsair from Algiers or Tunis,—who died while sailing up the Mississippi, and was buried on its moist shores. But it was not at all like the other palm trees in

the city, nor did it seem to him to be a date-palm. It was a real Oriental palm: yea, in sooth, such a palm as Solomon spake of in his Love-song of Love-songs.

"I said, I will go up to the palm tree; I will take hold of the boughs thereof." . . .

I found it standing in beautiful loneliness in the center of a dingy wood-shed, on the north side of Orleans street, towering about forty feet above the rickety plank fence of the yard. The gateway was open, and a sign swung above it bearing the name "M. Michel." I walked in and went up to the palm tree. A laborer was sawing wood in the back shed, and I saw through the windows of the little cottage by the gate a family at dinner. I knocked at the cottage door, and a beautiful Creole woman opened it.

"May I ask, Madame, whether this palm tree was truly planted by the Père Antoine?"

"Ah, Monsieur, there are many droll stories which they relate of that tree. There are folks who say that a young girl was interred there, and it is also said that a Sultan was buried under that tree—or the son of a Sultan. And there are also some who say that a priest planted it."

"Was it the Père Antoine, Madame?"

"I do not know, Monsieur. There are people also who say that it was planted here by Indians from Florida. But I do not know whether such trees grow in Florida, I have never seen any other palm tree like it. It is not a date-palm. It flowers every year, with beautiful yellow blossoms the color of straw, and the blossoms hang down in pretty curves. Oh, it is very graceful! Sometimes it bears fruit,—a kind of oily fruit, but not dates. I am told they make oil from the fruit of such palms."

I thought it looked so sad, that beautiful tree, in the dusty

wood-yard, with no living green thing near it. As its bright verdant leaves waved against the blue above, one could not but pity it as one would pity some being, fair and feminine and friendless in a strange land. *"Oh, c'est bien gracieux,"* murmured the handsome Creole lady.

"It is true, Madame, that the owner of the land loses it if he cuts down the tree?"

"Mais oui! But the proprietors of the ground have always respected the tree, because it is so old, so very old!"

Then I found the proprietor of the land, and he told me that when the French troops first arrived in this part of the country they noticed that tree. "Why," I exclaimed, "that must have been in the reign of Louis XIV!" "It was in 1679, I believe," he answered. As for the Père Antoine, he had never heard of him. Neither had he heard of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. So that I departed, mourning for my dead faith in a romance which was beautiful.

THE SOUTH

Tombs in the French Cathedral—Epitaphs—The New Custom-House Building—Fair Women—The Pelican—"Creole"—The Dialect in Louisiana and in the Antilles—Cosmopolitanism—A Ghost Story.

NEW ORLEANS, November 29, 1877.

I paid a good deal of attention to the old Spanish Cathedral here, founded by Don Andre Almonaster, Regidor and Alferez-Real of his Most Catholic Majesty. It is called the oldest church in the country, excepting one, I believe, in St. Augustine, Florida; and it is now always spoken of as the French Cathedral. But I was terribly disappointed about it. It is not now the same Cathedral that the Spanish Regidor built. Don Andre did not build for the centuries; and one day his church-towers crumbled down into the Plaza, and the whole Cathedral had to be pulled down and reconstructed. It was reconstructed Frenchily, and has lost its Spanish features.

You may still find those features preserved in certain old prints that hang, yellow with age and spotted with fly-specks, in the offices of certain ancient Notaries of the French Quarter; and you will find that Don Andre built the cathedral after that curiously mixed, but not unimposing style that characterizes the old cathedrals of Spanish-America. It had towers with Roman-arched windows, and cupolas of brick; and it looked very picturesque and quaint. Now it looks quaint enough, but less picturesque. I ob-

served that the clock-face was broken to pieces, and that several of the pieces had been lost; and I suppose they do not wish to mend it, lest they should impair the venerable look of the façade—the yellow façade, the triple-pointed façade. And the beauty of the thing is enhanced by the fact that on either side stands one of the oldest-looking structures one could wish to see—buildings nearly two hundred years old, formerly called the "Mairie" and the "Palais-de-Justice." This Palais-de-Justice, or, in Spanish, *casa curial,* was also built, they say, by Don Almonaster, and is still the Courthouse of New Orleans. Both buildings have ponderous piazzas under the second story, supported by thickset Roman arches.

But the French Cathedral still contains two venerable objects of interest—two ancient tombs. One is the tomb of Don Almonaster; the other is the family tomb of the noble French family De Marigny de Mandeville, ante-revolutionary, artistocrats all, who may have strutted in those picturesque costumes we are familiar with in the paintings of the period; who belonged in the age in which gentlemen bowed and took snuff with an ineffable grace which this uncultivated generation are powerless to conceive of.

Ancient, in good sooth, is the tomb of Don Andre Almonaster. It is marked by a great marble slab, flush with the church pavement, and situated opposite the side altar of the southern aisle. Benches are placed over it. The feet of more than four generations of worshipers have obliterated the carven helmet with its knightly plumes, and blotted out the noble armorial bearings of the carven shield. Only their outline is dimly visible; but the inscription,

deeply cut, remains. It is in Spanish, I give a translation:

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
of
DON ANDRE ALMONASTER ROXAS

A native of Myrena in the Kingdom of Andalusia. He died in the city of New Orleans on the 26th of April, 1708, at the age of 73 years. He was a Knight of the Royal and Distinguished Spanish Order of Charles III. He was Colonel of the Militia of this City. Regidor and Alferez-Real of this Cabildo. Founder and Donor of this Royal Cathedral-church. Founder of the Royal Hospital of St. Charles and of its Church. Founder of the Hospital for Lepers. Founder of the Church of the Nuns of the Ursuline Convent. Founder of the Classes for the Education of Young Girls. Founder of the Casa Curial: All of which he has built at his own expense in this city.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Truly an Alferez-Real worthy to serve his Most Catholic Majesty! Doubtless a son of the Church who would willingly have beheld a heretic burn. Yet, perchance, a most benevolent and charitable Señor. Daily the sun comes through the tall windows of stained glass, and marks the tomb of the Spanish Knight with a huge purple cross.

Noble indeed the Mandevilles must have been, for they flourished in high places even under the Spanish domination. Their armorial shield yet remains upon the tomb slab, surmounted by the heraldic helmet. Read these princely epitaphs, O republican reader, and ponder upon the fate of kingly dynasties and the all-leveling pitilessness of that Grim Democrat, Death:—

[Original in French.]

HERE LIE

FRANÇOIS PHILIPPE DE MARIGNY DE MANDEVILLE

Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, and Major de Place at New Orleans. Born at Bayeux in Normandy. Died in this city the 1st of November, 1728;—

ANTOINE PHILIPPE DE MARIGNY DE MANDEVILLE

Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, and Captain of Infantry in the French Service. Born at Mobile the 28th of February, 1722. Died at New Orleans the 6th of November, 1779;—

PIERRE PHILIPPE DE MARIGNY DE MANDEVILLE

Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, and Captain of Infantry under the Spanish Government. Born in this city the 15th of June, 1751. Died the 11th of May, 1800.

O Knights of the Ancient Régime, the feet of the plebeian is blotting out your escutcheons; the overthrowers of throned Powers pass by your tombs with a smile of complacency; the callous knees of the poorest poor will ere long obliterate your carven memory from the stone; the very places of your dwelling have crumbled out of sight and out of remembrance. The glory of Versailles has passed away; "the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in the palaces of Kings."

—Yesterday I visited the splendid Custom-house Building for the first time. Exteriorly it has little to recommend it to an artistic eye. It presents the aspect of a huge oblong block of cool-toned granite, solid as a feudal castle, and covering an entire square. In reality its outer walls are brick, cased with granite; but it is, nevertheless, quite as solid as it appears to be, and as a building ought to be that has already cost six millions of dollars, though unfinished. The brick was laid in hot mortar, and the cement used is said to rival in excellence the wonderful cement of the old Roman builders. When the work was first begun—in 1848 or thereabouts—it was calculated that a structure of such prodigious weight would certainly "settle" or sink about two feet in this moist, sandy soil before it found rest and fair bottom. Consequently, as the walls were erected and the pillars put in and the arches bricked over, the whole structure was bound together, part by part, and braced with wire cables. You can still observe where these cables were afterwards cut out by the workmen. Now the building is so solidly joined together that it can only settle as a whole, and in a perfectly level fashion, if it settles at all. An erroneous impression prevails in this city that it has actually sunk two feet, but the fact is that, contrary to expectation, it has scarcely settled at all. I am told it has not sunk two inches. There is not a beam or joist or plank of wood in the whole of the building, so far as it has been finished. There is nothing wooden in it except the sashes of the windows and the doors; even the skylights being framed in iron. The floors are supported throughout by iron pillars and beams, or by brick arches, and are paved with squares of black and white marble. Even the roof of the building is incombustible.

But the glory of the Custom-house is its main hall,—a temple enshrined within the gray walls of brick and granite that seem to have been erected only for the protection of this palace of marble. I have never seen a more splendid interior;—it is worthy of the best age of classical architecture;—it leaves in the memory a dream of white pillars, and white, gleaming walls;—there is something holy in its white beauty, as of a fane devoted to the fair gods of the antique world. I could not suppress a vague feeling of regret that it should be devoted to aught else.

It ought, indeed, to be very beautiful, for it cost considerably more than a million—this one apartment. The capitals of the pillars alone cost $5,000 apiece; the shaft and pedestal of each pillar, $30,000. They seem to be about forty or fifty feet in height, and of the Composite order, all white marble, fluted and polished. I do not wonder at the cost of those exquisitely carven capitals; they are marvelous. When I say that the walls and the entablature above the pillars, and the very tables and desks in the hall, are of white marble, polished, you can imagine what an effect of height and depth and breadth the place gives one upon a bright day. The floor is likewise of white marble, inlaid, however, with eight pointed stars of black marble, which contain in their centers skylights of green glass, capable of sustaining a dead pressure of forty-four thousand pounds. This hall is lighted entirely from above, and the light is subdued by tinted glass, so that it comes down in a soft, mellow way, and fills the whole vast inclosure with a cool, steady radiance. I observed upon the eastern wall, richly carved in marble relief, the beautiful arms of Louisiana—the loving pelican mother feeding her little ones with the blood of her breast.

—Speaking of the State arms reminds me that I was talking the other day with an old gentleman who has long been a resident of New Orleans, upon that very subject. I asked him why it was that the early French colonists had chosen the pelican for the arms of Louisiana. "It was probably suggested to them," he replied, "by the fact that pelicans were so common in the country; and the pretty fallacy about the bird's devotion to its young made it seem a still more appropriate emblem for so fertile and bountiful a land as this. I suppose you know the arms were changed."

"No, sir," I replied, "I did not hear of it. Who could have had the bad taste to change them?"

"Why, the Radical carpet-baggers and scallawags, of course. Nobody else would have done such a thing. Do you know why they did it? Because, sir, those arms were a perpetual sarcasm upon their scoundrelism—a standing rebuke to their thievery. The pelican had ceased to feed its young with its own blood; its blood was drained by the vultures who came down here to prey upon Louisiana. The mother State was no longer able to feed her own young, because the thieves and carpet-baggers had robbed her of her very life-blood. So the thieves had a new seal made. The pelican was no longer represented as feeding her young with her blood; but the young were represented alone in the nest, and the mother pelican *coming from a distance* with something in her mouth. If you see some of the bonds issued in Warmoth's time, you will see how the arms were changed."

"But now they have been restored, have they not?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; now we have some reform and honesty in the

State and Municipal Governments; and the Pelican, thank God, is again able to feed her young."

—New Orleans has long been celebrated for the beauty of her women, and most deservedly so, I think. It is not, however, their comeliness of feature that especially impresses the stranger; it is their grace; it is that supple shapeliness which the French term *sveltesse,* and for which the English tongue has no word. The opaline skin, the sun-golden hair of Northern beauty are seldom visible here; it is the rich, dark beauty of the Spanish and French types that one finds in New Orleans. A comely Creole woman's figure will often impress one as a startling realization of the Greek ideal of grace,—a statue by Lysippus animated and garbed—a living Venus of flushed bronze. This elegant, close-embracing costume now in fashion—the only modern dress, surely, that Cytherea would acknowledge well becoming a graceful woman—is admirably adapted to such figures. I have never seen the long dresses—made to be held up while walking, so as to show a gleam of snowy linen —so perfectly worn and perfectly managed as by the ladies who promenade Canal street of a sunny afternoon. And their robes make the air odorous as they pass, by the exquisite perfume of the South, the breath of orange flowers. I can not say I think beauty of feature a common gift of the women of New Orleans; indeed, I think it a rare one, comparatively speaking; but when one does find it, he straightway dreams of Titian and Veronese and Tintoretto.

—I find that a large proportion of the lodging houses here are kept by colored women. Especially is this the case in the French Quarter; and all these colored concierges speak both French and English. Their English, however, is often

deficient, and is invested with the oddest French accent imaginable. Somehow or other the French language sounds to me far more natural than our own in a black mouth; and it seems to be spoken by the blacks much better than English. It has been often observed that the negro acquires Spanish with facility. Southern tongues flow melodiously from his lips, being musically akin to the many-voweled languages of Africa. The *th*'s and *thr*'s, the difficult diphthongs and gutteral *rr*'s of English and German pronounciation have a certain rude Northern strength beyond the power of Ethiopian lips to master. French is barren of rugged sounds; and it is common to hear these Southern negroes, with all the "politenesses" and "tendernesses" of which the sweet, smooth language is capable. The day after my arrival in the city I must have examined twenty-five or thirty furnished rooms offered for rent by colored housekeepers, and it was very pleasant to hear them speaking the speech of their old masters. They were generally half-breeds, it is true, and often very lightly tinted; but I have had the best possible opportunities in the French Market of hearing French spoken by full-blooded negroes, and my opinion on the subject has been strengthened. However, I need hardly tell you that the blacks of Louisiana speak a soft corruption of French which is called Creole; but it is not the true Creole of the Antilles.

Yesterday evening, the first time for ten years, I heard again that sweetest of all dialects, the Creole of the Antilles. I had first heard it spoken in England by the children of an English family from Trinidad, who were visiting relatives in the mother country, and I could never forget its melody. In Martinique and elsewhere it has almost become a written dialect; the school children used to study the "Creole Cate-

chism," and priests used to preach to their congregations in Creole. You can not help falling in love with it after having once heard it spoken by young lips, unless indeed you have no poetry in your composition, no music in your soul. It is the most liquid, mellow, languid language in the world. It is especially a language for love-making. It sounds like pretty baby-talk; it woos like the cooing of a dove. It seems to be a mixture of French, a little Spanish, and West African dialects—those negro tongues that are voluminous with vowels. You can imagine how smooth it is from the fact that in West Indian Creole the letter "r" is never pronounced; and the Europeans of the Indies complain that once their Children have learned to speak Creole, it is hard to teach them to pronounce any other language correctly. They *will* say "b'ed" for bread, and "t'ed" for thread. So that it is a sort of wopsy-popsy ootsy-tootsy language.

The patois of Louisiana is not nearly so soft. It is simply corrupted French, and when written, a Frenchman can understand a good deal of it, though he could hardly understand it when spoken. During the Republican régime of Louisiana there was a brilliant little French paper published in New Orleans, called *Le Carillon*. It was very bitter and very witty. It called Republicans by a new name of its own invention—*Radicanailles*—a most witty word, which is untranslatable, compounded of *radical* and *canaille*. Now in this paper frightful satires appeared upon various members of the State and municipal government; and the literary ability of these satires was often very remarkable. Most of them were written in Creole: all the worst ones certainly were. The victims and the Creole subscribers to *Le Carillon* were alone able to comprehend them. I am

sorry to say that this fierce, brilliant, witty paper is dead; but its old files are valuable, philologically and historically, and are carefully preserved by some of our French citizens. I send you an extract from a satire on Ex-Governor Antoine, which I copied from such a file. The entire lampoon is in the Creole patois, and is constructed on the plan of a parody upon *La Fille de Madame Angot*. Doubtless your French readers will find it interesting. Antoine is supposed to enter upon the stage, fantastically attired, and sing the following verses:

ANTOUENE.

"Autrefois avant la guerre
Mo te n'esclave a Caddo,
Ou mo te travaille la terre
Fait patate et melon d'eau.
Puis mo quitte, la charrue
Et mo ramasse ein rasoir
Pour rase moune dans la rue,
Des blancs et meme des noirs!
Mais ca, ca te
Avant la guerre.

Quand Banks li monte la riviere
Avec soldats et canons,
Mo change mo carriere.
Pasque mo courri marron.
Mo marie mo cousine,
Cila qui mo femme a steur;
Li, li te fait la cuisine
Moin mo te cherche zonneurs.
Mais ca, ca te
Pendant la guerre.

Et plus tard, de dans la Douaine
Moune pele moin collecteur,
Et alors la Louisiane
Nomme moin so senateur
Puis pour montrer ye confiance
Peuple fait moin gouverneur
Et pele moin l'Eminence,
Et c'est ca mo ye asteur!
Et ca, ca ye
Depuis la guerre."

Here is a free translation:

ANTOINE

I

"In the old days before the war, I was a slave at Caddo [Parish]. I tilled the earth and raised sweet potatoes and watermelons. Then afterwards I left the plough and took up the razor to shave folks in the street—whites and blacks too. But that, that was before the war.

II

When Banks went up the river [Red River] with soldiers and with cannon, I changed my career. Then I became a runaway slave. I married my cousin, who is at this hour my wife. She—she attended to the kitchen; I—I sought for honors. But that, that was during the war.

III

And then afterward, in the Custom-house men called me Collector; and then Louisiana named me her Senator; and then to show their confidence the people made me Governor and called me His Eminence; and that is what I am at this present hour. And that, that is *since* the war."

I shall give you some more specimens of the Creole patois

of Louisiana in another letter, and also some specimens of West Indian Creole.

—If this be not the cosmopolitan city of the world, it is certainly the cosmopolitan city of the Americas. While standing in the bar-room of the St. Charles Hotel recently, where the auction sales of real estate are held, a friend pointed out to me foreigners from almost all parts of the world. I saw Herzegovinians, Cubans, Spanish-Americans, Italians, Englishmen, old-country French and Creole French, Portuguese, Greeks from the Levant, Russians, Canadians, Brazilians. We were a little party of four at the time, and within the space of twenty minutes I heard my three Southern friends converse with business acquaintances in the following languages: French, Portuguese, Spanish and Modern Greek. I thought it a good example of the cosmopolitan character of New Orleans.

A Greek gentleman was one of the three, and I never met a finer old man. Though more than seventy years of age, his face was still as firmly outlined, as clearly cut, as an antique cameo; its traits recalled memories of old marbles, portraits in stone of Aristophanes and Sophocles; it bespoke a grand blending of cynicism and poetry. The good old gentleman is one of the finest scholars in this country, a remarkable linguist, and profoundly learned in the old classic tongues. I shall probably have occasion to mention him frequently hereafter.

There are many Greeks, sailors and laborers, in New Orleans, but I can not say that they inspire one with dreams of Athens or of Corinth, of Panathenaic processions or Panhellenic games. Their faces are not numismatic; their forms are not athletic. Sometimes you can discern a some-

thing National about a Greek steamboatman—a something characteristic which distinguishes him from the equally swarthy Italian, Spaniard, "Dago." But that something is not of antiquity; it is not inspirational. *It is Byzantine!* And one is apt to dislike it. It reminds me of Taine's merciless criticism of the faces of Byzantine art. But I have seen a few rare Hellenic types here, and among these some beautiful Romaic girls,—maidens with faces to remind you of the gracious vase-paintings of antiquity.

—I must tell you a New Orleans ghost-story which I have just heard. In these days ghosts have almost lost the power to interest us, for we have become too familiar with their cloudy faces, and familiarity begetteth contempt. An original ghost story is a luxury, and a rare luxury at that. Now I think this one is unique enough to excuse me for presuming to relate it.

There was an old house on Melpomene street which nobody could live in. Many good folk had attempted to take up their residence in it, but none ever dwelt there more than one night. Sometimes people would send their furniture there in the morning and have the place fitted up, only to find everything outraged and violently upset in the afternoon. Carpets had been torn from the floor and stuffed up the chimney, or flung into the center of the room in an elfish shape, mockingly suggestive of a corpse with its hands crossed. Invisible footsteps shook the house with thundering tread, and bolted doors opened mysteriously at the touch of viewless hands. As the years flitted by the Goblin of Decay added himself to to the number of the Haunters; the walls crumbled, and the floors yielded, and grass, livid

and ghastly-looking grass, forced its pale way between the chinks of the planks in the parlor. The windows fell into ruin, and the wind entered freely to play with the ghosts, and cried weirdly in the vacant rooms. At last the police authorities resolved to solve the mystery of the house.

Stephen Leary was then Chief of Police. He visited the house one evening, accompanied by a picked detachment of six men, all armed with double-barreled shot-guns double-shotted. When the seven entered the crumbling building it was twilight. The chief ordered the detachment to form a hollow square in the middle of the old parlor, facing outward, and he himself filled the center of the square, lest the ghost might arise in the midst and seize every man by the back of the neck at the same time.

"Now," quoth he, "whencesoever it may approach we can blow it back to h—— without hurting each other." And the hollow square remained stationary in the position of "ready."

Then the clocks commenced to strike the hours. There seemed to be at least a hundred clocks within hearing,—each one a little faster or a little slower than the rest. They told the time regularly in a hundred different keys, till it became "the dead waste and middle of the night." One after another, all the hundred clocks struck the hour of twelve. Then a vast and awful silence fell. The seven men brought up their muskets to "Present," and stared wildly in seven different directions.

Suddenly a gust of wind blew the light out; and they heard It coming;—an invisible and irresistible force seemed to burst up the flooring under the feet of the policemen;—

and each one simultaneously felt himself seized from below and violently flung against the ceiling. . . .

And yet the city would not pay the bills of the seven doctors who attended the faithful men thus grievously injured "while in the discharge of their duty."

LOS CRIOLLOS

Origin of the Term "Creole"—Invented by the Spaniards—Some Interesting Opinions—"Creolisms"—Misapplications and Misunderstandings—Specimens of Louisiana Creole, and of the Creole of Martinique.

NEW ORLEANS, December 3, 1877.

The common error of interpreting the word "Creole," as signifying a mulatto, quadroon or octoroon of Louisiana, and particularly of New Orleans, is far from being a local one, and dates back through centuries. It is not even confined to the uncultivated classes of the population of the Northern States, but flourishes, curiously enough, even in the South. It exists also in European countries—especially France, England and Spain—mother-countries of West Indian colonies. Strangest of all, it actually lives in New Orleans, where the word Creole is a term of proud honor among the aristocrats of the South. There are numbers in this cosmopolitan city who have some vague idea that the more lightly-tinted half-breeds are rightfully called Creoles.

I need not dwell upon the prevalence of this error in the North among the mass of the reading public. Ladies at Washington have been known to faint while conversing with Southern Senators at a reception, because the honorable and distinguished gentlemen accidentally observed in the course of conversation that they were Creoles. Doubtless the remark was made with a most aristocratic feeling of pride; and its result must have been all the more astonishing to the misunderstood Southerners. When a Louisianian says "I

am a Creole," he is apt to utter the words with such an intonation as might have been given by an ancient Latin colonist to the proud words, "I am a Roman citizen." For many knightly names survive among the old families of the Crescent City; and many a Creole can trace his ancestry back to the nobility of old France, or to the grandees of Spain in the days of the Conquistadores.

It, therefore, seems odd, indeed, that even among the most ignorant portion of the population of this city, there should be found any person of the opinion that a Creole may be a quadroon or octoroon. But when one considers that the light-tinted, French-speaking colored element of New Orleans,—the relatives and the children of true Creoles,—call themselves Creoles, and desire to be so called, the existence of the fallacy does not appear so extraordinary after all.

Probably the misapplication of the term will continue indefinitely, despite all definitions of popular dictionaries and all explanatory essays in popular encyclopedias, inasmuch as it has been sanctioned by the custom of more than a hundred years. It always differs more or less, however, according to locality.

In the North the error is usually confined to the belief that the almost-white colored residents of New Orleans are Creoles, and that Creoles are indigenous and peculiar to the city. I have frequently, however, encountered it in the aggravated form of a supposition that the word applies to the light-colored women only of New Orleans. In the South there appears to be a widely diffused opinion among the lower classes that the Creoles of New Orleans are "nothing more'n dammed niggers who jabber French." In New Or-

leans itself I have been told by persons who considered themselves really informed upon the subject, that "a Creole means a New Orleans Frenchman and nothing else." In England the proper signification of the word is generally much better understood than here, but a large class of people hold that it applies to the children of Europeans in the West Indies only, while others contract the application of the term yet further, as signifying only the children of Spanish colonists. With good reason the native Spaniard considers a true Creole as necessarily one of Spanish blood; and the native Frenchman, with thoughts of *la Nouvelle Orleans* in his mind, will often insist that only the French residents of Louisiana are true Creoles.

As the *Conquistadores* (the Spanish Conquerors) invented the word to distinguish their pure-blooded offspring, born in the colonies of South America or the Indies, from children of mixed blood born in the colonies, or children of pure blood born in the mother country, it would certainly appear that the pure-blooded descendants of those Spanish colonists have by far the best right to the name Creole—*Criollo*. Even yet the name may be said to prevail only in the lands that are or have been, like Louisiana and all of the West Indies, under Spanish domination. If the French and the English colonists gave the name Creole to their descendants it was only because the word, brought into these colonies by Spaniards, expressed in its two syllables what would otherwise require many words to express, and because its quality of *mullum in parvo* strongly urged its adoption.

While endeavoring, for the sake of your readers, to obtain some fresh information here in this Creole City about the

origin and prime meaning of a term so widely misunderstood and misapplied, so vaguely indefinite and variedly expressive, I had the good fortune to obtain one of the most remarkable articles ever written upon the subject. It is exhaustive and explicit, was published in a New Orleans journal in 1875, and was written by Professor Alexander Dimitry, a Greek gentleman of New Orleans, who enjoys a wide reputation for his learning and his extraordinary ability as a writer. Dimitry wrote the article not as an article or for publication, but as a letter and in reply to a written inquiry from a friend. The friend, with excellent journalistic judgment, however, at once carried the letter to a newspaper office, where it was gladly published. It gives some curious facts in regard to Creolisms in Louisiana, and I will quote freely from it, as it presents the information desired in a much more explicit and interesting fashion than I could hope to do in an analysis thereof.

After some severe allusions to the inadequateness of the definitions by Webster and Worcester, the Professor quotes authorities as follows:

"From the Dictionary of the Spanish Language published by the Royal Academy of Madrid in 1762, we learn that the word 'Creole' signifies 'one born in either of the Indies, whether the East or the West Indies, of Spanish parents or of parents of other Nations who are not Indians.' This word 'Creole' is one invented by the Spanish conquerors of America and by them made common in Spain to distinguish their European progeny, as we learn from Acosta's *History of the Indies,* in the fourth book and chapter the twenty-fifth. The definition goes on to say: 'This word *creole* in course of time came to apply not only to children born of European parents, but it was also extended to animals, vegetables and fruits. Hence they had creole horses, creole pears,

creole beans and creole flour to distinguish these no doubt from those which were imported into the colonies from Spain.'

"In the profound work of Covarrubias on the *Origins of the Spanish Language,* from its Carthaginian sources running through the Gothic and Moorish eras, down to the period at which he wrote, we find that the word *criollo,* a creole, is an invention of Spanish born parents, to denote their children, begotten and born in America.'

"From the Trevoux Grand Dictionary, a work of the learned Jesuit fathers, we obtain the following definition: 'This word, in French, was formerly written *criole,* as derived from the Spanish verb *criar,* to beget, to bring up, etc. It is now written *creole,* and is the appellation given to a child of European origin, born in any one of the colonies of the two Americas. *This name was afterward misapplied to negroes and mulattoes,* whether free born or born in slavery, either from African parents or from mixed white and black blood. It was in after years, used in speaking of animals, and even of vegetables and fruits.' "

Mr. Dimitry next quotes from V. de Solorzano, one of the most profound jurists of Spain, a member of the "Supreme Council and the Board of Policy in Spanish-America." In his Commentaries Solorzano says:

"Who and what are Creoles? It is my duty, as an expounder of law—*como interprete de derecho*—to say something concerning those who, in the two Indies, and born of Spanish parents, because, in those countries it is the custom to call them Creoles, just as it is customary to call 'Mestizos' those who are born of Spanish fathers and Indian mothers, and 'mullatoes' those born of Spanish fathers and negro mothers. In so much as relates to the first —*entiendo los criollos*—I mean the Creoles, there can be no doubt that they are true white Spaniards, and that as such they are entitled to all the rights, honors and privileges of their Spanish parents, granted by various charters and letters royal to the Colonies

of Spain since the days of the conquest of Mexico. The reason of this is clear, because, although begotten (*criados*) in these remote and barbarous regions, they do not share in the accidental dwelling place; but they do in the land of their parents' origin and birth. By virtue of this doctrine, more extensively explained in my work on the *Laws of the Indies,* written in the Latin language, the principle settled by the civil law has lately been consecrated by the canonical decision of the Apostolic Court in Rome. It decrees that Rev. Father Alonzo de Aguero, *a Creole of the city of Lima,* recently elected to the priorate of the Augustinian College, *the statutes of which require that the head shall be a Spaniard,* was lawfully elected to the dignity, being the son of Spanish parents, and born under the jurisdiction of Spain in one of her colonies."

"In order to show," says Mr. Dimitry, "the sheer and well defined discrimination between creole and mestizo, or any other mixed generation, Solorzano quotes from Oviedo's *History of Chili,* an account of a skirmish between a body of insurgents and troops of the Spanish Government, in which the following passage occurs: 'The leader of the Government forces disarrayed, dislodged and routed fourteen files of the opposing lines, killed six creoles and wounded three mestizos.'"

The learned Professor concludes his letter with a very amusing disquisition upon other uses and abuses of the word "Creole," which portion of the epistle I quote almost entire:

"Go back," he writes, "to any file of newspapers, dating even twenty years ago, and you can read as I now read in the columns of the Louisiana *Courier* of the 28th of February, 1830: 'For sale—A likely young *Creole negro,* twenty-seven years of age; is something of a carpenter," etc.; 'Runaway—A stout *American negro,* with a wen on his neck'; (runaway with a wen on his neck is simply delightful); 'he is a jack-of-all-trades.' Here, you see, we have a stout *American* negro in contrast with a likely *Creole*

negro. From what admitted geography of the earth could you suppose that a stout American negro and a likely Creole negro could lawfully have come? Farther on I find: 'Estray—A sorrel *Creole* horse, with a white spot on his left forefoot.' Very well for the stray Creole horse. I read a little farther on and I find an '*American* bay horse, with a blaze on his face.'" Attracted by this newspaper zoology, and probably urged on by a slight curiosity of knowledge, I pass on with the hope of ascertaining whether I might not in this goodly company find some other respectable quadruped hemmed within the compass of a composing stick. In the columns of the paper, however, I find no advertisement for either a Creole or an American donkey. The fact compelled me to infer with inexorable logic that there were, then, no animals of the kind in Louisiana. Of other specimens of Creolism of which you daily hear we have 'Creole cows,' to distinguish them from the four-hoofed ladies that come from Texas or Kentucky. We have 'Creole chickens,' to distinguish them from the pipped and drooping brothers and sisters that travel in railroads and steamboats from St. Louis and Cincinnati. When the hens have become acclimatized and drop their eggs on Louisiana soil, they become '*Creole* eggs,' by virtue of which the huckster-women will charge you five cents apiece for them, while they will readily give you two '*American* eggs' for the same price. Ask, Why this difference? and the answer is ready: 'Them's none of yer Louisville eggs; them's Creole eggs, laid right here in New Orleans.' Then again, you have 'Creole cabbage'—not so firm and white as Western; but how much more tender in leaf and sweeter in taste. Again, the savory 'Creole onion,' out of the grand soil of Louisiana, instead of the large, tough Connecticuts. The 'Creole sugar-cane,' so soft in fiber, and as slender as an asparagus stalk, pitted against the half-saccharine otaheiti, or the hard Cuban cane. The oily, yellow 'Creole corn,' for the hominy of the breakfast table, against the white flint of Ohio and Kentucky. The 'Creole rice,' which is more esculent than is the rice of the Nile of Egypt, or

that of the banks of the Irawaddy, and safer to the molars than the rice from the pebble fields of South Carolina."

I must not omit to observe that the Professor lays special stress upon the fact of the word having been invented by the Conquistadores "as early as the year 1520, and seven years before the period when Chaves by Imperial schedule, and under the sign-manual of Charles V. *had introduced an African on the soil of America.*"

The Professor's statements as to the constant and multi-faced misapplication of the term Creole to designate anything native to the soil of Louisiana, reminds me that in the bills of fare of New Orleans restaurants, one is almost certain to behold in large type the words "Creole eggs,"—"Creole eggs fried," "Creole eggs poached," "Creole eggs shirred," etc.

I think further comment upon the general history, use, or misuse of the word "Creole" would be superfluous, after having presented the reader with Professor Dimitry's opinions and authorities upon the subject. It only remains to observe that the Creoles of New Orleans and of Louisiana (whatever right any save Spaniards may originally have had to the name), are all those native-born who can trace back their ancestry to European immigrants to or European colonists of the State, whether those were English, Dutch, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Portuguese, Russian or Sicilian. But the term is generally understood here as applying to French residents, especially those belonging to old French families, and few others care to claim the name.

There is, however, a very select and cultivated circle of citizens in New Orleans who are especially proud of the name, and who unite all possible effort to make it an honor to those who bear it. In this Creole circle the French ele-

ment indeed prevails; but the circle, nevertheless, embraces Creole citizens of Spanish and Italian, of Greek and Sicilian, of Portuguese and English, of Dutch and of Danish blood. They are the learned, the cultivated, the influential element of Louisiana society. The last remnant of the Louisiana aristocracy survives here, no longer splendid, it is true, with the shimmer of wealth, but yet maintaining loyally the old adherence to chivalrous principle, and the polished culture of the old French oligarchy. Riches in these unfortunate days fall to the portion of a few; and poverty does not exclude from this little Creole *cenacle*. Its atmosphere is European; its tastes are governed by European literature and the art-culture of the Old World. Something of all that was noble and true and brilliant in the almost forgotten life of the dead South lives here still. The literature, the art-lovers, the dilettanti, the thinkers of that South are here gathered together. They seldom appear in literature, because literature has been to them, as to the gentlemen of the mother-countries, a source of recreation, a means of cultivating taste and elegance of expression; but there is perhaps a wealth of genius and a power of talent among the Creole Society of New Orleans such as may not be found in any other city of the land. What relation this true Creole society bears to the life of the city; what share it takes, if any, in controlling the affairs of the State; what has been its history in the past, and what may be foretold of its probably brief future, these are matters which I must forego discoursing for the present. They will form interesting material for a future letter.

—While discoursing upon *los criollos,* I must say something further about the Creole dialects. I had the pleasure recently of meeting the gentleman who was the author of

most of those witty and wicked satires which appeared in *Le Carillon* about five or six years ago, written in the Creole patois of Louisiana. He is quite a master of the dialect, and I begged him to translate into Creole for me the following pretty verses, which you know have been translated into almost every European tongue. He complied at once, and almost offhand composed for me the accompanying metrical version of the poem in Creole:

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of a whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

CREOLE

La nuite gagnin mille des zyeux,
Et la journee li n'a que eine;
Mais quand soleil zataigne so de fenx,
Tout la limiere dans moun zetaigne.
N'esprit gagnin mille des zyeux,
Et tcheur li n'a que eine:
Mais quand dans tcheur n'y a plus de feux,
La limiere de la vie zetaigne."

This Louisiana patois is partly comprehensible for one cognizant of the French language; and I have been able myself to make some translations of it into English from the columns of *Le Carillon*. In some parishes, I am told, it is more difficult to understand than others, owing perhaps to

its being there more compounded with real African words than elsewhere. It is a matter of difficulty to imagine where many Creole words could possibly come from except from African dialects; but the specimens of Louisiana Creole which I have sent you are rather pure. But I have before me some specimens of West Indian Creole, which are very different. They consist of translations into Creole verse of La Fontaine's *Fables*. Of all dialects in the world, the Creole is the easiest to fashion into meter and rhyming verses; and the facility with which even a New Orleans Creole can turn out stanzas in patois is astonishing. It may interest some of your French readers to compare the following fables, in West Indian Creole, with the French of La Fontaine. They were furnished me by a gentleman from Martinique. The letter "r" although written, is not pronounced in West Indian Creole:

LA MORT ET LE BUCHERON.
(Death and the Woodcutter.)

"Yon pauve vie nhomme, les-autt-fois.
Te oblige coupe bois
Pou vanne, pou li te nourri
Femme li evec ti yche li;
Coupe bois! mauvais metie
Quand ou na pas tini soulie;
Pie ou ka rempli piquant;
Pas ni douquoue pou content.
Nhomme la te, yon jou, soti
Coupe yon chage lepini,
Li chonge coument Bon Gue
Te fe li ne malhere;
Coument chaque jou Bon Gue fe,

C'etait pou li meme mise;
Voue famille li lassous paille,
Mo faim, oblige travaille. . . .
Toutt courage li quitte li;
Li crie lamo vini
Prend li, pote li alle,
Cote li lamo rive,
Li dit li: Ou crie moin;
Mi moin, ca ou ni bousoin?

Nhomme reponne: T'en prie, sople,
C'est pou aide moin chage
Paquet bois la, qui trop lou.

. . . . . .

Ca nous ka voue tous les jou?
La meme chose. Assous late,
Magre nous dans lamise,
Nous pas vle alle dans trou."

Nous pas vle alle dans tour—a picturesque expression that for burial: *we do not want to go into the hole*"—into the grave, into the marble jaws of death! Here is the fable of the Robbers and the Ass, in Martinique Creole:

LES VOLEURS ET L'ANE

"Pou von bourique yo te vole,
D maite coquin te ka goumien.
Pendant yo té ka joue lamain,
Voue la yon lautt vole rive,
Qui mennein bourique la alle.

. . . . . .

Ca ka fe zott voue, mes enfant,.
Vole pas ka baille benefice;
Pace sans nous compte la jistice

Qui ka pini gens malfaizant,
Bon Gue di dans yon commandement
Assous bien d'autrui pas jamain
Ouve ge ni mette lamain."

There are not many French readers who would readily recognize the words *Bon Dieu* in the Creole *Bon Gue*.

NEW ORLEANS IN WET WEATHER

Dampness—Graveyards—Alligators and Art Notes—Mementoes of "Picayune" Butler—Beggars and Bootblacks—Greek Sailors in the French Market.

The dampness of New Orleans upon a wet day impresses one as something phenomenal. You do not know in the North what such dampness is. It descends from the clouds and arises from the soil simultaneously; it exudes from wood-work; it perspires from stone. It is spectral, mysterious, inexplicable. Strong walls and stout doors can not keep it from entering; windows and doors can not exclude it. You might as well try to lock out a ghost. Bolts of steel and barriers of stone are equally unavailing, and the stone moulders, and the steel is smitten with red leprosy. The chill sweat pouring down from the walls, soaks into plank floors, and the cunning of the paper-hanger is useless here. Carpets become so thoroughly wet with the invisible rain that they utter soughy, marshy sounds under the foot. Consequently few houses are carpeted within, and those good folks who insist upon carpets soon learn the folly of putting them down on more than one or two of the upper rooms. Matting is the substitute even in aristocratic houses —dry, crisp, neat matting. Paper-hangers and carpet-layers would starve to death here. If you even lay a few sheets of writing paper upon your table at nightfall you will find them quite limp and rebellious of ink by morning. Articles of steel must be carefully laid away in tight drawers. The garments hung upon the wall, the coverings of beds,

the well-starched shirts in the bureau seem as if they had been rained upon; the stair carpets become like wet turf; and a moldy, musty smell pervades the atmosphere.

Fire is the only remedy possible against this invasion of moisture and mildew, and fires are absolutely necessary in all bedrooms almost all through the winter. During the daytime in winter months doors and windows are generally left open, except upon exceptionally cold or rainy days; the fires are allowed to go out, and the winds are invited to come in and keep things dry. But when night falls, chill mists invade the city, and exhalations of dampness rise from the moist earth. This is the case even in clear weather, and Louisianians would not think of sleeping without a fire in their bedrooms to dry the air and banish the specter of dampness. Even in the heat of summer the night-dews are often heavy like heavy rain.

In the North you place open vessels of water upon your heating stoves that the warm air may be kept moist. Here all possible efforts are made to heat the air so that it may hold in suspension as little moisture as possible. For the city sits upon a marsh, and swamps lie about her crescent boundary.

Carpets become an affliction here. Save in the houses of the wealthier, where continual fires keep them dry, they absorb the unhealthiness of dampness in the wet season. They fill the house with an odor of mustiness that makes one think of bacteria and vibriones, and divers other horrors of the microscope. I say "houses of the wealthier," because here there are few families who can afford to maintain a good fire fight all the year round with the swamp dampness.

Here, after a certain hour of night, the streets are as

silent and deserted as the graveled walks of a graveyard. Occasionally, indeed, one may hear a company of volunteer firemen returning from a midnight fire, all singing some jolly refrain to some saucy air borrowed from *La Fille de Madame Angot;* but even the ubiquitous reporter and the all-enduring telegraph messenger yield to the despotism of dampness ere the dead waste and middle of the night.

On the finest days in the winter months there are early fogs, that seem visible exhalations from the damp soil below the pavements. The gutters smoke whitely in the heavy air, and the face of the morning sun beyond the spectral mists assumes the sickly yellow of an unripe orange. When the long, burning summer comes, these sheeted fogs do not wholly cease to haunt the streets by night, and often long after daybreak; but their ghostly rule is unstable, for at intervals there comes a mighty sea breath from the Spanish Main, blowing over the cane fields and the fruit groves, driving the shadowy haze from the river banks, and filling the streets with bright air and a faint odor of orange flowers. Even in summer, however, fires are kept up in many houses through the night, partly to preserve the furniture against the mouldering damp, and partly owing to a wide-spread belief that Yellow Jack will not enter the room made cheery by a warm hearth.

I suspect that these fogs and night-damps account for the peculiar habits of late rising prevalent here. In the North at 8 o'clock business is brisk; here, at 8 o'clock, the city has but just given its awakening yawn, rubbed its eyes and lazily stretched itself in bed.

Strange it is to observe the approach of one of these eerie fogs, on some fair night. The blue deeps above glow tenderly beyond the sharp crescent of the moon; the heavens

seem transformed to an infinite ocean of liquid turquoise, made living with the palpitating life of the throbbing stars. In this limpid clearness, this mellow, tropical moonlight, objects are plainly visible at a distance of miles; far sounds come to the ear with marvelous distinctness—the clarion calls of the boats, the long, loud panting of the cotton presses, exhaling steamy breath from their tireless lungs of steel. Suddenly sounds become fainter and fainter, as though the atmosphere were made feeble by some unaccountable enchantment; distant objects lose distinctness; the heaven is cloudless, but her lights, low burning and dim, no longer make the night transparent, and a chill falls upon the city, such as augurs the coming of a ghost. Then the ghost appears; the invisible makes itself visible; a vast form of thin white mist seems to clasp the whole night in its deathly embrace; the face of the moon is hidden as with a gray veil, and the spectral fog extinguishes with its chill breath the trembling flames of the stars.

—The subject of dampness seems to me inseparably connected in New Orleans with the ghastlier subject of graveyards. Here at the depth of a foot or two feet one strikes water in digging, so that the labor of digging a grave is even as the labor of digging a well, and the result is the same. Consequently the practice of burying the dead in the ground has been almost abandoned. They are simply placed in dry tombs built above the ground, but nevertheless termed burial vaults. In some of the cemeteries here these buildings have evidently been designed after the beautiful sepulchers of antiquity, such as still line the Street of the Tombs at Pompeii, or as are scattered along the Appian Way without the city of Rome. They are mostly built of brick, cased

with white marble, and entered by two small but ponderous doors of black iron. Over the double entrance way is carved the name of the proprietor, in this wise: "Family Tomb of John A——," or "Family Tomb of Richard B——." But, notwithstanding the beautiful designs of various tombs, the glare of the white stone and the gloom of the iron doors form a most dismal and unpleasant contrast.

What impresses one as most peculiar about some of these New Orleans cemeteries is the character of their inclosure—a wall of white stone, honeycombed with tombs. At a short distance the wall suggests the idea of an enormous system of pigeon-holes, the entrance of each pigeon-hole being apparently about two feet square, but really large enough to admit the insertion of the largest coffin. Here and there you see a row of twenty or thirty "pigeon-holes" closed up with lids of white marble and hermetically sealed. These contain coffins and corpses. Most of these horrid holes are, happily, tenantless, and spiders of incredible size and unspeakable audacity sit within and weave their dusty tapestries of clammy silk across the yawning aperture. Irreverent people term these sepulchers *"bake-ovens."* Fancy being asked by a sexton whether you wished to have the remains of your wife or child deposited in "one of them bake-ovens."

I wonder whether something of the old pagan faith of the elder civilizations does not yet linger in our midst despite eighteen centuries of Christianity—something of a vague idea that the manes of the dead must be appeased by offerings at the sepulcher? The aspect of some of the cemeteries here is certainly apt to awaken such a fancy. Everywhere one observes, hanging to the walls of the dismal vaults or suspended from the sealed lids of those dreadful catacombs,

wreaths of faded leaves, garlands of withered flowers, crumbling to colorless dust, curious decorations wrought from paper in imitation of lace or crotchet-work, images, pictures, and many other innocent trifles and foolish ornaments. I do not believe it possible that any rational mind could believe such gifts as the pictures I have here seen, to be in themselves pleasing to the eye; they are such terrible things that I dare not venture to describe them. Nor can I suppose that the good folks, who decorated their family tomb with wreaths of parti-colored paper, did so in the belief that such articles are intrinsically graceful. Perhaps it will be more charitable to suppose that these baubles and flimsy decorations were hung upon the tombs because of an ancient faith that the dead sleep a deeper sleep in their sepulcher when offerings are there placed; that the ghosts of departed friends accept such offerings as a token that they are not wholly forgotten, however pitiful the poor trifles may be.

—The French love of the beautiful, the Italian spirit of art, have made this city beautiful; something of Southern Europe lives in the Garden District, with its singing fountains, its box-trees cut into distaffs, its statues and fantastically-trimmed shrubs, its palms and fig trees, and the yellow richness of its banana and orange orchards. In all quarters of New Orleans one likewise encounters some pleasing evidence of esthetic taste. For instance, it is visible in the iron-work of railings and verandas, partly, perhaps, because the immense demand for iron-work for verandas and balconies has developed the natural taste for French designers in this direction. Vine leaves and bunches of grapes enter largely into iron tracery for balconies; oak leaves and acorns form an equally pleasing design. But the prettiest thing I have ever seen in this phase of art applied to indus-

try is a railing for private gardens, fashioned in the form of growing corn, the long ears forming the points above the upper rail. This design is really exquisite; one could not have believed it possible to imitate the grace of growing corn, the plumy wave of its half crispy leaves, the elegant poise of the ears upon their stalks, so perfectly. And to imitate it in iron, of all things. These railings, however, do not look well from within, as they are cast hollow; but their shadow produces some charming silhouettes when cast upon a white stretch of pavement. The corn railing looks well when painted a yellowish green—about the color of an unripe orange—or even a clear green; but some people here have had the shocking bad taste to paint them chocolate color! I wonder, too, why it has not occurred to some people to have nature imitated in the painting of these railings, observing the differing tints of stalk, leaf, and pale golden ear.

Then, again, I have seen some glorious stairways here, broad, massive, antiquated; with bronze Amazons bearing brazen lamps at each landing, and perhaps a bronze Caryatid upholding a ponderous candelabrum standing sentinel at the lower step of the flight.

But it is in the very heart of the city, in the center of the business blocks, and hard by the Cotton Exchange, that one encounters the most charming surprise of this sort. Entering a paved archway from Common street, you suddenly find yourself in a double court; and through the second archway beyond gleams a musical fountain, whose marble basin is made verdant with water plants and flowers. Above Hebe stands ever youthful in bronze, pouring nectar into her shapely cup; swan-birds curve stony necks at her feet, and about the lower basin four sinewy Tritons, whose nervous thighs end gracefully in dolphin-tails, blow mightily through

marble horns. It is delightful to meet these fragmentary dreams of antique art,—these fancies of that older world which is yet ever young with the youth of immortality,—thus hidden like treasures in the city's bosom. The windows of this central court all look down upon the fountain; and quaint balconies, worthy of Seville or Cordova, jut out overhead at all possible angles. This is Gallia Court, devoted, alas! to office purposes, by lawyers and by doctors.

—The matter of art reminds me that shortly after my arrival in the city I paid a visit to the venerable statue of Henry Clay, on Canal street.[1] It stands in the center of the grand thoroughfare, and is inclosed by a railing. On the eastern face of the quadrangular pedestal I observed the following inscription, deeply cut into the stone and blacked. At least two-thirds of the inscription had been well nigh erased by the removal of the black pigment of the letters, but the phrase "deepest stain" was wonderfully distinct, and the word "SLAVERY" as black as the changeless skin of the Ethiopian:

"IF I COULD BE INSTRUMENTAL IN ERADICATING THIS DEEPEST STAIN, SLAVERY, FROM THE CHARACTER OF OUR COUNTRY, I WOULD NOT EXCHANGE THE PROUD SATISFACTION WHICH I SHOULD ENJOY FOR THE HONORS OF ALL THE TRIUMPHS EVER DECREED TO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL CONQUERORS.—[HENRY CLAY.]"

Surely, I said to myself, no Southern man could have aided in the erection of a statue with such an inscription as that. Crossing Canal street, I wandered through the French quarter into Jackson Square, and proceeded to examine the

[1] This statue has since been moved to Lafayette Square. (The Editor.)

great equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, erected upon a rampant steed. Upon the eastern face of the stone I beheld characters deeply graven, and I discovered that the characters were even these:

"THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

Then I inquired what might be the history of these extraordinary inscriptions, and received this pithy, trisyllabic and all-satisfying reply:

"Beast Butler!"

It is certainly difficult to imagine what could be the object of thus chiseling the monuments of a conquered people, except that of inflicting petty annoyance, or perhaps, indeed, that of leaving a historical memento of the conqueror's visitation. It was this ingenuity in discovering acid blisters for the sorest spots of Southern character that still makes the name of Butler a synonym for abomination in New Orleans. A history of his government of the city is still circulated here, under the title of "Beauty and Booty," having for frontispiece a savage caricature of Butler surrounded by silver candlesticks and silver spoons. The book is wretchedly written and poorly arranged; but as it contains a large number of Butler's military orders, and records of interesting events republished verbatim from the papers of the day, it is not without some value.

—It has become customary with Northern jokers visiting New Orleans to send to their friends in the boreal regions a young alligator; and even I have had some difficulty in conquering the temptation to do likewise. Alligators are here for sale cheap. Certainly they ought to be cheap. I

asked an acquaintance the other day what were the boundaries of the city on the west. "Swamps," he replied; "if you walk right to the end of Canal street beyond the graveyard, and into the swamp, why, you'll get up to your neck in alligators." I never attempted to learn by actual experience whether his statements were literally correct; but from the fact that young alligators are sometimes found swimming in the street gutters upon rainy days I suspect that he was not far from the truth. Mr. M——, a friend of mine, picked one up quite recently in the gutter opposite Lafayette Square. It was unpleasantly lively, and about six inches long. He took the hideous little monster home, carelessly flung it into a bureau-drawer, and threw it a piece of bread. It seized the bread ferociously and forthwith choked itself to death, amid the lamentations of the family.

—I must say a word concerning a certain trade and a certain profession which are profitable in this poverty-stricken city. The trade is that of the bootblack. The profession is that of the beggar. There are a few bootblacks only; but there are beggars in number even as a swarm of flies. This is because certain social restrictions have been placed upon the exercise of the trade of bootblack; while no social restriction whatever, save that of the general impecuniousness of New Orleans, limits the ambition of the profession of beggar.

When I left Cincinnati the bootblacking business was in a bad way. There were many bootblacks, and they were being forced into a reduction of prices. Nobody cared to pay more than a nickel for the most perfect possible "shine." But here prices keep up well. The New Orleans bootblack

would reject a nickel with scorn. It takes capital to go into the business here. You must be able to buy a wooden platform, a soft-bottomed chair, a stationary blacking-box with raised foot-supports, five or six brushes, the best description of blacking, and a piece of carpet to kneel upon. Then you must pay a rent of eight or ten dollars a month for permission to exercise your calling upon any sidewalk in any busy part of town. The trade is wholly in the hands of men here, mostly colored, and it is said to be profitable in the winter season. Nobody here would think of having his boots blacked unless the bootblack could furnish him with a comfortable chair to sit down upon during the operation.

As for the beggars, I can only say that they seem to be regarded here as a necessary evil, and have become a nuisance in numbers, and an affliction by reason of their persistent impertinence. They follow you along the street, often two at a time, thrusting hats or hands under your nose in the ferocious determination to wring some mark of attention from you. Several have been locked up since I came here,—not, indeed, for begging, but for violently abusing the unfortunate people who dared refuse them alms.

—"Oranges fifty cents a hundred!—twelve for a nickel!" is a daily cry nowadays in the French Market, and they are good, large, ripe, sweet oranges, too,—fresh from the deep-green trees, with fragments of stalk and bright leaf still attached. They are piled up in huge wooden bins, like potatoes, and these hills of fruit glower like gold under the morning sun. I bought twelve fine ones the other morning, and the swarthy orange-dealer furnished me a strong paper bag to put them in. While wondering within myself how

large the fruit-vender's profit could possibly be, I was insensibly attracted by something unusual in his face—a shadow of the beauty of the antique world seemed to rest upon it. "Are you not a Greek?" I asked, for there was no mistaking the metoposcopy of that head. Yes; he was from Zante—first a sailor, now a fruit-vender; some day, perhaps, he would be a merchant.

It is among those who sell, not among those who buy, that the most curious studies of human nature and of the human face are to be made in the French Market. These dealers are by no means usually French, but they are mostly from the Mediterranean coasts and the Levant—from Sicily and Cyprus, Corsica and Malta, the Ionian Archipelago, and a hundred cities fringing the coasts of Southern Europe. They are wanderers, who have wandered all over the face of the earth, to find rest at last in this City of the South; they are sailors who have sailed all seas, and sunned themselves at a hundred tropical ports, and finally anchored their lives by the levee of New Orleans. The Neapolitan Italian, the Spaniard, the Corsican, the Levantine Greek seek rest from the storm here, in a clime akin to their own and under a sky as divinely blue, and at a port not far-distant from their beloved sea. For these Levantine sailors hate dusty inland cities and the dry air of the Great West.

If you, O reader, chance to be a child of the sea;—if, in earliest childhood, you listened each morning and evening to that most ancient and mystic hymn-chant of the waves, which none can hear without awe, and which no musician can learn;—if you have ever watched wonderingly the far sails of the fishing-vessels turn rosy in the blush of sunset, or silver under the moon, or golden in the glow of sunrise;—if you once breathed as your native air the divine breath

of the ocean, and learned the swimmer's art from the hoary breakers, and received the Ocean-god's christening, the glorious baptism of salt,—then, perhaps, you know only too well why these sailors of the Levant can not seek homes within the heart of the land. Twenty years may have passed since your ears last caught the thunder of that mighty ode of hexameters which the sea has always sung and will sing forever,—since your eyes sought the far line where the vaulted blue of heaven touches the level immensity of rolling waters,—since you breathed the breath of the ocean, and felt its clear ozone living in your veins like an elixir. Have you forgotten the mighty measure of that mighty song?—have you forgotten the divine saltiness of that unfettered wind? Is not the spell of the sea strong upon you still?

So that when the long, burning summer comes, and the city roars distinctly around you, and your ears are filled with the droning hum of machinery, and your heart full of the bitterness of the struggle for life, then comes to you at long intervals in the dingy office or the crowded streets some memory of white breakers and vast stretches of wrinkled sand and far-fluttering breezes that seem to whisper "Come!"

So, that when the silent night comes, you find yourself revisiting in dreams those ocean shores thousands of miles away. The wrinkled sand, ever shifting yet ever the same, has the same patches of vari-colored weeds and shining rocks along its level expanse; and the thunder chant of the sea which echoes round the world, eternal yet ever new, is rolling up to heaven. The glad waves leap up to embrace you; the free winds shout welcome in your ears; white sails are shining in the west, while sea birds are flying over the

gleaming swells. And from the infinite expanse of eternal sky and everlasting sea, then comes to you, with the heavenly ocean breeze, a thrilling sense of unbounded freedom, a delicious feeling as of life renewed, an ecstasy as of youth restored. And so you start into wakefulness with the thunder of that sea dream in your ears and tears of regret in your eyes to find about you only heat and dust and toil; the awakening rumble of traffic, and "the city sickening if its own thick breath."

And I think that the Levantine sailors dare not dwell in the midst of the land, for fear lest dreams of a shadowy sea might come upon them in the night, and phantom winds call wildly to them in their sleep, and they might wake to find themselves a thousand miles beyond the voice of the breakers.

Sometimes, I doubt not, these swarthy sellers of fruit, whose black eyes sparkle with the sparkle of the sea, and whose voices own the tones of ocean winds, sicken when a glorious breeze from the Gulf enters the city, shaking the blossoms from the magnolia trees and the orange groves. Sometimes, I doubt not, they forsake their Southern home when the dream comes upon them, and take ship for the Spanish Main. Yet I think most men may wake here from dreams of the sea, and rest again. It is true that you can not hear the voice of the hoary breakers in the moonlight, —only the long panting of the cotton presses, the shouting of the boats calling upon each other through the tropical night, and the ceaseless song of night birds and crickets. But the sea ships, with their white wings folded, are slumbering at the wharves; the sea-winds are blowing through the moon-lit streets, and from the South arises that wondrous, pale glow, like the far reflection of the emerald green of the

ocean. So that the Greek sailor, awaking from the vision of winds and waves, may join three fingers of his right hand, after the manner of the Eastern Church, and cross himself, and sleep again in peace.

NEW ORLEANS

Sicilians in New Orleans—The Sicilian Vendetta—Some Curiosities of Creole Grammar—A Weird Creole Love-Song—Voudooism—The Grace of the Serpent.

NEW ORLEANS, December 21, 1877.

Among the dark-eyed sailors from the Mediterranean who have anchored their fortunes at the port of New Orleans, there are swarthy hundreds in whose veins throbs the mingled blood of Roman, Carthaginian, Moor and Norman; and perhaps, too, of those antique colonists who brought into the volcanic lands of Sicily the civilization of Athens. This strange blending of Nations seems always productive of strange results. One would suppose, from comparing those results in various lands, that the more good blood is mixed, the more savage it becomes. From whom are the Greek brigands? From whom are the Italian and Sicilian banditti descended? What blood flows in the veins of the Spanish *matador* or the Spanish *contrabandista?*

I do not think that these Sicilians of New Orleans—these descendants of those who gave to history the terrible memory of the "Sicilian Vespers," and who live here side by side with descendants, no doubt, of French citizens slaughtered in Palermo—are readily distinguishable from Neapolitans, or other Italians, by any outward characteristics. They are, indeed, volcanic-hearted, like the land whence they came, but the eruption of a Sicilian's hatred always bursts forth without premonition. It is the Sicilian of all men who may naturally smile and smile and be a villain still.

He masters his passion only for the more complete gratification of it at some judicious moment. But the satisfaction of a wrong by the use of the knife can not be indulged under ordinary circumstances in such a community as this. The spirit of healthier laws than the laws of Sicily prevails against the natural instinct of vengeance for a personal injury. There are, however, circumstances that are extraordinary and injuries that are not strictly personal, under which circumstances and for which injuries the Sicilian seeks vengeance as best he may, without regard to any law save the law of *vendetta*.

Under the code of the vendetta, the civil code is ignored. The avenger never seeks the aid of the State or the municipal law. He is a law unto himself. He feels assured of the sympathy and silence of his compatriots; and he is never betrayed. Even the dying victim will never utter the name of his assassin,—except to his *compadre* or to his nearest male relatives as natural avenger. Even the priest who bears the *viaticum* and hears the last confession may seek in vain, as "ghostly father" of the victim, to learn that name. The shrewdest detective may follow the surest clues only to a certain point where all is deafness and blindness,—shruggings of shoulders and multiplied gestures of ignorance. "*Eet ees vendetta;* I know nothing!" The assassin may even be arrested and imprisoned; none will appear against him; the relatives of the murdered man refuse to testify in the case or accuse the prisoner; the very man whose duty it has become to murder the murderer in *vendetta* will feign utter ignorance of all circumstances connected with the case.

The son avenges his father, the brother his brother, the cousin his cousin, the friend his friend; and the vendetta only dies when the last victim is friendless. The Sicilian

who has killed a Sicilian feels safe only when he feels assured that the family of the dead died with him, and that the slain had no *compadre*. But it is rarely indeed that he can feel thus assured.

It is only the Spaniard or the Italian who really knows how to use the knife, and the Italian uses it as naturally as a wild beast uses its claws and teeth, or the serpent its fangs. The knife is the fittest weapon for the vendetta. The pistol speaks, the knife is silent. The pistol leaves a leaden record of circumstantial evidence; the knife leaves none. Consequently the victim of the vendetta is usually a victim of the knife; but sometimes the pistol has been used with equally mysterious secrecy even in the vicinity of the French Market.

West of the Market many of the squares contain huge courts, entered by narrow passages which end on opening into the square, and which are faced by no corresponding passages on the other side. These courts swarm with Sicilians, and these narrow archways have shadowed the perpetration of more than one vendetta. It was in such a narrow passage bearing the rather ghastly-sounding name of Oudade Alley, that one of the most memorable and mysterious acts of vengeance was perpetrated. At either corner of the alley, at its opening on Front Levee street, were stores, and at the time of the assassination the proprietors of these stores were seated at their doors, watching the passers-by. They saw a man enter the alley shortly after dark, and suddenly rush out again, staggering as though drunk. He reeled into the middle of the street and fell dead as stone. There were three poinard wounds in his breast and back, all evidently delivered by a strong and dextrous hand, for they had reached the heart, and the man died without a cry. It had been all the work of

an instant, silent and invisible, save to the victim. No one had heard anything; no person, except the dead man, had seen anything. But the assassin who had shadowed this victim of vendetta, and whose hand must have been red with fresh blood, had not followed the dying Sicilian into the light. He had gone back into the darkness, and beyond the darkness into the great court, where hundreds of his compatriots must have seen him, for it was then quite early in the evening. Yet all the efforts of the police were fruitless, the cunning of the detectives availed nothing, and the murder still remains, as it will probably continue to remain, a mystery. The perpetrator of a vendetta is never brought to justice.

Nevertheless, there is something viperine in this sultry Sicilian blood. The dangerous quality in the character of the strong hater who shadows his intended victim year after year awaiting a certain chance for unwitnessed vengeance, is the dangerous quality of the ophidian, which never misses its victim, but gladly glides away from the face of its enemy, if permitted to do so, unharmed. The Sicilian is utterly incapable of comprehending that icy courage of Northern character that enables a strong man to grin back into the grinning face of death. The Sicilian is dangerous only as the snake is dangerous. Those who incur his hate must watch him, not for a day or a week, but for years.

Let me relate an incident illustrative of Sicilian nature. The Sicilians have their clubs here—clubs strong enough to wield considerable influence in local politics. They are a people to whom leaders are a necessity, and will follow their leaders as sheep follow the shepherds. It is of importance, therefore, for either political party to win over the leaders of the Sicilian clubs. On one occasion it was

supposed that Warmoth had succeeded in gaining their support, and the White League determined to interfere. At that time the Sicilian Clubs were having great torch-light parades, and had already exhibited some symptoms of ferocity. A drunken negro had fired into one of their processions, and not satisfied with the almost instant death of the negro, they had killed (by way of vendetta, perhaps), thirty or more other negroes, who unfortunately happened to be watching the parade. However, only about forty or fifty White Leaguers undertook one evening to break up a large out-door meeting of these clubs. They formed beside the speaker's stand in a solid body, and hooted off the scene the first speaker who attempted to address the meeting. Then the Sicilian procession wheeled and marched four deep along the side-walk in order to clear it. The White Leaguers made no demonstration until the foremost torches arrived within fifteen yards of them, when somebody called out: "Let them have it, boys," and every man "went for his hip-pocket," the procession instantly broke up; and the meeting scattered in all directions. Yet the Sicilians were all well armed.

—I think it is very strange that so little has been written in regard to the curiosities of Creole grammar, and the peculiar poetical adaptation of the dialect. English antiquarians have produced elaborate treatises on the dialects of Devonshire, Lancashire, and Cornwall. French scholars have even established periodicals exclusively devoted to the study of their various *provincial patois,* and the collation of popular legends, traditions, superstitions, and curions customs preserved in dialect songs. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there be any provincial dialect of Europe which has

not received considerable attention from philologists. Yet there is certainly no European patois owning greater curiosities of construction, greater beauties of melody and rhythm than this Creole speech; there is no provincial dialect of the mother country wealthier in romantic tradition and ballad legends than this almost unwritten tongue of Louisiana.

I will venture a few remarks in this letter upon certain peculiarities of Creole grammar which I doubt not may prove interesting to some of your readers. Any one who has studied the French Grammar conscientiously knows that it is not over easy to thoroughly memorize all that code of minute rules whereby the French verb is governed throughout the ramifications of its conjugations and moods and variously terminating tenses. These rules have almost been abolished from Creole grammar, and the protean character of the verb changed after a fashion to make a school-boy howl with joy. The languid speaker of the patois simply declines to change the termination of his verb according to tense at all, and refuses to endure the tyranny of subjunctive or potential moods. He acknowledges only the primary tenses—past, present and future—and adapts these to all his wants, not perceiving the usefulness of the secondary tenses. He commences, as a general rule, by changing the entire form of the verb, as *aimin* for *aimer, connin* for *connaitre, gagnin* for *gagner,* or as *courri* for *courir, reste* for *rester, souffri* for *souffrir*—according to conjugation; the Creole dialect possessing regular conjugations of its own adapted from the French. This done, the tense is never indicated by any change in the termination of the verb, but by the additional use of the monosyllables *te* and *sre,—te* taking the place of the past tenses of the auxiliary verb *etre,* and *sre* being a convenient substitute for the future tenses

of the same. I give an example of this method of conjugating,—the Creole verb *courri* in its various forms. I translate it by the verb "run" only as derived from the French *courir;* for it is most generally used in the sense of "go," and corresponds more closely to the verb *aller*. The Creole speaker does not say, "I will go to see him"; he says, "Me *run* see him." This is the thought of the child, who naturally *runs* to satisfy a desire, and can not, like the adult, walk calmly to the accomplishment of his wishes.

PRESENT

Mo courri.	I run.
To courri.	Thou runnest.
Li courri.	He, she, or it runs.
No courri.	We run.
Yo courri.	You run.
Ye courri.	They run.

PAST

Mo te courri.	I ran.
To te courri.	Thou rannest.
Li te courri.	He ran.
No te courri.	We ran.
Yo te courri.	You ran.
Ye te courri.	They ran.

FUTURE

Mo sre courri.	I will run.
To sre courri.	Thou wilt run.
Li sre courri.	He will run.
No sre courri.	We will run.
Yo sre courri.	You will run.
Ye sre courri.	They will run.

The more I investigate the curiosities of this dialect, the more I find that it differs very considerably according to

locality; in some parishes it resembles the French far less than in others. Here is a specimen closely akin to the Creole of the Antilles. It is said to be an old negro love-song, and I think there is a peculiar weird beauty in several of its stanzas. I feel much inclined to doubt whether it was composed by a negro, but the question of its authorship can not affect its value as a curiosity, and, in any case, its spirit is thoroughly African. Unfortunately, without accented letters it is impossible to convey any idea of the melody, the liquid softness, the languor, of some of the couplets. My translation is a little free in parts.

I

"Dipi me vouer toue, Adele,
Ape danse calinda.
Mo reste pour toue fidele,
Liberte a moin caba.
Mo pas soussi d'autt negresses,
Mo pas gagnin cœur pour yo;
Yo gagnin beaucoup finesses;
Yo semble serpent Congo.

II

Mo aime toue trop, ma belle,
Mo pas capab resiste;
Cœur a moin tout comme sauterelle,
Li fait ne qu'appe saute.
Mo jamin contre gnoun femme
Qui gagnin belle taille comme toue;
Jie a toue jete la flamme;
Corps a toue enchene moue.

III

To tant comme serpent sonnette
Qui connin charme zozo,—
Qui gagnin bouche a li prette
Pour servi comme gnoun tombo.
Mo jamin voue gnoun negresse
Qui connin marche comme toue,—
Qui gagnin gnoun si belle gesse;
Corps a toue ce gnoun poupe.

IV

Quand mo pas vouer toue, Adele,
Mo senti m'ape mourri,—
Mo vini com' gnoun chandelle
Qui ape alle fini:
Mo pas vouer rien sur la terre
Qui capab moin fait plaisi;—
Mo capab dans la riviere
Jete moin pour pas souffri.

V

Dis moin si to gagnin n'homme;—
Mo va fais ouanga pour li;
Mo fais li tourne fantome,
Si to vle moin pour mari.
Mo pas lein jour toue boudeuse;
L'autt femme, pour moin ce fatras;
Mo va rende toue bien heureuse;
Mo va baill' toue bell' madras."

TRANSLATION

I

"Since first I beheld you, Adele,
While dancing the *calinda,*
I have remained faithful to the thought of you;
My freedom has departed from me.
I care no longer for all other negresses;
I have no heart left for them;—
You have such grace and cunning;—
You are like the Congo serpent.

II

I love you too much, my beautiful one;—
I am not able to help it.
My heart has become just like a grasshopper,—
It does nothing but leap.
I have never met any woman
Who has so beautiful a form as yours.
Your eyes flash flame;
Your body has enchained me captive.

III

Ah, you are so like the serpent-of-the-rattles
Who knows how to charm the little bird,
And who has a mouth ever ready for it
To serve it for a tomb!
I have never known any negress
Who could walk with such grace as you can.
Or who could make such beautiful gestures:
Your body is a beautiful doll.

IV

When I can not see you, Adele,
I feel myself ready to die;
My life becomes like a candle
Which has almost burned itself out.
I can not, then, find anything in the world
Which is able to give me pleasure;—
I could well go down to the river
And throw myself in that I might cease to suffer.

V

Tell me if you have a man;
And I will make an *ouanga* charm for him:
I will make him turn into a phantom,
If you will only take me for your husband.
I will not go to see you when you are cross;
Other women are mere trash to me;
I will make you very happy,
And I will give you a beautiful Madras handkerchief."

I think there is some true poetry in these allusions to the snake. Is not the serpent a symbol of grace? Is not the so-called "line of beauty" serpentine? And is there not something of the serpent in the beauty of all graceful women?—something of undulating shapeliness, something of silent fascination?—something of Lilith and Lamia? The French have a beautiful verb expressive of this idea, *serpenter*, "to serpent"—to curve in changing undulations like a lithe snake. The French artist speaks of the outlines of a beautiful human body as "serpenting," curving and winding like a serpent. Do you not like the word? I think it is so expressive of flowing lines of elegance

—so full of that mystery of grace which puzzled Solomon: "The way of a serpent upon a rock."

The allusion to Voudooism in the last stanza especially interested me, and I questioned the gentleman who furnished me with the song as to the significance of the words: "I will make him turn into a phantom." I had fancied that the term *fantome* might be interpreted by "ghosts," and that the whole line simply constituted a threat to make some one "give up the ghost."

"It is not exactly that," replied my friend; "it is an allusion, I believe, to the withering and wasting power of Voudoo poisons. There are such poisons actually in use among the negro obi-men—poisons which defy analysis, and, mysterious as the poison of the Borgias, slowly consume the victims like a taper. He wastes away as though being dried up; he becomes almost mummified; he wanes like a shadow; he turns into a phantom in the same sense that a phantom is an unreal mockery of something real."

Thus I found an intelligent Louisianan zealous to confirm an opinion to which I was permitted to give expression in the *Commercial*[1] nearly three years ago—that a knowledge of secret septic poisons (probably of an animal character), which leave no trace discoverable by the most skillful chemists, is actually possessed by certain beings who are reverenced as sorcerers by the negroes of the West Indies and the Southern States, but more especially of the West Indies, where much of African fetichism has been transplanted.

[1] *The Commercial,* December 12, 1875, *The Poisoners.* For the manner in which I found and identified this article, see *An American Miscellany Introduction,* Page IX–X. The article itself is fully reprinted in the first volume therein. (The Editor.)

NEW ORLEANS LETTER

An Orange Christmas—Living in New Orleans—Cotton and Sugar—Poverty and Decay—The Old and the New South—A Moldering City—"La Gniape," etc.—Picturesqueness Passing Away.

NEW ORLEANS, January 5, 1878.

I stood upon the hurricane deck of the *Natchez* on Christmas Eve to watch the spectacle of the levee in holiday times. The huge expanse, so far as the eye could reach, was swarming like an ant-hill. The Cotton and Sugar landings were choked up with freight, and boats still labored at the wharf with cotton cargoes piled up to their smoke-stacks, utterly unable to obtain relief. There was no room for more freight on the slope. The Sugar landing presented the spectacle of square miles of hogsheads and molasses barrels; the deep amber color of the sirup stained the soil of the narrow pathways leading through the wilderness of barrels, and here and there the molasses had trickled into a trench or gutter, half filling it with a waste of liquid sweetness. The enormous sugar-sheds were gorged to their utmost capacity with the saccharine products of Louisiana. Idle negro laborers were busy gleaning the sugar scattered by the samplers and carrying it away in hats or handkerchiefs; and the wind wafted far and wide that half-vinegary odor which tells of sweetness wasted and spoiled. So mixed with sirup or sugar did the soil seem in the few bare patches visible, that I fancied a really hungry man might train himself to eat it, like the clay-eaters of South America. I

noticed, however, that amid the innumerable legions of molasses barrels, there were not many rows of sugar hogsheads to break the monotony. Sugar seemed to be coming in quite slowly; and everybody tells me there will not be more than a half-crop.

"The levee is not what it used to be, sir," observed a gentleman who was enjoying the spectacle with me. "It is not often you see such a busy scene as this. But I remember when the shipping darkened the river, and the vessels lay three or four deep for fifteen miles, and some would wait weeks for a chance to unload. That was before the war."

Christmas Eve came in with a blaze of orange glory in the west, and masses of lemon-colored clouds piled up above the sunset. The whole city was filled with orange-colored light, just before the sun went down; and between the lemon-hued clouds and the blue were faint tints of green. The colors of that sunset seemed a fairy mockery of the colors of the fruit booths throughout the city; where the golden fruit lay piled up in luxuriant heaps, and where the awnings of white canvas had been replaced by long archways of interwoven orange branches with the fruit still glowing upon them. Walking under these Christmas booths seemed like walking through a natural bower of heavily freighted fruit trees. It was an Orange Christmas.

—To-day it is quite wet, and the streets are like the canals of Venice. I see negroes being hired to carry ladies and gentlemen from crossing to crossing through the flood. The gutters are roaring. I am especially amused at the antics of some urchins who have found a dead alligator, about three feet long, in the Carondelet Basin, and are drag-

ging it through the water at the corner of Julia and Baronne streets, in the hope of reviving the nasty thing. At last somebody proposes to "sell it to the drug store," and the noisy crowd wade away round the corner.

Although one can live in New Orleans cheaper, probably, than in any other city of the country, her citizens have long accustomed themselves to eat but twice a day. Excepting the principal hotels, all eating-houses and boarding-places furnish their patrons with but two meals daily—breakfast and dinner; the former about 9 A. M., the latter about 4 P. M. The Creole is satisfied with a light morning meal, a cup of coffee or chocolate, with some fresh bread, and perhaps an egg, for breakfast. His dinner is more substantial, but far less solid and difficult of digestion than what is generally considered a good dinner in the North. If he be poor he can thrive on bread and coffee, with an ounce of *bouillon* at dinner time, or a plate of *gumbo* soup. If he be "comfortably situated" he will perhaps haunt the old fashioned restaurant of the Four Seasons, where for about seventy-five cents he can procure a meal dainty enough to satisfy the most *blasé* appetite—first-class Parisian cookery, with a bottle of claret, a rich cup of black Mocha, and a clear cigar, to aid digestion. For no true French Creole considers his restaurant dinner complete without a fragrant cigar, to be smoked with the fine cup of black coffee. If he should chance to prefer cigarettes, they are brought to him, and it is then amusing to watch how he prepares one. No Creole smoker would put to his lips any but a real Spanish cigarette, and the Spanish cigarette, you know, is loosely rolled, and tucked in at both ends. Your Creole exquisite unrolls it, and empties the tobacco into his left hand; then he pours it into the right hand, and blows away with a whiff

the fine dust it has left in the other palm. Then he pours the tobacco into the left palm a second time, blowing the snuff-like dust from his right, and so on, until the tobacco has been thoroughly winnowed. Then he re-rolls it, and smokes it with little dainty gestures of exquisiteness.

But notwithstanding that boarding-houses furnish their guests with only two meals daily, the rates of regular board and lodging are much higher than in the North, where the rooms are more comfortable, and any one of your three daily meals contains more solid nourishment than the whole of a day's diet in New Orleans. For day board alone the regular charge is $5 per week, and, even with a room the reverse of comfortable, your month's expenses can not very well be reduced below $50. There is not much money in the city, wages are low; employment is difficult to procure except during the brief winter season, and the working classes can ill afford to pay such rates; consequently they do not live at the boarding-houses at all, but at the Markets. Fully half of the population of the city, I believe, take their daily meals at the market-houses. Now, one may live comfortably at the market-houses for the small sum of twenty-five cents per day.

Each market-house has its own long, marble-topped coffee-stand, with a dozen fat-bellied sugar-bowls marshaled in shining rows. Here, for five cents you may purchase an excellent cup of coffee, with a plate of doughnuts; and for five cents more a long loaf of sweet and milky-white French bread. That makes a good ten-cent breakfast. Then for dinner fifteen cents will purchase you meat, vegetables, coffee, and bread *ad libitum*. If you are a smoker you must have a good cigar with each light meal; and these

two cigars will cost you two and a half cents each. So that your daily expenses for eating and smoking need not exceed thirty cents per day. As for the cigars, I wish to observe that you can procure in New Orleans, cigars at the rate of two for a nickel, which are incomparably better than the average Northern dime cigar. I can hardly hope to make you believe this statement without tangible proof; but I can swear to it. The five-cent cigar is the high-priced cigar of the average New Orleans smoker. A ten-cent cigar is an extravagance—an outrageous extravagance.

—The Spanish domination has left some curious traces of its past in the vernacular peculiar to New Orleans. It has bequeathed us the words *picayune, quartille* and *la gniape*. The word *picayune* is yet extensively used instead of "nickel," and *quartille* still signifies a half-picayune, or a value of two cents and a half. However, the term is rapidly becoming obsolete, and is seldom used except by some of the old French-speaking negroes, who occasionally ask at a grocery for a *quartille* of sugar, presenting a nickel in payment. The term *la gniape* is in common use, and applies to a local custom which widely prevails with the tradespeople and storekeepers of the foreign and Creole population. It might be translated "the *give-away*," or idiotically rendered by the term "good-will." If you buy a ten-cent loaf of the delicious, cream-white bread for which New Orleans is famous, the baker presents you with a handful of ginger-cakes or a few doughnuts for *la gniape*. If you buy a package of tobacco the storekeeper will perhaps give you a cigar for *la gniape;* the *la gniape* always varying according to the character of the purchase. When you visit the coffee-stands in the market-house for lunch, the coffee-seller always gives

you a plate of doughnuts gratis, or, perhaps, half a dozen slices of coffee-cake with your five-cent cup of fragrant Rio. That is *la gniape;* and no matter what else you may call for in the way of lunch, the *la gniape* is always thrown in with every cup of coffee purchased.

[Writing the word *quartille* has reminded me that the word "quarter" is seldom used in small trading, either at New Orleans or anywhere along the Mississippi. The old fashioned terms "two-bits," "four-bits," "six-bits," are still in vogue to denote those three fractions of the dollar that you generally designate as the quarter, fifty cents and seventy-five cents; the "bit" being nominally equivalent to a value of twelve cents and a half. And speaking of cents, it occurs to me that copper coins do not circulate in New Orleans. The cent is valueless, except at the United States Post-office. No one will even accept ten copper cents for ten cents' worth of groceries; payment must be made with silver dimes or with nickels. Latterly, indeed, there has been an effort made by some business men to bring about a resumption of copper-money circulation; and strong arguments in favor of the commercial recognition of the cent have appeared in the columns of the *Picayune* and *Democrat;* but as yet you can purchase nothing with cents except postage stamps. It seemed very odd at first to me when I discovered that cents were positively regarded here as curious things, and that small boxes of copper coin were exhibited in the windows of a newspaper office at the time of the silver resumption.

Then we have the so-called negro term "pickaninny." Perhaps there are not many of your readers aware that this term is only a slave corruption of the Spanish words *poco niña* or *poco niño,* a little girl, or a little boy.

—The commercial life of New Orleans pulsates very feebly in the feverish summers of Louisiana; and the satisfaction of her wants, during at least seven months of the year, depends to no small extent upon the activity of her business interests during the remaining five. This present winter does not promise to be a season of business prosperity for New Orleans. Her two great staples, cotton and sugar, have fallen short of expectation. The sugar traffic is the pyloric artery of Louisiana commerce, and the sugar crop has sustained tremendous damage from the early frosts. I have not as yet endeavored to ascertain from official sources what trustworthy estimate may be made of that damage; but I am perfectly satisfied that the season has been a most disastrous one for sugar planters. The frosts of the first week of December converted the cane-stalks into solid columns of ice, and split them open. Then came a thaw, and the juce flowing out of the bursting canes, left them limp, ragged, doubled up, and almost worthless. Some estimate that considerably more than one-half the crop has been destroyed. Acres upon acres of cane have been dumped into the river. A ruined crop may be applied to the manufacture of molasses, but molasses will become so cheap this winter that it will not pay the cost of barrels to put it in. The common sugar of Louisiana, so delicious and so deeply brown, in which you sometimes find little fragments of the crushed cane, will soon be scarce in the market. It has already risen considerably. At retail a few weeks ago, it was sold at eighteen pounds for a dollar, and has now gone up to thirteen. At all events, whether the blue devils have exaggerated certain reports which I have heard or not, it is at least a fact that the sugar interest has received a tremendous blow, which must be felt in New Orleans. Then the

West Indian sugar crop is immense, and will keep prices down to some extent. I am told the cotton crop is a small one. It is a late crop, but a small one, nevertheless, for heavy rains and foul weather have damaged it considerably in various States. Earlier in the season the prospects of the crop were not very good in Mississippi and Tennessee, and elsewhere, also, the cotton planters felt miserable. Now, however, I am told they are doing far better than they had expected. But there can not be very prosperous times in New Orleans before the winter of 1878.

Yet I find a tremendous amount of shopping going on; and now, in these holiday times, everybody is making everybody some little present. It seemes odd to find so much money spent for pleasure in a city that is months behind in paying her police their small wages of forty dollars, and is unable to maintain a paid fire department. Thrift and economy are not characteristic of this pleasure-loving people, who can not train themselves to accept the results of the war as hard business lessons, and expend their little means to-day quite as generously and as recklessly as in the days when money was "no consideration." But the new generation are growing up to be far less generous-hearted and much more practical minded.

—I have spoken with enthusiasm of the beauty of New Orleans; I must speak with pain of her decay. The city is fading, moldering, crumbling—slowly but certainly.

As molders and crumblers some quaint pleasure-house in the midst of weed-grown gardens once luxuriantly romantic as those which form a background for the warm pictures of the *Decameron,* so molders this fair, quaint city in the midst of the ruined paradise of Louisiana. So, also, are moldering

all the old cities of the South, for their prosperity had its root of nourishment in the enormous wealth of the planters of cotton and rice and sugar, and that wealth is gone.

I suppose that when the hatreds of the war have burnt themselves out; when the descendants of the ruined planters remember the family misfortunes only as traditions are remembered; when a new social system shall have arisen from the ashes of the old, like the new world of the Scandinavian Edda from the fires of Ragnarok—then shall the old plantations be again made fertile, and the cottonwood cleared away, and the life of these old Southern cities be resurrected. But the new South shall never be as the old. Those once grand residences that are being devoured by mossy decay can never be rebuilt; the old plantations which extended over whole parishes will be parceled out to a hundred farmers from States that are not Southern; and the foreign beauties of New Orleans will never be restored. It is the picturesqueness of the South, the poetry, the traditions, the legends, the superstitions, the quaint faiths, the family prides, the luxuriousness, the splendid indolence and the splendid sins of the old social system which has passed, or which is now passing away forever. It is all this which is dead or dying in New Orleans, and which can hope for no trumpet-call to resurrection. The new South may, perhaps, become far richer than the old South; but there will be no aristocracy, no lives of unbridled luxury, no reckless splendors of hospitality, no mad pursuit of costliest pleasures. The old Southern hospitality has been starved to death, and leaves no trace of its former being save the thin ghost of a romance. The new South will be less magnificent, though wealthier; less generous, though more self-denying; less poetical, though more cultured. The new cities will be,

probably, more prosperous and less picturesque than the old. They will have plain streets and plain faced houses; they will have cheaper balconies and commonplace façades; they will not delight an artistic eye or suggest curious ghostly fancies to an artistic mind; they will be quite practical and quite unromantic. This period of decay seems to me the close of the romantic era of Southern history.

You are aware, no doubt, that the city is bankrupt; but without living here one can hardly comprehend the utter hopelessness of her bankruptcy. Her wealth and her strange foreign beauty were created by an aristocracy which has been destroyed beyond a possibility of resurrection, and were nourished by a social system that has become a thing of the dead past. Even her beauty must pass away, as her riches have passed away; and her once generous life must contract into narrower veins as the years glide by, till it has ceased to pulsate save in the great arteries of her commerce. Already I think her beauty is fading and crumbling. Many of her noblest buildings are sinking into ruin; those dear old French houses, so quaintly picturesque with their green verandas, and peaked gables and dormer windows, are falling into dilapidation and are but too often being removed to make place for hideous modern structures. The charming French Opera-house on Bourbon street, where the Creoles supported opera for nearly half a century, is dark, and dead and silent. Even Aimée has not sung there for years, and I suppose she could not now fill the dress-circle boxes with the remnant of her old Creole audiences. Sometimes, when passing under the sharply-cut shadows of the building in a night of tropical moonlight, I fancy that a shadowy performance of *Don Giovanni* or *Masaniello* must be going on within for the entertainment of a ghostly audience; and that if

somebody would but open the doors an instant, one might catch a glimpse of spectral splendor,—of dusky-eyed beauties long dead,—of forgotten faces pale with the sleep of battle-fields,—of silks that should be moldering in moldering chests with the fashions of twenty years ago, and of gems secretly given to the keeping of the children of Israel. I think that when a building has that haunted look its demolition [1] is not far distant. The new generation who live in new fashioned dwellings and patronize new fashioned theaters, will tell you that the French quarter is "ugly and unendurable." The old family residences are being rented out as lodging houses by colored women who once, as slaves, waited upon the luxurious tables of their masters in the very rooms now advertised by them as *chambres garnies à louer.* Many of the quaint old streets have been rechristened with new-fashioned and unromantic names. Sometimes at night a sky-reddening fire blazes out over the gables of the old houses, and when the sun rises one sees that old landmarks have disappeared forever. And the last survivors of the old régime,—the old Creole gentlemen who persistently live in the quaint houses amidst a certain quaint poverty, often, alas, vainly striving to keep out the dampness and to "maintain appearances,"—are disappearing one by one from the life of the moldering city, and are being filed away, like dusty documents, in the marble pigeon-holes of the cemeteries.

[1] It burned down not long ago. (The Editor.)

A ROMANCE OF BITTERNESS

The First "Carpet-bag" Governor of Louisiana—How Gov. Claiborne Was Persecuted by the Creoles—The Story as Told by a Newspaper File 73 Years Old—Searching for the Grave of the First American Governor of Louisiana—The Ghastliest Cemetery in the Civilized World.

I do not know whether carpet-bags had been yet invented at the time when W. C. C. Claiborne was first appointed by President Jefferson as Territorial Governor of Louisiana, but I may speak of him as the first "carpet-bag Governor" of Louisiana, insomuch as he was regarded by the Louisianians of his day much as Warmoth was regarded by the Louisianians of a later day. The Creoles hated him with the bitterness of hatred, and persecuted him so far as they dared. He was accused in the public prints of bribery, embezzlement, misappropriation of public funds, and everything but cowardice. Of that, indeed, none ever ventured to accuse him. He was taxed with attempting to interfere with the customs of the French gentry, and with the laws of the land. He was abused with the name of tyrant, and ridiculed as a country bumpkin. "Why did Claiborne come down here?" was the cry of that day; "we do not want him!—we do not want his American manners forced upon us." Repeatedly the public press requested him to resign. His private life,—even his domestic affairs were made subjects for savage satire in the Creole organs. There was a strong, frank, rude manhood about the Governor which the highly-polished and highly-aristocratic

French folk deemed simply unendurable. They could not well provoke him into a duel during his term of office; but his American officers were forced to fight duels with fire-eating Creoles who had graduated in the first fencing schools of Paris, and delighted in the assertion that "the Americans wore swords without knowing how to use them." What especially maddened the Creoles was that Claiborne did not appoint Frenchmen to all the State offices; that he insisted—inasmuch as he was ignorant of the French tongue—upon transacting official business in the English language; that he gave Gubernatorial balls at the Government house whereat American and not French dances were danced; and that on several occasions he sat in the theater with his hat on! I fancy that wearing of the hat before those terribly cultivated and excruciatingly courteous Creole audiences must have been at first a mere oversight; but that poor Claiborne naturally got stubborn when such an outcry was raised about it, and with an angry pride of manhood peculiar to good American blood, swore "by the Eternal" that he would wear his hat wherever he pleased. Don't you almost wish you could slap him on the shoulder with that truly American slap of approbation?

History has more than redeemed the character of Claiborne from the slurs of that day, and I believe that even the implacable Creole element must have at last recognized his true worth. Twice was he appointed Governor of the Territory by Jefferson—because, indeed, murmured the Creoles, he had aided materially in giving Jefferson the Presidency—but he honored the high office, and when Louisiana became a State, its American settlers made him again Governor, and at a later day Senator. He died, I think, before his latter term of office as Senator expired.

Now let me ask you to read some extracts from the files of the Louisiana *Gazette,* published at New Orleans in the years 1804–5–6. The paper was a small, four-page sheet, sometimes half English and half French; and its editorials were all free contributions. In those days the newspaper seems to have been neither more nor less than a public spittoon—every man flung his quid of private opinion into it. The Louisiana *Gazette* was published but twice a week—on Tuesdays and Fridays; which doubtless afforded the volunteer editors ample opportunity to polish their leaders. A number of them are certainly of marked ability and elegance of style; and many of them malevolent as well. These latter were usually attacks upon the Governor, and beside being given the most prominent position in the paper, were moreover double-leaded or sometimes triple-leaded for the purpose of attracting notice. Suppose we look over some of these leaders. Here is one that is a curiosity in its way:

TUESDAY, January 22, 1805.

THE SEASONS

LAST WINTER—There were public Balls held at Madame Le Gendres'. A certain American Governor, who could not converse with the French society; who could not dance French Country Dances, and who was tired of the insignificant part he acted in the circle, sat down to amuse himself at Brag. He found it so amusing, though it proved expensive, he disinterestedly continued it until the next morning, and sneaked home at sunrise.

LAST SPRING—This same Governor, hearing, in a cause tried before him, that it had originated at a Gambling Party, sent for every person present, and patriotically fined each of them Fifty Dollars!

LAST SUMMER—The *odds* were so much against his continuance in office that he would not play at all.

This Winter—The same Governor, having shuffled until he got the Honors, was seen Gambling in a public Ball room where all but a few, seduced by his Excellency's example, respected the laws of the country, fearing his Excellency's former sentence. . . .

Here is something more explicit, and much more abusive:

Friday, January 25, 1805.

A decent respect is due to the manners and customs of a free people. In all countries the most barbarous conquerors have in some measure conformed to them, and paid at least an outward respect to opinions and habits. There are certain inferior privileges that may be indulged without endangering the sovereignty of a country, and which are allowed the conquered as a matter of right. The most cruel Roman tyrant never ventured to infringe the amusements of a people, much less to control and alter them. Bonaparte, when he overthrew the remains of Gallic liberty, and concentered all the power *in his own hands,* increased the amusements of his countrymen. Nay, even the Negroes on board their prison ships, are allowed their native amusements; and their keepers will join them, while they clank their chains to the dance or the song. They, for a time drown their cares, and lighten the yoke that sits so heavy on them.

Let me now ask, What was almost the first deed of notoriety in the Governor's administration? An interference in the amusements of the country. An attempt to introduce dances with which we were unacquainted—which ended in a battle, and broke up the public amusements for the whole season. We were in hopes that such improprieties would have ceased with last winter, and that the Governor would have seen their evil consequences. But no! the same blunders still continued. Some new act of clownishness is daily to be recorded; and we behold him at the theater insulting the feelings of a whole audience. Will it be said, too, that this *is an error of his head, and not of his heart,*—that the Governor is not accustomed to theaters, and that he is ignorant that it is not

à la mode to sit with his hat on? We believe that he has visited theaters in the United States, and he knows that even the President dare not in such manner insult an American audience.

If the indignity was not premeditated, why was it repeated? Did he not see everybody uncovered, and mark the indignation of the audience? Does he fancy it a privilege attached to his office, or that he is among Indians or Yahoos? In either case he is mistaken. It is not any official privilege, and he is among a polite and polished people.

The following extracts, chosen almost at random from a mass of double-leaded abuse, appear to have been written by some one individual whose leading motive seems the gratification of a personal malice. They are all headed with the word "Communicated," in italic capitals:

[Louisiana *Gazette,* Tuesday, January 29, 1805.]

. . . If the approbation of the people is proof of a good administration, try Claiborne's by that touchstone. Let him take a vote in Louisiana, and not *ten* inhabitants will be found in his favor. . . .

[Louisiana *Gazette,* Friday, February 1, 1805.]

What use is made of the public property in this city, consisting in houses, stores and fortifications? Is the income, which a part of the aforementioned property would bring, deposited in the public treasury, or are the houses and stores bestowed on favorites rent free?

Who suffers the fortifications in rear of the town to go to ruin, the works to be tumbling into the ditches, the bridges to be ripped up and borne off, and the powder magazines to be falling to decay?

Who gave a public building to an editor with an idea of having his own acts, right or wrong, stupid or nefarious, defended?

Who is so very fond of eulogy as to fix a press in the very yard of the Government house, that "praise in grateful strain might greet the ear of majesty"?

Who has suffered Spanish troops to occupy two or three of the public buildings, when the same buildings would rent for a considerable sum?

Let us now follow these queries with a statement of the public property and its annual worth:

The house given to a Colonel of troops	$1,000
The old Custom-house	2,000
The building given to the editor of the New Orleans *Gazette*	1,200
Ditto given to the Spanish guard	300
Total	$4,500

Four thousand five hundred dollars is no inconsiderable sum. It is almost equal to the salary of the Vice President of the United States, and more than the salaries of two Territorial Judges. . . .

. . . Which is the greater crime—to embezzle or to malappropriate the people's money?

Tuesday, February 5, 1805.

. . . However well disposed the people may be to overlook lesser foibles or constitutional weaknesses,—though they might (which heaven forbid!) suffer a Governor with rash unthinking hand to tear asunder the most sacred of all ties,—yet they will not permit for a long time any man to hold an office who can not render an exact account of public property committed to his charge. Governor Claiborne has so long beheld an almost total silence of the press that he fancied himself secure, and, like an eastern despot, thought no trembling subject dared to question the propriety of his measures. He is however mistaken; and it is not in his power to smother in our breasts the sacred flame of liberty! No! it burns with a pure and hallowed luster, and not all blind,

hired efforts of despotism can extinguish it. Neither the Governor nor his favorites will be suffered to fatten on the people, nor to sport with any part of that property for which we have given *fifteen millions,* and for which our houses, our lands and posterity are pledged to pay. . . .

. . . We hold a lash of scorpions: the enemies of the people shall feel it. Come not within its lash;—leave the Governor to his fate. Approach him not. It will require a giant's arm to save him. . . .

Now here is the "lash of scorpions" in the hands of this "polite and polished people," who could not forgive the mortal offense of sitting in a theater with one's hat on. The lash is in the second article especially. Read both with care.

[From the Louisiana *Gazette,* Friday, Feb. 8, 1805.]

A great part of the city have heard the Governor complain of his salary. Repeatedly in the course of last summer we have listened to his moans. He has often said that "any Governor for this country must certainly in the period of two or three years become a bankrupt." This created in our minds some surprise. The question was asked, why a man who felt so uneasy in his situation did not resign. Even this he has said he would do; and report more than once went so far as to say his resignation was sent to Washington. But, lo! the moment the new commission arrived, and he found himself snugly seated for four years, his talk about resigning finished. We beheld him pathetically addressing the people and quietly assuming the reins of government. Ambition, a love of fame, a fondness for military parade or some other passion might have induced him to do this. In what manner he could surmount the pecuniary difficulty we were a considerable time ignorant. Some said he intended to make up the deficiency by matrimony; and it is confidntly asserted that he has already offered himself to two rich women in town. As of

this fact, however, there is no positive proof. We were still in doubt until we read a late Louisiana *Gazette.* This at once solved the mystery, and we all concluded that nine or ten thousand dollars per annum ought to content a plain, republican Governor.

[Also from the Louisiana *Gazette,* of February 8, 1805.]

A DREAM

METHOUGHT it was a night in the month of December, A. D. 1804. All in the city were hushed and still. I was passing near the Government House. Suddenly the sound of music burst from the hall. I listened—the guests were dancing. Surprised, I advanced toward the sentinel, who was pacing with slow and measured steps before the building. From him, also, I learned the fact. His arms glittered in the moonbeam. At this moment the Convent bell sounded; a noise like rustling silk was near; I turned my head. A female figure stood before me. She was tall and graceful, displaying a perfect symmetry of features. Her countenance was mild and beautiful, but shaded with sorrow. I gazed upon her beauteous face. At that moment a new strain of music sounded; the shouts of the guests grew louder; they seemed to pierce her soul. She clasped her hands in agony; she turned her eyes to heaven. Then, meek, resigned, sorrowful and lovely, she bent her willing steps toward the graves of Louisiana.

FIDELIS.

Mark the words "with *willing* steps." Now read the explanation of the Dream. Its mystery has doubtless puzzled you. Here is the key to its interpretation:

[From the Louisiana *Gazette,* Friday, Sept. 28, 1804.]

DIED.—On the 26th inst., Mrs. ELIZABETH CLAIBORNE, the Governor's lady. This lady possessed an elegant person, with every qualification that would render her dear to society. Her

conciliating manners and unaffected modesty, added to the most benevolent disposition, made her the admiration of all who had the honor of her acquaintance. Regret could not be more strongly manifested than by the conduct of the citizens of every description on this occasion. Many thousands attended her interment and that of her infant daughter, who died the same day. Business of almost every kind was suspended.

And now it only remains to present you with the sequel of this manly method of newspaper warfare, conducted by the mouthpiece of a "polite and polished people." It needs little comment from the moral standpoint. But mark well the icy style of the writer: his condensed power of description, and his abrupt, unsympathetic conclusion. I think it a masterpiece of writing. The whole scene is placed before your eyes in a few powerful sentences—the brave boy goaded to his death by the suggestion that he must avenge the insult to his dead sister; the Creole fire-eater, politely cool in the consciousness of his deadly skill; and that terribly pathetic "I believe——" that was never finished:

FRIDAY, February 15, 1805.

We mention with peculiar regret the unhappy fate of Mr. G. M. LEWIS, brother of the late Mrs. CLAIBORNE, who fell on Tuesday last, in a duel with Mr. ROBERT STERREY.

Mr. Lewis was a youth of amiable deportment and promising character. We have heard that the *Dream* of FIDELIS, in our paper of Friday last, created the misunderstanding that has terminated so fatally. We have been at some pains to learn the circumstances of the duel, and believe ourselves correct in the following statement:

Mr. Lewis, with his friend, called at our office for a knowledge of the author. We begged time to ask approbation. Before we could make Mr. Sterrey's communication, it seems FIDELIS be-

came known through some other medium. A challenge then ensued from Mr. Lewis, which we have understood, left no means of concession; it requiring no explanation, but immediate satisfaction for the outrage committed on his feelings. It being accepted, the parties met, and were to wait the count of 1, 2, 3, and at the succeeding word of "fire" to fire. Mr. Lewis's pistol flashed before the time, at the word "three"; and he therefore lost his chance of fire. Mr. Sterrey, seeing this, immediately turned, and fired backward in the air. No offer of accommodation was, we believe, made; and the parties again fired, nearly at the same moment,—when Mr. Lewis received a ball which passed through his heart, and out at his left side. For a moment he continued his attitude, when, casting his eyes to his friend, as if first conscious of his wound, he could only utter,—"I believe——," and fell a lifeless corpse.

The deceased was the succeeding day buried in this city, and attended by a large concourse of the most respectable inhabitants.

Well, I was glad to find that the Louisiana *Gazette* left poor Claiborne alone for a long time after that duel. The young American Governor did not resign, as the malcontents hoped. Perhaps he secretly resolved never to leave the neighborhood of the little Protestant cemetery, where his beautiful wife, from Tennessee, and his little daughter, and the brave boy, Micajah, were all sleeping together. In after years he married again, into a powerful and wealthy Creole family, and then all the old hatred became torpid, and finally died altogether.

A few days ago, accompanied by a gentleman—who is one of the very few living in New Orleans that knew where the Claibornes are buried—I went to the old St. Louis Cemetery, on Basin street, to see the tomb of the first American Governor of Louisiana.

This cemetery is one of the most curious, and, at the same time, one of the most dilapidated in the world. I have seen old graveyards in the North of England, and tombs in Wales, where names of the dead of three hundred years ago may yet be read upon the mossy stones; but I have never seen so grim a necropolis as the ruined Creole cemetery at New Orleans. There is no order there, no regularity, no long piles of white obelisks, no even ranks of grey tablets. The tombs seem to jostle one another, the graveyard is a labyrinth in which one may easily lose oneself. Some of the tombs are Roman in size and design; some are mere heaps of broken brick; some are of the old-fashioned table-form. From a vast number the glaring plaster has fallen off in patches, exposing the nakedness of the brick framework. Many are nameless and will remain nameless; because the sexton of a former generation, on being discharged from his office, burned the records of the cemetery to satisfy his indignation. Here lies Dominic Hall, the fearless Judge who fined Andrew Jackson for contempt of Court; his tomb is a shapeless heap of broken bricks. Here—somewhere—lies General Humbert, who attempted to aid the Irish revolt of 1798 with a body of French troops. Here lies the famous planter, Etienne de Boré, who first successfully cultivated the sugar-cane in 1794 upon the soil of Louisiana. Here lie many officers whose names are famous in the annals of the battle of New Orleans. Here lie Spanish grandees and Spanish knights—all with feet to the west and faces to the rising sun. And here lies Claiborne's Creole wife—Clarisse Durald Claiborne—whose being a member of the Catholic faith, was buried, not with the heretical Claibornes, but in consecrated soil. She was only twenty-one years of age. Poor Claiborne was unfortunate in his marriages! Her

tomb is well preserved, although the crawfish have undermined the soil all around it with their hideous little holes. The broken oyster shells, with which all the cemetery walks are paved in lieu of gravel, are dotted with their little chimneys of clay. Opposite the vault of a noble French family I perceived a little grave so closely adjoining it and so peculiarly situated, that I resolved to examine it. I found it to be the grave of a favorite negro slave. So I copied the inscription, which was cut in script-letter, as a curiosity:

"Jean Baptiste Aperlé, né près d'Akara en Afrique, repose ici le 19 *Septembre,* 1821, *agé de* 30 *ans. Domestique accompli et infatigable, et probe, il a servi* 15 *ans sans avoir merité le plus leger reproche."*

[John Baptist Aperle, born near Akara, in Africa, lies here, September 19, 1821, aged thirty years. An accomplished, indefatigable and honest domestic, he served us fifteen years without ever having merited the least reproach.]

"But where," I asked, "is the grave of Claiborne?" My companion led me to the back of the cemetery, and to a small strip of whitewashed plank fence that closed up what seemed to have once been a gate in the great wall of pigeon-hole tombs. I began to wonder whither we could be going. He smiled, and silently pointed over the whitewashed fence into a wilderness of weeds beyond, bounded on its three remaining sides by crumbling walls of ivy-clad brick. "This," he said, "is all that now remains of the old Protestant Cemetery." He climbed over the fence, and I followed him into the space of "unconsecrated ground,"—unsanctified by holy water; unblessed by priestly prayer.

We walked knee-deep in a clinging net-work of ivy and creeping plants over mounds that were tombs,—mounds of

marble-topped brick, but so devoured by mosses and overgrown by weeds that they seemed but mounds of clay. In the interspaces between them, which it required the greatest care to avoid falling into, a hideous reptile life had found a home. The ghastly crawfish had undermined the damp soil with little galleries, and their earthen "chimneys" were innumerable. Lizards of many colors were running hither and thither; and once I caught a glimpse of something that was not a lizard, writhing its way through the underbush.

"Why, there are snakes here!" I cried.

"Very probably," replied my companion. "They love the dwelling places of the dead, and it is not uncommon to find a snake coiled up in the seat of the brain, protruding its head through the eye-socket of the skull!"

In the midst of the desolation there was a black hollow, filled with the ashes of burned coffins, and the tinsel of the undertaker, blackened by fire—the plated nails sold for silver in some forgotten year, and the plated crucifix of sheet iron fastened upon the coffin, to aid the poor soul over the Phlegethon of Purgatory, as was the *obole* placed in the mouths of the antique dead to pay the Ferry-man of the Styx. But these were from the Catholic cemetery on the other side. For the pigeon-holes in which the dead are filed away are only rented for a term of years, and when the rent expires, the coffins are withdrawn, the bones taken out of them and replaced in the furthest end of the narrow tombs, that there may be room for other coffins and other generations. And it is in the remnant of the old Protestant cemetery that these moldering coffins are burnt, after the worms have done their work.

My companion led me to the solitary tomb that rose above the level of this wilderness of ruins and weeds. It must

have been a costly tomb seventy years ago, but giant growths of pallid ivy had climed up its four sides and over it, as though striving to pull it down. I strove to pull away one of the plants, that I might the more easily decipher the characters upon the tomb; but I could not; for the weird plant clung to the stone with a strange fleshless strength that seemed akin to the strength of the Skeleton, Death. Nevertheless, with the help of my friend, I succeeded in reading the epitaphs. On the south side I discovered the following inscription, of which the words "HERE RESTS" were lost by the crumbling of the sandstone, and I saw that a single rude touch would have caused the whole surface to crumble:

"Here rests the mortal remains of Eliza Washington Claiborne, daughter of Major W. T. Lewis, of Tennessee, and wife of William C. C. Claiborne, Governor-General of Louisiana, who died at New Orleans, 27th September, 1804, in the 21st year of her age."

On the north side the following inscription was still discernible, although the ivy had planted its green feet so firmly upon the faces of the letters in many places that it was impossible to tear it away:

"Also of Cornelia Tennessee Claiborne, only child of Eliza W. Claiborne, who died the same day with her mother, aged three years."

And lastly, on the west side, I found this:

"Here also rests the body of Micajah Green Lewis, the brother of Eliza W. Claiborne, and private secretary to Governor Claiborne, who fell in a duel, February 14, 1805, in the 25th year of his age."

Some barbarous effort had been made to efface the words *"fell in a duel,"* but they were still discernible.

On the eastern face of the tomb there was a bas-relief, which had evidently been executed in the best Italian marble. The design was antique, and the work of an artist. A young mother sleeping on a bed of death, with her child sleeping in her arms; and an angel hovering above, about to bestow the wreath emblematic of immortality; a strong man bowed in grief at the foot of the couch; and at its head the symbol of the Roman lictor's *fasces,* surmounted by the cap of Liberty. I noticed that the face of the angel and of the female figure had disappeared; the wreath remained, but the angel's arm was gone; and the relief had been otherwise disfigured. The good marble had cracked and crumbled in the heat of the burning coffins, when the ghastly fires were blazing in the hollow.

"And Claiborne's grave?" I asked.

"There it is, under the shadow of the fence," answered my guide—adding, with irony: *"Why did Claiborne come down here? We did not want him! We did not want his American manners!"*

The grave was only a nameless mound of broken brick, earth, and creeping plants. Yet there is a "Claiborne" street in New Orleans! Yet there is, I believe, a rich firm in New Orleans proud of the name of *Claiborne,* in letters of gold, on the doors of their warehouse! But there are *not* five people in the city of New Orleans who could point to that hideous and lizard-haunted tomb, and tell me: "Sir, this is the grave of W. C. C. Claiborne, the first American Governor of Louisiana."

Then I perceived, at the west side of the cemetery, a broken tomb, half bare to view. It was broken because a

sinewy young tree had grown up through it and pushed the slab half-way off. It was half bare, because the drooping foliage of the tree had protected it from the consuming grasp of the ivy. But the ivy had seized the tree, and was slowly but surely strangling it to death.

We approached the tomb, and with difficulty clambered upon the inscribed stone. It was moss-eaten, and the ivy, in its deadly wrestle with the young tree, blocked the way. Half an hour was expended in efforts to clear the surface of the broken tomb, and to scrape the fungus growths from the graven letters. And then we read this:

In Memory of
WILLIAM P. CANBY,
Midshipman of the United States Navy.
Born in Norfolk, Va., August 30, 1796.
Who fell in the Unequaled Contest
Between the United States Gunboat
Squadron, and the British flotilla
In Lake Borgne, near
New Orleans, December 14,
1814.

This was a discovery indeed—the tomb of an officer who had fallen in the battle of Lake Borgne—the fatal engagement in which the English won so dear a victory. "I believe," said my friend, who is a thorough historian, "that we have no record of the grave of any other American officer who fell in that battle. Perhaps a relative of that General Canby killed by the Modocs!"

Is it thus, Louisianians, that ye care for your historic dead?

Then I saw, alas! that the graves had been defiled; the

dwellings of the dead had been, in the language of Isaiah, "converted into dunghills." And yet the sexton must have suffered it!

O, hundred-handed ivy, weave yet more closely thy monstrous mesh of tendons and tendrils!—tighten thy strong skeleton-grasp upon the stones of these poor tombs till they burst and crumble down upon the crumbling dead!—hide with thy heart-shaped leaves this record of heartlessness, till kind Nature, our all-loving, all-forgiving Mother, shall have effaced the last trace of inhumanity!

THE CURIOUS NOMENCLATURE OF NEW ORLEANS STREETS

Some Little Creole Songs

New Orleans, January, 1878.

I have somewhere read a fantastic story about an artist who once wandered into a curious-looking village in some unfamiliar part of Germany, where he found quaint people who spoke a forgotten dialect and wore the customs of bygone centuries and lived in houses of the style built hundreds of years before his generation saw the light. The plan of the story was not unlike that of Irving's *Adelantado of the Seven Cities*—with the exquisite difference that the artist actually made water-color drawings of the scenes which he was fortunate, or perhaps unfortunate enough to behold. Like the Adelantado of the Spanish legend, our artist was received with a strangely fervent welcome, and finally found himself over head and ears in love with a ghostly beauty who deserted him precisely as the bell in the spire of the antequated church struck midnight. He fell asleep, and awoke in the midst of a frightful swamp. Afterward he learned that he had unwittingly visited a spectral village, which had been anciently accursed for its sins and sunk into the bowels of the earth, where it was permitted to arise but once in a hundred years.

When, on the first day of my arrival in New Orleans, I left the American portion of the city, and, crossing Canal street, plunged into the narrow thoroughfares of the old

French Quarter, I felt the impression of this fantastic legend revived. The antiquated houses, with their countless balconies and odd architecture, seemed of another age; I could have fancied myself in a phantom city, like that of the German tale—for the sun had but just arisen, and the streets being deserted the charm was not broken by the sight of human figures in modern attire. As I became more familiar with the quaint streets, the romantic impression produced by their old look is rather enchanced than lessened by the knowledge of their names. Each name suggests some local tradition or some historic fact, and the nomenclature of the streets of New Orleans is, beyond all question, the most extraordinary of all nomenclatures of this sort in the history of all modern cities of Europe or America.

The limits of the ancient city, as it existed under the early French and Spanish dominations, are still well defined by the huge breadth of Canal, Rampart and Esplanade streets, which mark three sides of the quadrilateral formerly inclosed by strong walls and deep lines of fortification. On the eastern side, in the old days, the walls fronted upon the Mississippi River. The earliest bastions had priest-caps at the four angles of the quadrilateral, and an additional priest-cap on the western side. These five priest-caps were enlarged subsequently into forts—Forts Burgundy, St. Ferdinand, San Carlos, St. Louis, and another of which I forgot the name. Fort St. Louis occupied the present site of the Custom-house, and Fort San Carlos stood where now stands the Uuited States Mint. The latter work of defense still existed at the time of the battle of New Orleans, and General Jackson, it is known, stationed his reserves in this fort previous to the engagement. The city remained thus fortified up to the beginning of the present century, when the American au-

thorities leveled the works for good sanitary reasons. Pestilential miasma had been engendered in the stagnant moats; newts and unhealthy forms of vegetation had propagated extensively in the old ditches. It became necessary to drain and fill up these moats, and they were filled with the *débris* of the fortifications. Where the old walls once stood we have now therefore the broadest and finest streets in the city.

Much of the early history of New Orleans might be traced alone in the names of the old streets inclosed within the quadrilateral I have spoken of. The first French settlers and Creoles were loyal monarchists, and they delighted to name their streets with the names of the Princes and nobility of the mother country. Thus we find Burgundy street, named in honor of the Duke of Burgundy; Dauphine street, in honor of the Dauphin of France, afterward Louis XV.; Bourbon and Royal streets, in honor of royalty; Chartres street, after the Duc de Chartres. Orleans, Dumaine, Toulouse, Condé and Conti streets were, I need scarcely observe, christened after French noblemen and statesmen; St. Louis street after that pious crusader and severe Judge, St. Louis, King of France; and Phillip street was so named in honor, not of a Spanish, but a French monarch. The old Louisiana Frenchmen always sandwiched their religion and their loyalty together after a fashion peculiar to themselves, so that at certain regular intervals we find their streets bearing the names of saints, such as St. Peter's street, St. Ann's street, etc. In other parts of the city we find mixed traces of French and Spanish piety in such names as St. Armand's street, St. Bartholomy's (now Erato) street, St. John the Baptist's street, St. Charles street, Annunciation street (named thus by Spanish piety in honor of the

Virgin), St. Claude's street, St. Anthony's street, and others. I need hardly say, however, that these names are only translations of Rue de St. Claude or the like, and that the possessive case is no longer used in their application.

Of the other great streets in the old district, it is almost superfluous to observe that Bienville was named in honor of Roger de Bienville, the founder of New Orleans, and the Father of Louisiana. He was thrice Governor of the colony —first in 1701, and lastly in 1744. Other Governors subsequently gave their names to streets. We have still Périer street, Carondelet street, Galvez street, Salcedo street, Unzaga street, Casa Calvo street, and Miro street. Of these, Bienville and Périer were French Governors; Unzaga, Galvez, Miro, Carondelet, Casa Calvo and Salcedo were Spanish; the last named, Salcedo, being in power in 1803, just before the close of the Spanish régime. Then the American Governors have had many streets named in honor of them. We have Claiborne street, from W. C. C. Claiborne; Villere street, from James Villere; Robertson street, from Thomas B. Robertson; Johnson street, probably from either Henry Johnson, who held office in 1824–29, or Isaac Johnson, who was Governor from 1846–50; Derbigny street, from Peter Derbigny; Roman street, from A. B. Roman, and White street, from Edward D. White.

Without the old boundary of the walls the newer districts were formerly traversed by streets in whose nomenclature the spirit of rivalry between the French and Spanish colonists shone forth. There are still of these French street and Spain street. Within the elder district Custom-house street has kept its name for a hundred years; and it runs by the United States Custom-house to-day, as it did by that of the Spanish Colonial Government in another century. Arsenal

street was formerly so called because it led to the arsenal; it has since been changed to Ursulines street, because of its proximity to the old Convent of the Ursuline Nuns; but even this change is an old one. I suppose Nun street must have obtained its appellation in an almost similar way. Before leaving the boundaries of the fortification lines, drawn by the Spaniards, I must not omit to mention that the old city had three gates—one at the head and one at the foot of Royal street, and also one through which the old Bayou road led out to the bayou.

The gallantry (often, I fear, wicked gallantry) of the French Creoles is commemorated upon old city maps by a number of streets christened with the sweetest and prettiest feminine names imaginable. I am told some of these streets were thus named after the favorite children of rich parents, for the plantations were extended up to the shadow of the walls; but I am also told, and I can not help believing, that they were just as often named after favorite concubines. There used to be such a list of names as these on the old maps: Adèle, Celeste, Suzette, Estelle, Annette, Félicite, Louise, Constance, Julia, Josephine, Elizabeth, Belle and Azille streets. But who shall now be able to revive the dead history of these names?

At about the same period of New Orleans history which gave girls' names to some streets, a fervor of classicism seized upon some other great landowners, and compelled them to seek names for their thoroughfares in the domains of pagan mythology. Thus we have got the streets of the Nine Muses—Calliope street, Clio street, Erato street, Polymnia street, Thalia street, Urania street, Terpsichore street, Euterpe street, Melpomene street, and Euphrosyne street. There used also to be the Street of the Naiads, and

the old name Rue des Dryades still lives in the modern Dryades street, with the French termination *es*. Upper Rampart street used to be the street of Hercules; and the more modernly named Carondelet and Baronne streets—so called in honor of Baron Louis Hector de Carondelet and his fair lady *la Baronne*—were of yore, I think, known as the streets of Apollo and of Bacchus. Triton Walk, in Tivoli Circle, formerly the Promenade *des Tritons,* was so called in irony when the land mapped out was so swampy that only Tritons or alligators could have wandered over it without danger of drowning or getting quagmired. I think Palmyra street and Coliseum street owe their names to this classic era.

Good Children street (*Rue des Bons Enfants*), Piety street, Victory street, Greatmen street, Love street, Music street are names that sound oddly enough in English. But what do you think of such names as *Desire* street, *Misery* street, *Despair* street, *Insanity* street? These streets only exist, indeed, on the map; for the alligators still own the land surveyed, but the names have not been changed. I suppose they were named in regular psychical order—desire begetting misery, and misery despair, and despair insanity. Perhaps the nomenclator was making a grim joke upon the possibilities of extending the city in that direction when he thus named these streets.

Many of the early French planters have bequeathed their names to streets, without the old town lines. We have Montegut street (the old Montegut family is not yet extinct); Marigny de Mandeville streets, from old Bernard de Marigny de Mandeville, who spent an enormous fortune in entertaining Louis Philippe during his exile and his residence in New Orleans among the loyal Creoles; Gravier

street, named after John Gravier, partner with Edward Livingston in the famous "Batture suits"; Girod street, after old Mayor Girod. Bernard Marigny it was who named Kraps street (they will persist in pronouncing it *Crab* street) after the German game of chance—*Kraps,* at which he had lost a fortune; and I suspect he also christened Bagatelle street.

There is still a descendant of Bernard's family living in New Orleans. And speaking of old John Gravier, I must not forget to tell you that what is now Lafayette Square used to be called "Mr. Gravier's Square," and was bequeathed by John Gravier to the city as a playground for children and a sojourn for nurse-maids. Mayor Girod was a very, very little man in statue, but his dignity was gigantic and his manners worthy of a Marquis of the old school. He filled the office of Mayor in the most exemplary and decorous manner.

Then we have Poydras street and Poydras market.

Julien Poydras, who bequeathed his name to this street, and of whom a quaint portrait may still be seen in the reception-room of the Charity Hospital, was quite a peculiar character. Judging from this portrait he must have been in his old age tall, lank, and bony, with snow-white hair, and a complexion made florid by many bumpers of Burgundy and Bordeaux. One hundred years ago Poydras was a great man in Louisiana. He had a fine residence in New Orleans, but lived generally on his plantation in the Parish of Point Coupé, where he has left a monument to his memory in the shape of a fund for the dowries of all marriageable girls in the said parish. Any young woman who gets married there can claim and receive fifty dollars—(I think that is the sum allowed)—of old Poydras' money; and I am told that the

claim is often made. And yet withal Poydras lived and died a bachelor.

—When I read for the first time Alphonse Daudet's wonderful novel, *Froment jeune et Risler aîné,* which has been excellently translated under the title of *Sidonie,* I was particularly charmed with the refrain of the pretty Creole song, which Sidonie sings at various dramatic passages of the story:

"Pauvre p'tit Mamzel Zizi!
C'est l'amou', l'amou' qui tourne la tête."

I determined on coming to New Orleans, that should opportunity offer, I would make some efforts to procure the entire song, made famous by this refrain. As yet I have not wholly succeeded; but here is something which makes it appear as if I was not far from success. I have only been able to procure one stanza with the refrain:

. . . . . .

"Z'autres qu'a di moin, ça yon bonheur;
Et moin va di, ça yon peine:—
D'amour quand porté la chaine,
Adieu, courri tout bonheur!
Pauvre piti' Mamzel Zizi!
Pauvre piti' Mamzel Zizi!
Pauvre piti' Mamzel Zizi!
Li gagnin doulor, doulor, doulor,—
Li gagin doulor dans cœur à li!

. . . . . .

"Others say, it is your happiness;
I say, it is your sorrow:

When we are enchanted by love,
Farewell to all happiness!
Poor little Miss Zizi!
Poor little Miss Zizi!
Poor little Miss Zizi!
She has sorrow, sorrow, sorrow;—
She has sorrow in her heart."

This appears to be an old fragment from either the beginning or from the end of an entire song. I can not venture to aver, however, that it is a part of the same song whose refrain I found preserved in the leaves of *Froment jeune et Rilser aîné,* for a great number of Creole songs, having various airs and differing greatly in their metrical construction, have similarly worded refrains. A very common burthen in these songs is—

"Mo l'aimin vous
Comme cochon aimin la boue!"

"I love you just as a little pig loves the mud!" This refrain I have found attached, in various forms, to at least half a dozen various ditties. Here is one specimen:

"Si to té 'tit zozo
Et moi-même mo té fusil
Mo sré tchoué toi,—*Boum!*
Ah, cher bijou
D'acajou,
Mol 'aimin vous
Comme cochon aimin la boue!"

"If thou wert a little bird,
And I were a little gun,

I would shoot thee—*bang!*
Ah, dear little
Mahogany jewel,
I love thee as a little pig loves the mud."

In another stanza of the same love song, the lover expresses a wish that his little "mahogany jewel" were a little pig and that he were a little knife, so that he might cut her little throat,—*zip!* The sound of the knife is well imitated.

While on this subject allow me to give you several odd little Creole songs which I have just collected. Some of these are very old. I am told that Bernard Marigny de Mandeville, of famous memory, used to have them sung in his house for the amusement of guests—among whom, perhaps, was Louis Philippe himself. The airs are very lively and very pretty:

" 'Delaide, mo la reine,
Chimin-là trop tongue pour aller,—
Chimin-là monté dans les hauts;
Tout piti qui mo yé
M'allé monté là haut dans courant
C'est moin, Liron, qui rivé
M'allé di yé,
Bon soir, mo la reine.
C'est moin, Liron, qui rivé."

'Delaide, my queen, the way is too long for me to travel;—that way leads far up yonder. But, little as I am, I am going to stem the stream up there. "I, Liron, am come," is what I shall say to them. My queen, good night; 'tis I, Liron, who has come.

"Tous les jours de l'an,
Tous les jours de l'an,
Tous les jours de l'an,
Vous pas vini 'oir moin:
Mo té couché malade dans lit;
Mo voyé nouvelles auprés mo la reine;
Vous pas seulement vini 'oir moin:
A prèsent qui mo bien gaillard,
Cher ami, mo pas besoin 'oir vous."

"Every New Year's day you neglected to visit me. I was lying sick in bed. I sent word to my queen. But you did not even once come to see me. Now that I am quite well, dear friend, I do not want to see you."

"L'autre jour, mo couché dèyors;
C'est toi qui courri di Madame:
Ah, c'est 'jordi, c'est 'jordi, c'est 'jordi!—
Ah, c'est 'jordi moin qu'allé connin toi;
Aie!—moin qu'allé connin toi,
Aie!—moin qu'allé connin toi,
Mo té prend toi pour zami moin
Pendant to té toujours trahi moin,
Ah, c'est 'jordi, c'est 'jordi, c'est 'jordi!—
Aie!—moin qu'allé connin toi!"

"The other night I slept out-of-doors;
'Tis you who went to tell Madame.
Ah, 'tis to-day, 'tis to-day, 'tis to-day!
Ah, 'tis to-day I am going to know you!
Ay!—I am going to know you!
Ay!—I am going to know you!
I had taken you to be my friend

All the while you were betraying me.
Ah, 'tis to-day, etc."

The French exclamation, *"Aie!"* indicates pain or distress. The gentleman who furnished me with the above song, however, translates the Creole *"Aie!"* by the English term of asseveration, "Ay!" This translation is at least harmonious, if not correct.

"La chanson qui suit a été faite pour ridiculiser une malâtresse nommée. Toucouton qui voulait se faire passer pour blanche."

Refrain.

"Ah! Toucouton!
Mo connin toi;
To semblé Morico:
Y'a pas savon
Qui assez blanc
Pour laver to la peau.

Quand blancs la yo donné yo bal.
To pas capable aller:
Comment t'a vaillant-giabal,
Toi qui l'aimé briller!
Ah! Toucouton!
Mo connin toi, etc.

Longtemps to contume prend' loge
Avec gens comme il faut:
Asteur faut to
Prend' Jacques—déloge!
Y'a pas passé tantôt.
Ah! Toucouton!
Mo connin toi, etc.

The following song was composed to ridicule a mulatto girl named Toucouton, who tried to make herself pass for a white one:

"Ah, Toucouton!
I know you well;
You are like a blackamoor:
There is no soap
Which is white enough
To wash your skin.

When the white folks give a ball,
You are not able to go there;
Ah, how will you be able to play the flirt?
You who so love to shine.
Ah, Toucouton, etc.

Once you used to take a seat
Among the fashionable people;
Now you must take leave, decamp,
Without any delay whatever.
Ah, Toucouton, etc."

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